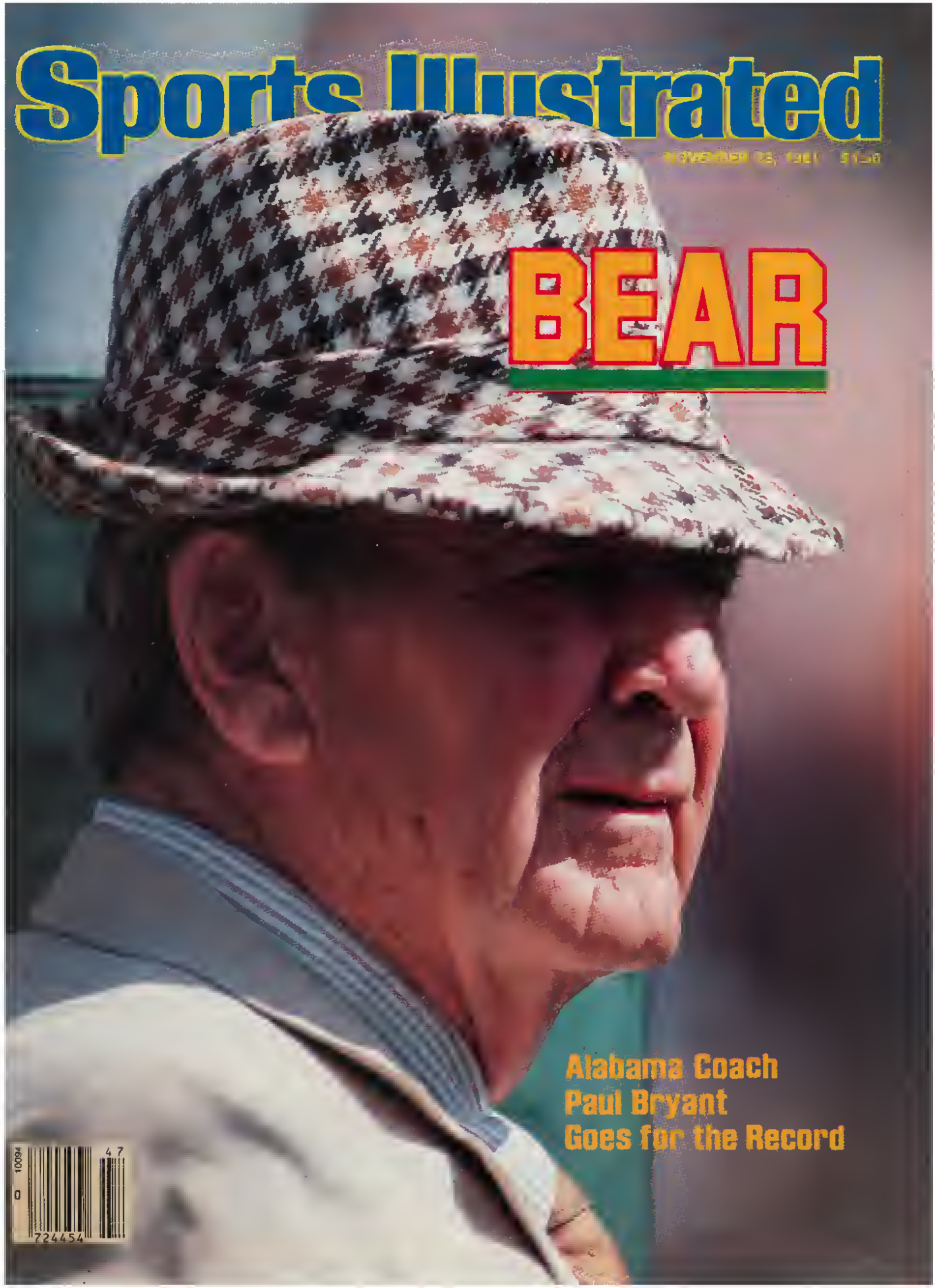
Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 13, 1961 $1.50

BEAR



Alabama Coach
Paul Bryant
Goes for the Record

10094 47
0 724454

1981 U.S. GOV'T REPORT:



CARLTON IS LOWEST.

Today's Carlton has even less tar than the version tested for the Government's 1981 Report. Despite new low tar brands introduced since–Carlton still lowest.

Box–less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nicotine.

Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '81.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Diesels.
How did Oldsmobile make them so popular? By introducing them in popular cars.



Cutlass Supreme Brougham Coupe

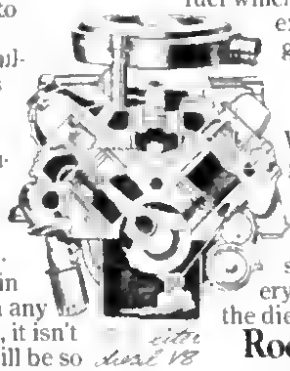


Delta 88 Royale Brougham Sedan

In 1977, Oldsmobile made an innovative move. They introduced the first American cars with available diesel V8 power. Now, with over 420,000 diesel Oldsmobiles on the road, Oldsmobile is the number one seller of diesels in America, and diesel Oldsmobile popularity keeps growing.

A new diesel V6 for 1982.

The number of diesel engines available in Oldsmobiles is growing, too. In addition to the diesel V8, a new diesel V6 will be available soon for Cutlass Supreme Coupe and Sedan models which will offer a great combination of high mileage and high style.



5.0 Liter Diesel V8

Altogether, more diesel-powered Oldsmobiles will be sold in the next year than in any year in the past. But, it isn't just because there will be so many diesel Oldsmobile models to choose from. Or even because of the impressive diesel engineering advances, like the Fast-Start Glow Plug System, roller hydraulic lifters and the inherent smoothness of the V-type design.

It's because diesel Oldsmobiles offer some very basic and important things people want.

Impressive fuel economy.

Diesel Oldsmobiles offer comparable fuel economy to that of many smaller cars and a cruising range few can match. All on diesel fuel which is traditionally less expensive than unleaded gasoline.

Added value at resale.

While it may vary by geographic location, many used car guides indicate that current resale prices, averaged out, show a substantial recovery of the original cost of the diesel option.

Room. Comfort. And style.

We could get more technical. But let's face it. What really counts is what a diesel does. Not what it is. And what a diesel does in an Oldsmobile is to give you roomy, comfortable and stylish alternatives to the proposition of making very practical choices. So that even today, there's still room to do it with style.

GM

Diesel mileage estimates.

MODELS		Fuel Tank Cap	Est Hwy	Est Hwy Range	EPA Est MPG	Est Range
Cutlass Supreme	(V6)	19.8	36	712	25	495
Cutlass Supreme	(V8)	19.8	34	673	23	455
Cutlass Cruiser	(V8)	18.2	34	618	23	418
Delta 88	(V8)	26.0	34	884	23	598
Ninety-Eight	(V8)	26.0	33*	858*	22	572
Custom Cruiser	(V8)	22.0	33*	726*	22	484
Toronado	(V8)	22.8	36	820	21	478

Use estimated mpg for comparison. Your mileage and range may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage and range lower. Range estimates are obtained by multiplying EPA estimates by the fuel tank capacity. *Estimates lower in California. Some Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details. Oldsmobile projection of 1982 California EPA V6 estimates. See your dealer for actual EPA estimates.

America's number one seller of diesel cars.

Oldsmobile

FOR AN INFORMATIVE BROCHURE WRITE
Diesel Oldsmobiles, 920 Townsend Street, Lansing, MI 48921



GM's Continuous Protection Plan for cars, light-duty trucks and vans offers low-cost protection against major repair bills for up to 4 years or 50,000 miles.

GM's Continuous Protection Plan is an inflation fighting option that goes well beyond GM's new-vehicle limited warranties.

Once your new-vehicle warranty expires, you pay only $25 per visit on covered repairs. GM pays the rest!

Up to 10 major assemblies are covered.

Depending on the plan you choose, GM covers the engine, transmission, front- and rear-wheel drives, cooling and fuel, steering, front suspension, brakes, electrical system and air conditioner. See your GM dealer for full details.

Car rental and towing allowances.

All GM Continuous Protection Plans offer generous car rental allowances any time your vehicle is inoperative and kept overnight for covered repairs. And towing allowances up to $25 per occurrence.

Choose the coverage that's right for you.

You can get protection that lasts for 3 years or 36,000 miles, whichever comes first, or extend your coverage to 4 years or 50,000 miles. Either way, you have an agreement directly with General Motors.

Convenient service and a toll-free hot line.

GM dealers in the United States and Canada stand ready to serve you. You also get a personal ID card and a toll-free "800" hot line telephone number for assistance.

It's transferable.

For a $25 fee, the plan can be transferred to a subsequent owner. This could be an added selling feature when you sell your GM vehicle, or you can cancel the plan and receive a prorated cash refund. So protect your new-vehicle investment with the GM Continuous Protection Plan.

When you buy your new Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC and Chevrolet Light-Duty Truck or Van, ask for the Plan with this mark.

Continuous Protection Plan

GM

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Sports Illustrated

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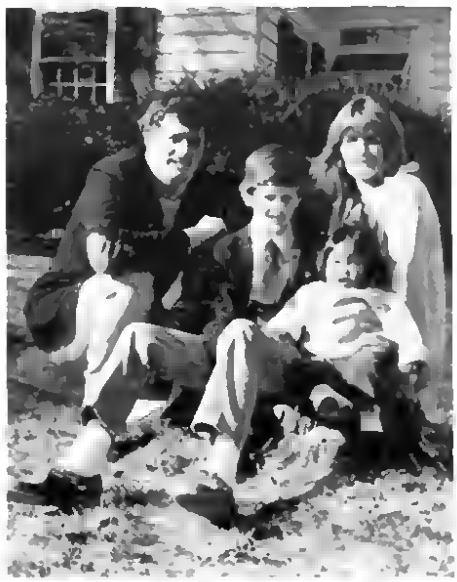
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



THE DEFORDS: FRANK, CHRISTIAN, CAROL, SCARLET

Senior Writer Frank Deford, whose profile of Alabama Coach Bear Bryant begins on page 94, had long since finished his most recent novel when he was invited to audition for a beer commercial, a bid that led to an instance of his own life imitating his art. Gavin Grey, the protagonist of Deford's *Everybody's All-American* (Viking, $13.95), ought to be putting a glorious football past behind him; instead, he is preoccupied with getting into a beer commercial (eventually settling for an ad for a men's hair-coloring preparation) just to get somewhere near the spotlight that was once all his.

Deford fared better than Grey. Approached last spring about a role in a commercial opposite ex-football-player Bubba Smith, he passed the test—but the ad didn't. Later, people representing the beer called back about a commercial featuring Oakland A's Manager Billy Martin, former New York Mets First Baseman Marvelous Marv Throneberry and our Frank standing at a bar in Brooklyn.

"Marv's wonderful," says Deford. "On the screen he's exactly as he is in real life. Both he and Martin were really loosey-goosey, since they'd each done several commercials before. The thing we're proudest of is that it only took 25 takes." (Another ad in the series, featuring pool trick-shot artist Steve Mizerak Jr., required 181.)

The commercial began airing during the baseball playoffs, and Deford has found that "I get much more attention for a beer commercial than for a novel. Andy Warhol said everyone is going to be famous for at least 15 minutes. Well, my 15 minutes are in 30-second increments."

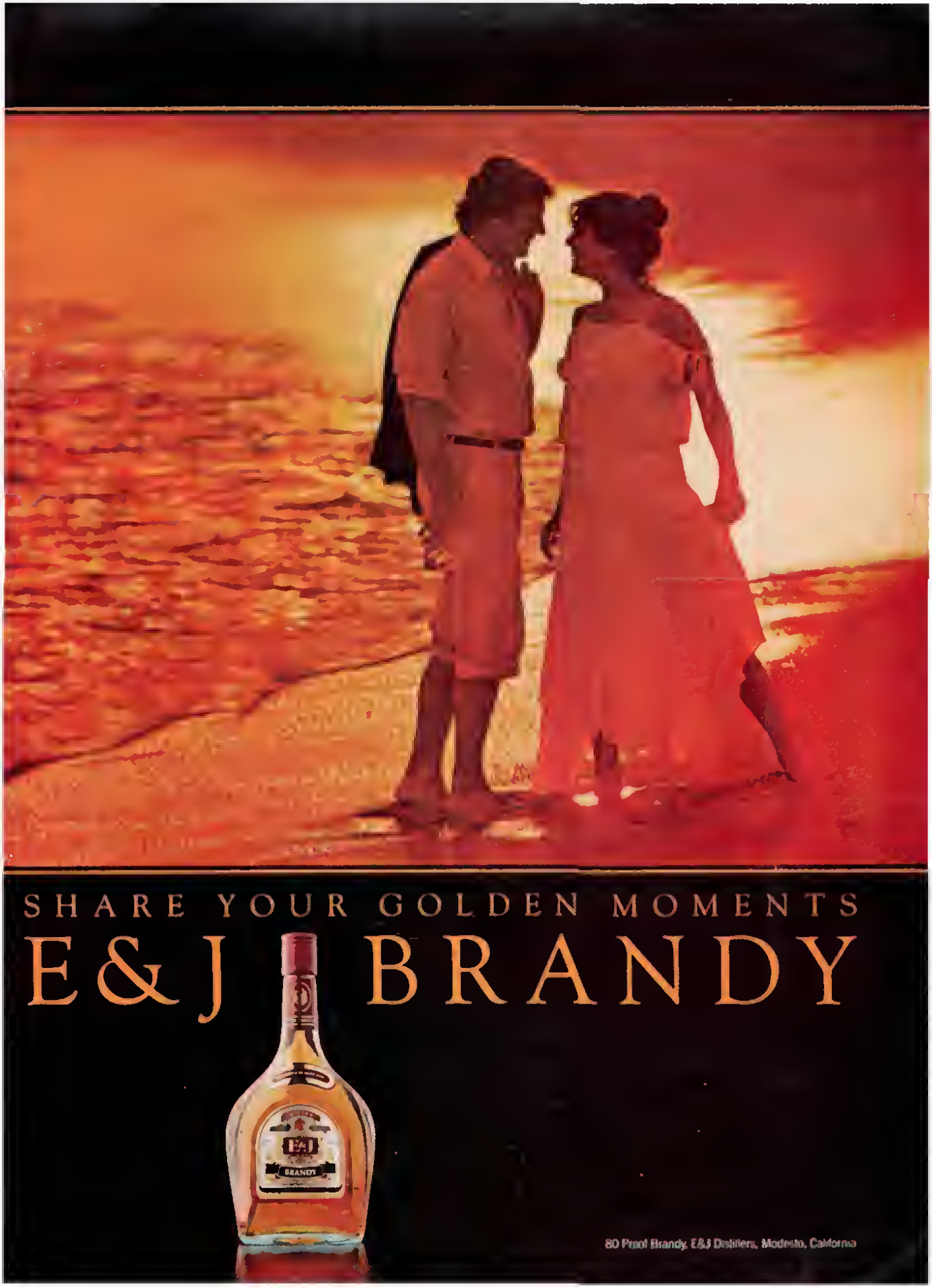
Deford has also been doing a weekly sports commentary for the Cable News Network and National Public Radio. He recently finished a collaborative account with Billie Jean King of her tumultuous career. He has completed a screenplay built around two members of a sequestered jury who fall in love, and is working on another which is set in Florida and tells the love story of a retired baseball player and a nightclub singer.

Most important to Deford is his present book project, the story of the short life of his daughter Alexandra, who died of cystic fibrosis last year at the age of eight.

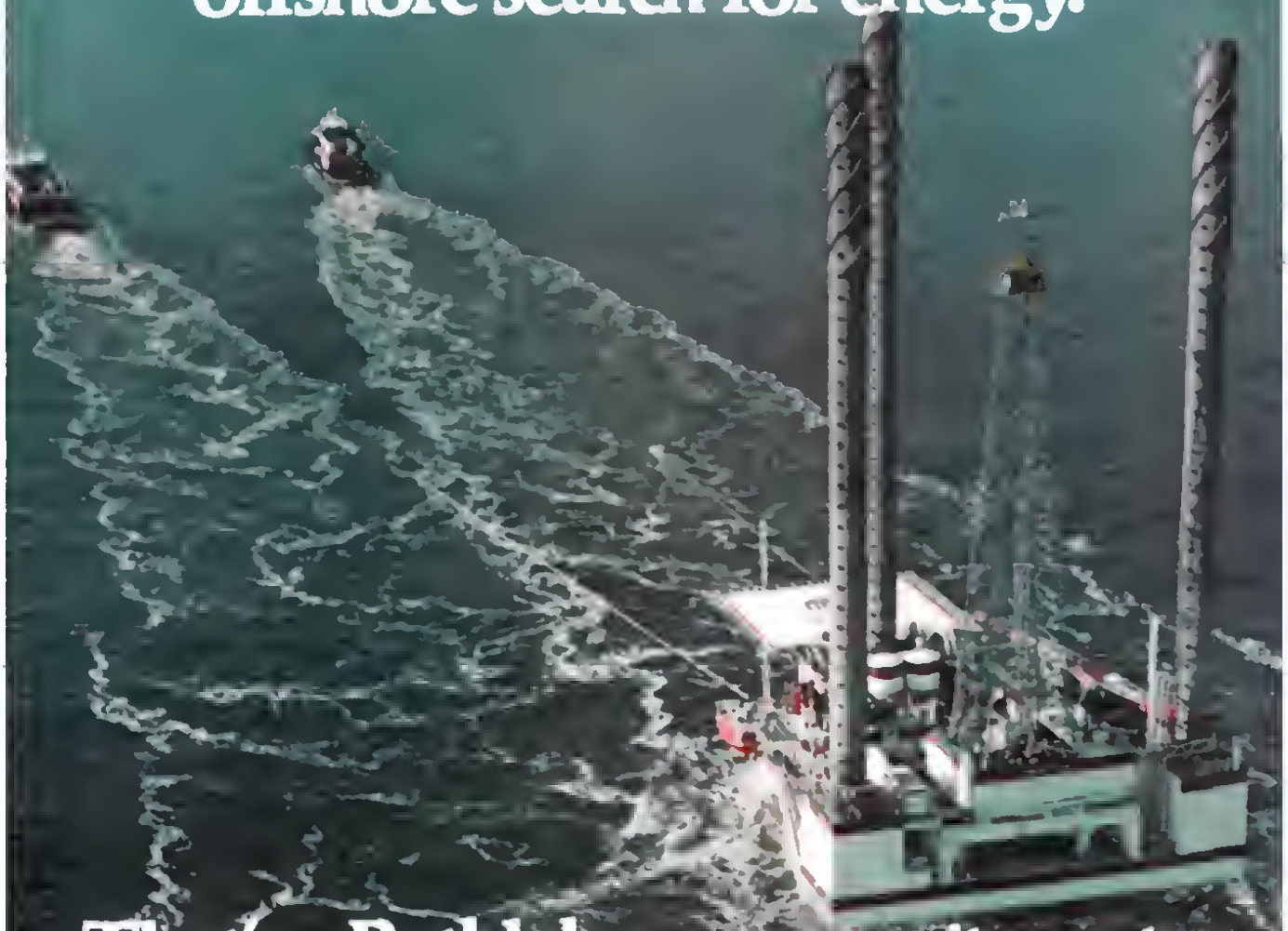
"She was quite a marvelous little person," says Deford. "It's a book about Alex, about her bravery and courage, and about what it's like being the father of a child who is dying." Deford, a vice-president of the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation, and his wife, Carol, have a son, Christian, 12, and recently adopted a half-Filipino, half-Japanese cherub of 14 months, Scarlet Faith Deford.

Deford himself is 42, doesn't need hair coloring yet, and is a long way from having to build his life around a beer commercial. At the moment, life tastes great, and it's anything but less fulfilling.

Philip D. Howlett


SHARE YOUR GOLDEN MOMENTS
E&J BRANDY
E&J
BRANDY
80 Proof Brandy. E&J Distillers, Modesto, California

Helping to speed America's offshore search for energy.



That's a Bethlehem commitment. And we're succeeding.

Exploration for oil and gas beneath U.S. coastal waters is intensifying. And so is demand for the offshore mobile drilling rigs used to find them.

To help satisfy that demand, we recently started to build these rigs in our shipyard at Sparrows Point, Maryland—in addition to expanding rig production at our shipyard in Beaumont, Texas.

At Beaumont, Bethlehem pioneered in the design and construction of facilities used to find oil and gas offshore. More than 60 rigs built at this yard have proved themselves on drilling sites around the world.

Now the expertise we've gained at Beaumont over the past 35 years is being shared with our rigbuilders at Sparrows Point.

The SABINE III, shown here, is the first drill rig to be completed at Sparrows Point. But...with orders for five more rigs on the books...it won't be the last.

Bethlehem

Bethlehem Steel Corp., Bethlehem, PA 18016


When you help start a Scout troop, there's no guarantee one of the Scouts will grow up to win an Olympic Decathlon.
But you never know.
For all the facts on how your organization can support a Scout troop, call Boy Scouts of America. The Kiwanis Club of Yorktown Heights, New York did, and look what they've got to show for it.
SCOUTING USA

WHY I'M A UNITED WAY VOLUNTEER



JO ANN COPELAND [redacted]

Home: Dayton, Ohio

Career: Public Relations

Age: 42 **Married:** Two sons

Interests: Flying, skiing, playing tennis, interior design and volunteering for United Way

[redacted]

"Because I like the challenge of doing things I've never done before. And volunteering for United Way—much like flying my own plane—gives me that challenge.

"Not only because it's new, but because it's demanding. It has to be. So many people depend on United Way for help.

"As a United Way volunteer, I'm sharing responsibility along with many others. We're seeing that our community's human care needs are met. And taking that kind of responsibility means I'm making a real difference in people's lives.

"Volunteering for United Way challenges me to give my best to my community. And my community and its people are worth it."

Thanks to you... it works ...for ALL OF US **United Way**

Ad

BOOKTALK

by SARAH PILEGGI

FOR WOMEN ONLY: A SPORTS DOCTOR'S SENSIBLE PRESCRIPTION FOR FITNESS

We've come a long way, babies, since the days when Charles Atlas helped the 97-pound weakling protect his girl friend from the bully on the beach. For one thing, it hadn't yet occurred to anyone that the woman, too, could benefit from being strong and fit.

Now we know better, but that awareness has come suddenly after many centuries of abysmal ignorance. A woman today can be conversant in carbohydrate loading and still harbor ancient fears that jogging will cause her breasts to sag.

Many books and articles intended to guide the emerging female athlete have been published lately, but none is more authoritative than *The Sports Doctor's Fitness Book for Women*, by the late John L. Marshall, M.D. with Heather Barbash (Delacorte Press, $13.95).

Before his death in a plane crash in February 1980, Marshall was chief of surgery at New York City's Hospital for Special Surgery and founder of the John L. Marshall Sports Medicine Research and Education Foundation. In the course of his work, Marshall treated and befriended Billie Jean King, Julius Erving, Martina Navratilova and Larry Csonka among other sports stars, and he came to realize that even the best female athletes knew virtually nothing about modern training methods—the use of weights and aerobics, for instance—that long have been standard practice for male athletes.

Writes Marshall, "Rosie Casals, after training in a gym under the supervision of an expert staff, was shown that she could run twenty minutes more, go on to a series of sprints, and then continue to run even more. . . . It's this feeling of being completely fatigued from physical activity that most women have never known."

In spite of its subtitle, "How to Identify Your Own Physical Type—and Find the Fitness Program That's Best for You," this book isn't just a formula for self-improvement; it's a survey course in sports physiology, taught without condescension by a man of reason. END



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Look for us in the Yellow Pages.



The Gilstraps aren't moving. They're being robbed.

The Gilstraps aren't home today. They're in Toledo on vacation. And these moving men aren't movers at all. They're crooks. They think they're pretty smart. They think no one will notice. They're wrong.

Across the street, the neighbors are calling the cops. Because the neighbors know, if they don't call the cops now, the Gilstraps will have to call them, later.

This neighborhood has learned how to prevent crime. Find out what you and your neighbors can do. Write to: Crime Prevention Coalition, Box 6600, Rockville, Maryland 20850. That'll help.

TAKE A BITE OUT OF CRIME

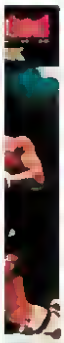


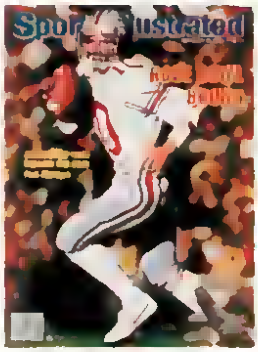
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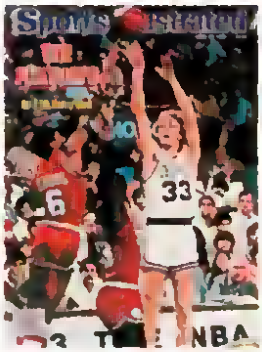
A message from the Crime Prevention Coalition, this publication and The Ad Council.

SEASON'S GREETINGS.


ASON



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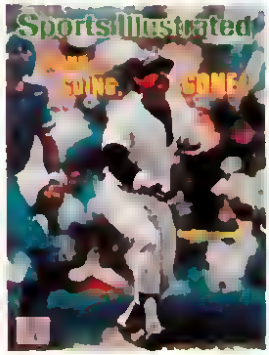
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BASEBALL SEASON


SOCCER

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Here's the perfect gift for the person who has everything, the Coleman Inflate-All. And for Christmas you get $4 back from Coleman.

The Inflate-All will keep tires pumped up to just the right pressure for more miles per gallon and more miles per tire. And it works right off the car's cigarette lighter. The Inflate-All will also pump up the kids' bike tires, fill up flat footballs, even inflate pool toys.

Buy an Inflate-All now, and get $4 back from Coleman.

Coleman® Inflate-All® $4.00 Rebate Certificate

A. Complete this certificate with your name, address and zip code.

B. For your proof-of-purchase for either the DELUXE or STANDARD Inflate-All remove the dotted portion of the carton label which contains the word COUPON and the model number from the product container.

C. Send your sales receipt dated between November 1, 1981 and January 31, 1982 this certificate and the proof of purchase described above to:

Coleman Inflate-All Rebate
P.O. Box 8846
Maple Plain, MN 55348

D. Mail the items above postmarked prior to February 1, 1982. You will receive the $4.00 rebate check by mail. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

E. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Limit one per family. No copies or reproduction of this certificate allowed. Coleman will not honor a coupon redeemed by agencies, brokers, organizations or others who are not Coleman retail customers. Offer good only in U.S.A. Copyright © 1981 The Coleman Company, Inc.

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AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS WICHITA, KANSAS

PERSPECTIVE

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

WHEN IS AN "OLYMPIC-SIZE" POOL NOT OLYMPIC SIZE? ALMOST ALL THE TIME

There are two million swimming pools in the U.S., and I wouldn't be surprised if half of them have been described in glossy four-color brochures as "Olympic size." For all I know, some bathtubs may have been referred to the same way. The phrase "Olympic size" is meant to connote glamour and bigness, but because it's usually used inaccurately, it often has the not-incidental effect of devaluing Olympic-level swimming. In fact, a regulation Olympic pool is precisely 50 meters long, and nobody has covered two laps faster in an individual event than Rowdy Gaines' 100-meter freestyle world record of 49.36. By contrast, Rowdy could dog-paddle and traverse two laps of some of the pools *described* as Olympic size in the time it takes to wade through this sentence.

The number of pools in this country actually measuring 50 meters in length probably doesn't exceed 250. Most are under the auspices of colleges, big-time swim clubs and municipal parks departments. As for the many hotels and motels that wrongly call their pools Olympic size, most do so in the same spirit in which they describe their rates as "reasonable." Curiously, Houston's Shamrock Hilton, whose 55-yard pool actually comes very close to being Olympic size—it's 11½ inches too *long*—declines to bill it as Olympian but instead calls it "the world's largest hotel swimming pool," which isn't the case.

Some establishments are quite sly about suggesting that their pools are Olympian in dimension. The International Inn in Washington, D.C. refers to its 60-foot pool as "Olympic style," whatever that means, while The Sporting Club in McLean, Va. has a 25-meter facility that it nonsensically calls "a junior Olympic pool." The Turquoise Villa & Spa in Palm Springs, Calif. advertises a "42-foot, Olympic-size" pool, obviously not realizing that this is the equivalent of selling somebody a foot-long hot dog measuring all of three inches. I wouldn't touch such a junior foot-long with a 10-foot pole. Or a 50-meter one, for that matter. END



FINALLY, HOME STEREO IS GOING PLACES.

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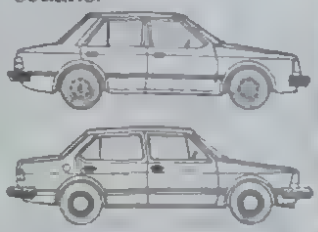
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

1982 Mazda GLC Sedan. Just one look and

The more you look at the finest economy sedans in the world, the more you like the Mazda GLC.

The Mazda GLC Sedan and the VW Jetta are alike in many ways. But close inspection reveals an important difference between these two refined economy sedans.



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It's also a remarkable piece of engineering. When Mazda engineers first designed the GLC, they were free to analyze existing front-wheel-drive technology. And they were free to improve it.

The front-wheel-drive configuration of the GLC Sedan attains new levels of excellence in virtually every area, including fuel economy. **44** | **34** · The result is a [illegible] car with handling, quickness, and comfort that comes as a pleasant surprise to those accustomed to driving other front-wheel-drive automobiles

Another pleasant surprise is its low price. Conclusive evidence that in a world of fine economy sedans, the Mazda GLC represents a fine value.

STATE-OF-THE-ART FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE. Mazda's front-wheel-drive setup is unique in many ways. For example, our engineers dealt with a problem encountered in many front-wheel-drive cars: rubbery and imprecise gear shifting.

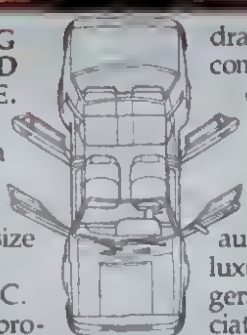
This troublesome characteristic is due to the long shift linkage required to connect the driver's gearshift lever with the forward-mounted transmission.



The solution was a unique parallel linkage system in which the shift linkage rod is stabilized by a second rod situated above it. This design makes running through the gears a series of sure, crisp throws



OUTSTANDING COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE. For an economy car, the GLC Sedan has a surprising amount of interior space. In fact, no sedan in its size and price range is roomier than the GLC.



Both front seats provide over seven inches of travel to accommodate the long-legged. Still, it is in the rear that the GLC Sedan has most dramatically combined creature comforts and space efficiency to create an aura of big-car luxury. Passengers will appreciate the high seatbacks and the padded, coved side bolsters.

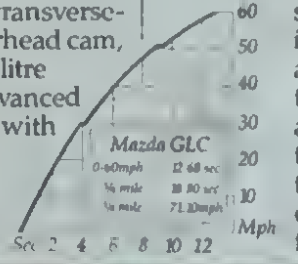
Rear-seat occupants will also like the height of the seat itself, which permits them to sit up naturally and enjoy knee and legroom unexpected in a car this size.

In addition, the GLC Sedan has large windows that provide excellent visibility.

Further amenities include full-width striped velour upholstery, passenger assist grips, and fine cut-pile carpeting that not only covers the floor but also lines the spacious trunk.

...u'll see its remarkable value versus VW Jetta.

PERFORMANCE THAT MAY SURPRISE YOU. The Mazda GLC Sedan is powered by a transverse-mounted, overhead cam, 4-cylinder, 1.5 litre engine. An advanced design engine with hemispherical combustion chambers and high swirl intake porting for efficient combustion. Put it together with the GLC's smooth shifting action, and you have the kind of acceleration that makes this economy car a lot of fun to drive.



SUPERB HANDLING CHARACTERISTICS. The GLC Sedan's excellent handling is demonstrated by the scores it achieved in two important tests, the skidpad and the slalom course.

On the skidpad, it withstood a lateral force of 0.729g, and through the slalom it reached a speed of 56.2 mph.



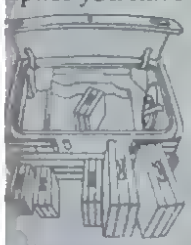
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- Rear seats with integral headrests
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- Styled steel wheels
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1982 Mazda GLC Custom Sedan $6245**

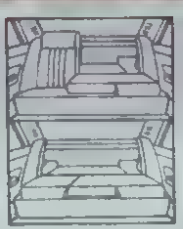


AMAZING SPACE IN THE TRUNK. Just looking at the car above, you get the idea that its trunk is large. But it is when you actually open the trunk that you realize how much usable space you have to work with.



The trunk is surprisingly deep—almost two feet deep, in fact, from floor to lid. This means you can carry four or five big suitcases standing upright and still have room for smaller items.

SPLIT FOLD-DOWN REAR SEATS INCREASE CARGO AREA. In the GLC Sedan, the rear seatbacks are split 60/40, and each one folds down independently. This, in effect, means the trunk space extends forward to the front seats.



Objects up to 5½ feet long can be carried in this huge area.

*1982 EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GLC Custom Sedan with 4-speed transmission. Your mileage may vary with trip length speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price for GLC Custom Sedan. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice.

Performance data and comparisons with vehicles based on '81 tests and information. For '82 they may vary, as may availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features.

mazda

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Sideline

by ROBERT F. JONES

THE NAME OF THE GAME IS GOLF. THE NAME OF THE PLAYERS IS BOBBY JONES

Bobby Jones teed up, squinting up the fairway into the early morning light to gauge the distance to the pin. He then addressed the ball and sent a screamer arching to within an easy chip shot of the green. Barely smiling, he stepped off to the side to watch his partners drive.

Next came Bobby Jones, who shuffled nervously before hooking his tee shot into the rough on the left side of the fairway. He tittered a bit in embarrassment.

The third man on the tee was Bobby Jones, who took a deep breath, drawing in his potbelly so that he could see the ball, took a mighty swing—and watched his ball dribble off into a clump of weeds not 10 yards away. He did not smile.

And finally Bobby Jones stepped up and sliced one off into the heavens. The shot was last seen as it flew behind some trees that masked a water hazard.

That dooe, the four Bobby Joneses climbed into their golf carts and chugged away. After all, four more Bobby Joneses were waiting to tee off, while the four Bobby Joneses up ahead were already out of sight.

No, this wasn't a case of multiple vision, or even some hallucination brought on by that late-summer disease called Links Fever. Rather it was the Third Annual Bobby Jones Open golf tournament, at the Tyrone Hills Golf Club in Fenton, Mich., a suburb of Detroit. There 32 men named Bob Jones gathered some months ago to see who could come closest in golfing skill to their famous forebear of the 1920s—Robert Tyre Jones Jr., arguably the greatest American golfer and winner of 13 national championships in a seant eight years, a feat as yet unmatched by mere Palmers, Nicklauses and Watsons.

At Tyrone Hills ooe could see all sorts of Bob Joneses. Tall ones and short ones, fat ones and thin ones, some dark and balding, some fair and hirsute, ranging in age from 20 to 65, in occupation from banker and adman to songwriter and housebuilder. And in golfing talent from pretty darn good to—well, since I'm a Bob Jones myself, let's say "in need of some coaching."

The Bobby Jones Open is the brainchild of Robert A. Jones, 45, of Bloomfield Hills, Mich., president of a small computer programming and consulting company called Computer Dynamics, Inc. Tall and bustling, with the bushy dark eyebrows characteristic of his Welsh heritage, Computer Bob, as he came to be called among the Jones boys, is admittedly no match in golfing skill for his illustrious clansman. "I'm an 18 handicap—but I love the game," he says with a grin. "Back in the spring or early summer of 1979 it occurred to me that maybe there were other golf-playing Bob Joneses who would like to get together and see what we all looked like. I began searching the Detroit-area phone book for Bob Joneses and calling them up, but with little luck initially. Then I went to the Golf Association of Michigan, which represents 70 private clubs, but couldn't find a single Bob Jones among their membership. Finally I began Xeroxing town phone directories in the region, put the Bob Jones numbers into a data processing system—I love to play with computers—and now I've got more than 300 names on my master list."



That first tournament, in 1979, played in cold, blustery weather at the Pine Lake Country Club in the swank Detroit suburb of Orchard Lake, drew only five Bob Joneses, all from the immediate area. The following year, at Tyrone Hills, 18 showed up, again all locals attracted by the publicity the tourney was beginning to attract. This year, thanks largely to a story that appeared in the *Wall Street Journal* the week before the tournament, Bob Joneses came from as far away as Massachusetts in the East and Minnesota in the West. "Next year, by golly, maybe we'll get a Bob Jones from England or Wales," says Computer Bob. "We've already had an inquiry from Surrey, England, right near the very wellspring of Jonesdom itself."

The major problem an organizer faces when confronted with a full platoon of Bob Joneses is, of course, communication. You can't just say, "Hey, Bob, you're away." Or, "Bob, you're going to be matched with Bob Jones here, and then there's Bob Jones and Bob Jones to round out your foursome." Middle initials don't work either, because there were at least a couple of nearly every popular middle initial in the alphabet at the tournament. "We decided finally to identify everyone by his occupation or place of residence," said Computer Bob. As a result, the roster of players included Pontiac Bob and Valu-Rite Bob, 3-D Bob and Power Jet Bob, Standard Oil Bob and Federal Pipe Bob. There was one Greenbaum Bob from the law firm of Greenbaum, Greenbaum & Gold. A Minnesota Orchestra Bob, who serves as general manager for that renowned musical assembly. A Paragon Bob, whose moniker derived from the advertising agency he owns in Edina, Minn. And, best of all, No-Sag Bob, winner on low gross seore of the first two Bobby Jones Opens.

An employee of the No-Sag Springs Division of the Lear-Siegler Corp. at the time of those first two tournaments, No-Sag Bob, 37, of Ferndale, Mich., has since changed jobs, moving to the Republic Steel Corp., where he works as a salesman. But Republic Bob doesn't have quite the ring of No-Sag Bob, so the new handle hasn't caught on. No-Sag is a wide-shouldered, mustachiocd, unpretentious fellow who took up golf at age 29. Possessed of a rocketing drive, his

continued

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short game—irons and putter—needs a lot of work, as he's the first to admit. "I'll have a hard time defending the title," he allowed the night before the tournament. He warily eyed the other Bob Joneses milling about the bar of the Ramada Inn at Southfield during the traditional pre-match, pay-for-your-own cocktail party. "I hear there's a real Bobby Jones here from down south somewhere. Indiana?"

Sure enough—Indiana Jones, Raider of the Lost Par! He proved to be a tall, putter-slim, dark-haired man of 43 with calm blue-gray eyes that seemed to match, in both color and confidence, those of The Great B.J. himself. "Yep," he said. "I'm a five handicap and I play a lot of golf. I grew up a seven-iron shot from a golf course in Union Mills, Ind., where I'm a general contractor for the firm of Tonn & Blank. Actually I'm what you'd call a mechanical design engineer—at least that's what the degree reads that they give me from college. Here's my card."

Deadpan, he hands it over. Beside a drawing of a golfer in midswing who closely resembles Indiana himself, the text on the card reads:



"Due to the fact that I will be knocking off around noon to play golf, I won't have time to call on you again this summer. Please mail your orders to my attention. I will be around again in the fall, kissing your ass as usual."

Yes, indeed, a dedicated linksman. Indiana and his wife, Sandy, had driven the 260 miles from Union Mills to Tyrone Hills and the following day would drive right back to play together in another match down home.

At the cocktail party, it was rather eerie to be standing in the midst of a group of men who all bore my name. Despite the disparity in our ages, looks and occupations, I found a number of things we all had in common. First and foremost was a distaste, if not an outright hatred, for the name Bobby. The Great Man himself shared this repugnance: He absolutely insisted on being called Bob by his family and friends. The despicable diminutive had been pinned on him by the British sporting press, which labeled him Bonnie Bobby during his first appearance in Great Britain in 1921. When Jones's infamous bad temper made itself evident—he was an inveterate club thrower—the Bonnie past was quickly dropped.

A close runnerup at the party to Bobby in the What-We-All-Hate-About-Being-Named-Bob-Jones handicap was the equally cheesy appellation Jonesy, a nomenclatural cross all members of our clan, regardless of sex or given name, must bear. "It's too damned cute," said Bear Mountain Bob, a burly B.J. from Vermont. "But what can you do? People mean well when they call you Jonesy, so you can't very well punch 'em out."



All Joneses present also could do without the banalities attached to the name. We're tired of all you Smiths and Greens and McGillicuddys keeping up with us, sick unto death—the boys, at least—of having the whole town talkin' about us. And there's no need to tell us, as Irving Berlin so stridently insisted during World War II, that "This is the Army, Mr. Jones." After all, it's more than 200 years since an illustrious, military Jones told the captain of the British frigate *Serapis* that "I have not yet begun to fight."

And while we're on the subject of calumny and clichés, all Joneses worthy of the name resent the common belief that theirs is the commonest surname in America. Not by a long shot! That honor belongs to those unfortunate enough to be named Smith. Indeed, Jones is only the fourth most common name in this sweet land of liberty. There are many more Johnsons and Williamses than there are Joneses.

Toward the end of the cocktail party, I found myself talking to Gretchen Jones, the wife of Greenbaum Bob, whose maiden name was Larsen. I decided it was a good time to bring up Famous Joneses Through History and I ticked off a few of my favorites for her: John Paul, Parnelli, Inigo, Jesse, Jennifer, Shirley, Carolyn, Buck, Buffalo, James, Too Tall and Deacon.

Gretchen Larsen Jones nodded polite-

continued





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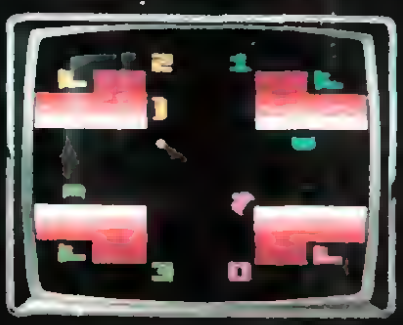
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ly when I finished. "What about Tom Jones—the singer, not Fielding's Tom?" she asked.

"A poseur," I said. "It ain't his real name. No real-life Jones would ever wear clothes like that."

"And LeRoi, the playwright?"

"Changed his name to Baraka," I replied. "A turncoat, at least in nomenclature, rather like that Henry Jones of Victorian England who used the name Cavendish to write his treatises on the game of whist. He was quite famous in his own time, but none of it accrued to us Joneses. Still, I learned how to play whist from his book *The Laws and Principles of Whist*, first published in 1862, but later to go through many more editions."

"Yup," said Gretchen. She gazed around at the other Bob Joneses chatting merrily with one another, oblivious to the Great Joneses of the Past. Clearly Gretchen knew I'd temporarily run out of Joneses. Not that she felt let down.

"Listen," I asked her. "Why do you think all these Bob Joneses are here to play in this tournament?"

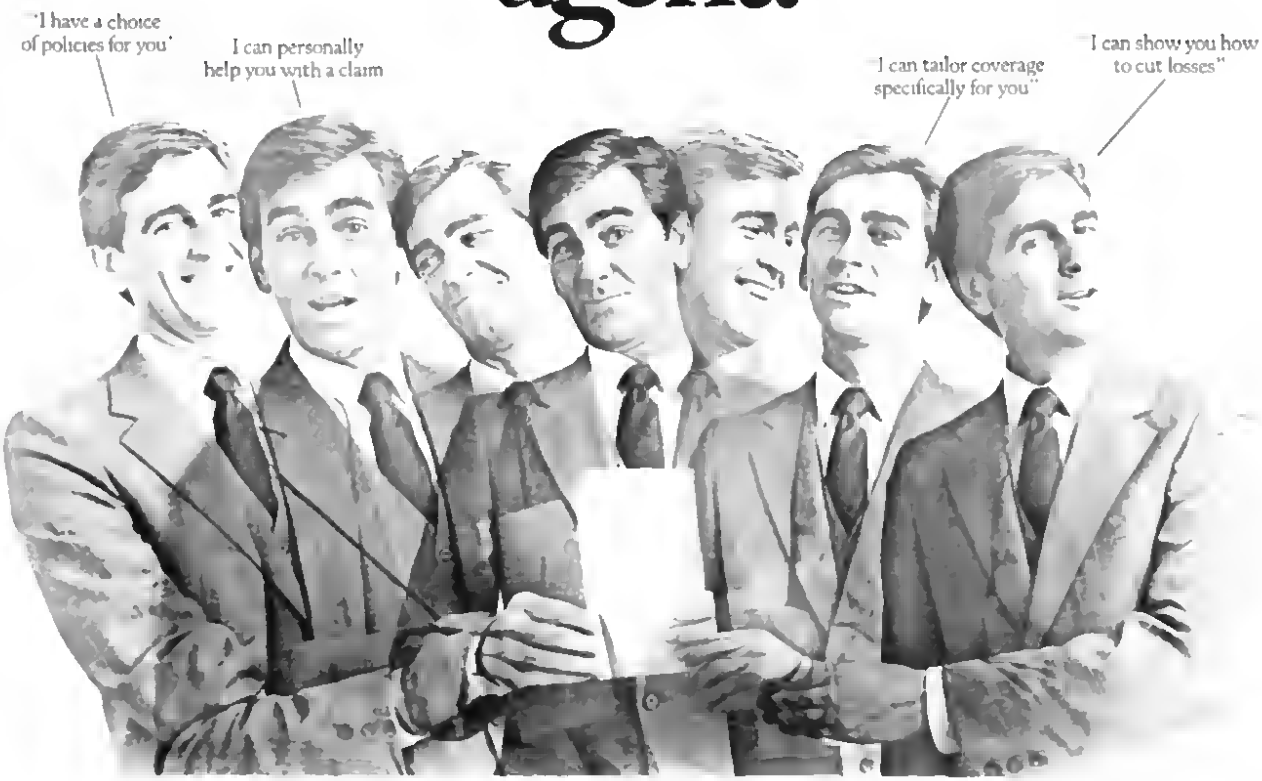
She stared at me as if I'd just emerged from a stale Welsh rarebit and said, "It's pretty obvious, isn't it? You're all making up for The Name."

Tee-off time on Saturday was 8:02 a.m., and the weather was fair, a bit cool, with dew beaded bright and shimmering on the greens of Tyrone Hills. Detroit loomed off to the southeast, marked by a yellow-brown mushroom of smog from which, faint as distant birdsong, emerged the occasional wail of a police siren and the crackle of what sounded like small-arms fire. The birds on the golf course were few and far between, though the Little Blue Heron seemed much in evidence as the day progressed—proof of a plenitude of frogs in the course's weedy water hazards. Golf puts one in touch with nature. Then again, as the poet Sarah Norcliffe Cleghorn wrote in 1915: "The golf links lie so near the mill/ That almost every day/ The laboring children can look out/ And watch the men at play."

The Bob Joneses seemed none the worse for their previous night's carouse. They showed up bright-eyed to take coffee, at 50¢ a cup, from a Silex of pale mud placed at the end of the Tyrone Hills bar. Approaching the first tee, we were greeted by an apparition of Bobby Jones himself, a sturdy young man, his hair parted

continued

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down the middle, and dressed in gray knickers, white shirt, black tie, a blue cashmere V-necked sweater, black knee socks and golf shoes. He wasn't, unfortunately, even a latter-day Bobby Jones. He was Rod Pattan, the official starter for the tournament. Still, in that early, almost foggy light, he added a fine touch of time-travel to the proceedings.

I had decided to follow the foursome containing Indiana Jones at least through the first nine, because it was clear from all accounts that he was the favorite. Indiana's partners were Songwriter, Chrysler and Valu-Rite. Chrysler Bob, an older man (59), but a game one, had played in the two previous tournaments, shooting a 109 on the par-72 Pine Lake course the first year and a 101 last year on Tyrone Hills' par-72 layout. Because the player's gross score over 18 holes is adjusted by means of the Callaway Handicap System, which subtracts the scores of the worst individual holes during the first 16 holes from his total, he had ended up with a net total of 76 and 74½—"Nothing to write home about," Chrysler allowed gruffly, "but at my age I'm happy with it." Songwriter proved to be Robert F. Jones, 35, of Maplewood, Minn., a sandy-haired, soft-spoken lyricist—country & western and rock, as yet unpublished but working "eight hours a day at it"—who had brought with him his girl friend, Cheryl, and his children from an earlier marriage, Wendy, 11, and Michael, 6. These loyal followers stayed with him all the way around the course and provided the only gallery of the day. Valu-Rite, or Robert M. of Cannon Falls, Minn., was tall and quiet.

Indiana parred the 1st hole but birdied the 2nd with a drive straight as a string, a nifty, lofting chip and a six-foot putt that dropped like the *Lusitania*. On the green, he marked his ball with an Australian penny, which he showed to me: "This way you don't lose your marker, see? People think it's a manhole cover." On the front of the well-worn coin was an engraving of King George VI and on the back, a kangaroo. "It's clearly marked, heads and tails," said Indiana with a chuckle.

After a few more holes I bade a fond farewell to that foursome and their threesome claque, as their carts chugged on over the ridge to fame or disaster. (When I was a little shaver and my proud dad introduced me to his friends as Bobby

continued

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Jones, they inevitably said, "You're going to be a great golfer, kiddo. With that name, you can't fail!" Something in their voices, awe perhaps, led me to seek my reputation elsewhere. Certainly not in golf.)

The next Joneses to play through included one who was shooting a bright orange ball. This was Toyota Bob from Hanover, Mass., a busky man of 37 who sells automobiles from Japan in Bean Town. I first became aware of him when his gaudy missile hissed over the green near which I stood and rolled down into the weeds on the far side. He stomped up to it, muttered something inelegant under his breath, and then knocked it back clear over the green.

"I love this game," he told me. "Anybody got a beer?"

At the end of the front nine, Indiana held the lead with a 38—two over the par 36 for that portion of the route. Already it was past noon and the sun had long since burned the cool from the course. Joneses staggered through the clubhouse, drinking water and soda pop to replenish their vital fluids, and then forged back out onto the links. And Toyota Bob had finally rounded up beer to go with his bogeys. He attacked the back nine with fully 20 cans of suds on his cart—some of it the payoff of a bet he'd made with Greenbaum Bob. It was obvious that no one in this foursome would fall victim to the original Bobby Jones's most invidious enemy, overdedication to the game.

At the 13th hole I caught up with Computer Bob. Still neat and tidy in his white polo shirt, reddish-orange pants and orange-rimmed visor, he seemed cheery and capable. He drove well on that 492-yard hole, and huzzahs rang from his partners. His second shot was well centered in the fairway, while his third took him to the edge to the green. It was a par-5 hole, and his lightly powered chip from the tall grass at the green's edge carried straight—a full 15 feet—to the rim of the cup. There it spun and hung. Tapping it in for a par rather than a birdie, Computer shot his Welsh eyebrows up and smiled joyfully.

"It's not golf that brings this group together," he said.

As it turned out, Computer Bob—the Jones who brought us all together—shot the second best round of his life that day. He finished the 18 with a gross of 84. Subtracting his Callaway handicap of 12,

continued

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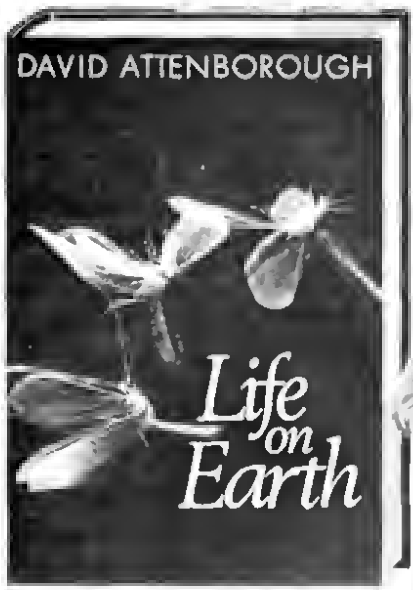
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he tied for second in the low-net category with a final score of 72. Tied with him was First National Bob, a 66-year-old banker from Kearny, N.J., who went out in 40, came back in 39 and ended up—less his handicap of seven—with 72.

Low gross winner was the intrepid Indiana, who improved his front nine 38 by one stroke to win the biggest of the trophies—with a three-over-par 75. It presented no difficulty, of course, to inscribe in advance the name of the winner on the statuette's base. Subtracting Indiana's Callaway handicap of three brought him down to 72.

Not quite enough for a double title, though. Low net went to West Virginia Bob (another Robert F., like me) whose raw 85 became 71 after subtraction of his 14-stroke handicap. West Virginia Bob, 41 and a physical therapist, had quit work at 8 p.m. the night before and then driven 350 miles to play in the tournament. He had to leave right after finishing to head back to Huntington for Sunday morning church services.

The winner of the last two outings, No-Sag Bob from Ferndale, never got untracked. He shot a 49 and 46 and, with his 20 handicap, ended up at 75. (In the earlier tournaments, his raw scores had been 94 and 87.)

Songwriter, whose tunes I soon hope to hear over my local airwaves, blew up on the back nine and finished with an 86 gross and a creditable 76 after handicap.

Toyota Bob, a bit beery-eyed at the end, hammered out a 98, but the highest raw score of the day belonged to someone named Bob Jones, who shot a 115. Nobody kidded him about it.

Later Toyota Bob and I drove to the Detroit airport, through the tan smog and the look-alike hamburger joints. Along the way he explained the difference between top-of-the-line Toyotas and the cut-rate numbers.

"What's this one?" I asked him as he turned it back into the rental agency at the airport.

"Damn near top of the line," boasted Toyota Bob.

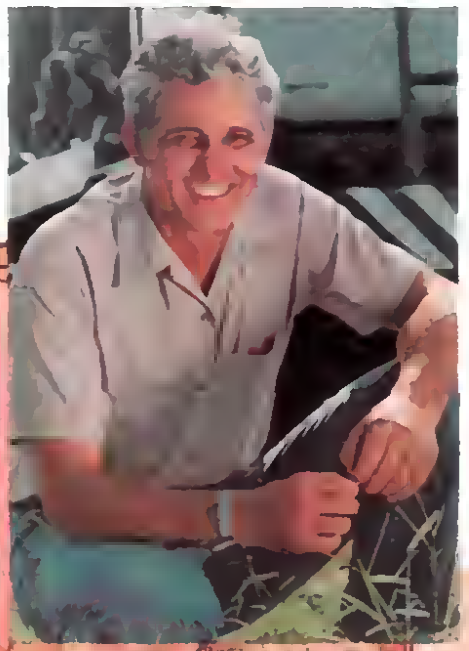
"Good for you," I said. "Keeping up with the Joneses, eh?"

He turned on me with a grim look—the same one I've often used to impale jokesters.

"Them's fightin' words," he said. Then his Jonesian face relaxed. "But I'll consider the source." END

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Read TIME and understand.

TIME

Footloose

by BOB OTTUM

PEOPLE WHO WANT TO START AT THE TOP MIGHT TRY SKIING AT SNOWSHOE

It's a modest advantage, sure enough, but there's one category in which the Snowshoe ski area has got it all over such glittering resorts as Vail and Sun Valley. At Snowshoe, when you get up in the morning you're already there. That is, you're already on top of the mountain, in position to ski the first run of the day without waiting in the lift line, which everybody knows is the coldest ordeal ever devised to torment mankind.

Snowshoe just sort of happened this way for no other reason than that the terrain seemed right for it. There it sits in East-Central West Virginia, surrounded by the Monongahela National Forest, in the section of the state that hunches up into the Allegheny Mountains. The resort is promoted as "the island in the sky," which figures; it's perched at 4,750 feet atop Cheat Mountain. Spilling from its doorstep are 10 miles of downhill trails covering 100 or so acres, running on down to the valley floor at 3,250 feet, and what the area may lack in dizzying height, it makes up for in cover—most of the trails have snowmaking apparatus. Indeed, when major Eastern ski areas are bone dry, as they were much of the last two seasons, Snowshoe can be up to its thorax in freshly made snow because it's in a cold pocket.

True, the location takes a little getting used to. West Virginia—West *Virginia*?—doesn't exactly leap to mind as any sort of skiing paradise; mentions of the state are more likely to conjure up thoughts of the stately old Greenbrier and ladies and gentlemen in Lacoste sweaters swinging golf clubs, or of steely-eyed miners. But it *is* cold—afternoons average 15° above from December through March, nights from zero to 10 below—and as long as the mountain is there, one might as well frost it like a big cake and ski it.

Tramping around the place on crisp autumn days, one begins to see the overall scheme: Snowshoe expects to become a Greenbrier On The Hill, a year-round playground for the well-to-do in that part

continued

The Spirit of America



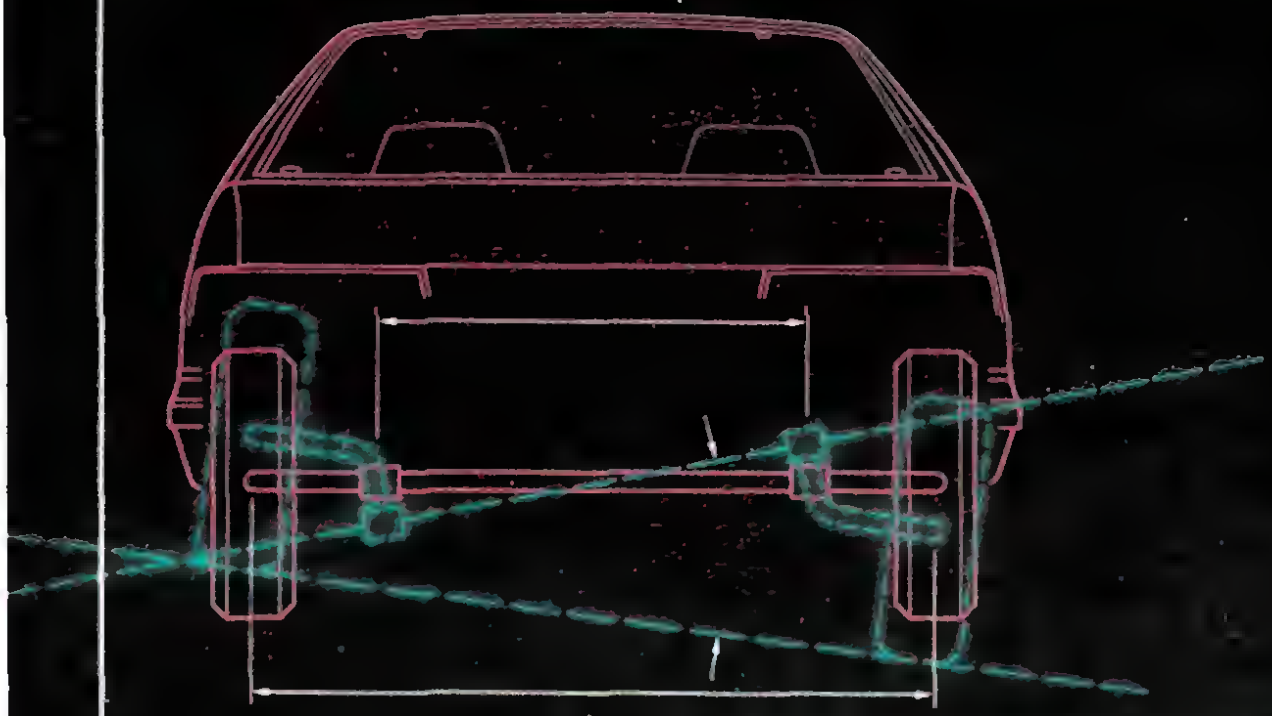
Wyoming Winter by Dick Durrance



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of the country. And there seem to be a lot of affluent people around, in spite of the fact that the resort is pretty much in the middle of an economically depressed area. Snowshoe is experiencing a $12 million-a-year construction boom—condominiums, townhouses, ski chalets and the like—and with this past summer came the final touches, a swimming pool and a weight room.

In thumping for its year-round status, Snowshoe has had something going almost every week, from tennis clinics to horse shows, even a party called the Hillbilly Chili Cookoff a few weekends ago. When you assemble the best of the regional cooks to go head-to-head over pots of chili, it makes for a colorful, aromatic and slightly boozy time. This could never, never happen at the more elegant spas—that richly thick, bitingly spicy smell of cooking chili hanging densely in the air while nearby, a bluegrass band named Stompin' Crick twanged out old hill-country tunes.

While the promotions are O.K., the main lure of Snowshoe is skiing. The slopes range from gentle to tame, as might be expected on a less-than-lofty mountain, but, surprisingly, there are a couple of runs that qualify as real kidney-busters. A thing called Choker is listed as expert, while Knot Bumper is super-expert—not so much for its steepness (a 25% grade), but because it's a fall-away run that's been carved into the side of the main ridge. Indeed, just about everything at Snowshoe is a ridge run, trails dropping away from the mountain's backbone, not particularly hazardous, but guaranteed to bring you back to the lodge after a day's skiing with the vague feeling that one of your legs has become shorter than the other.

The final bit of adventure offered by the area is the cold, cold fog, which seems to be an absolute, standard, flat-guaranteed requirement for West Virginia winter mornings. It's lying there thickly when you awaken, and until the sun burns it off, there's a definite sensation that you've wandered onto the movie set of *Heaven Can Wait*. This in turn produces line after line of skiers wearing yellow-tinted goggles, another other-worldly effect.

Snowshoe is on its way. And even as you read this, the local hares, abundant in this part of the country, are starting to turn white in anticipation of the winter. Hence the name. **END**

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[2]Social Security was never *intended* to be more than a basic system supplemented by private pensions and individual savings. The price for forgetting this has been high and promises to get higher: combined employer/employee FICA taxes on our grandchildren's salaries could reach 25%. Of course, there are alternatives: Social Security could increase the official retirement age, pay benefits based on government-determined need, or simply ... *reduce benefits in general!*

[3]Two-thirds of small businesses surveyed in 1978 offered no pension plans at all. One reason: Typically, big employers can write off 46¢ in taxes for every pension dollar they contribute, while most small ones can only write off about 20¢. In some cases, they can't write off anything.

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

SWIFT, FAR AND ROMANTIC

The crossing of the Pacific by the balloon *Double Eagle V* didn't cause anywhere near the fuss that the transatlantic flight of *Double Eagle II* did in 1978. The earlier flight had a Lindberghian quality about it, both because it involved a conquest of the Atlantic and because the balloon was met by 5,000 cheering Frenchmen after it touched down in a sun-dappled wheat field west of Paris. By contrast, the 26-story-high *Double Eagle V* had a rough landing in darkness and rain on a forested ridge 170 miles north of San Francisco, a spot so forbidding that the crew chose to stay put and spend the night inside the capsule-like, climate-controlled gondola. Further, the Pacific crossing was overshadowed by the voyage of the space shuttle *Columbia*. Ironically, the two flights occurred at more or less the same time only because the *Columbia*'s takeoff was postponed (and its flight plan ultimately shortened) by various glitches; because of weather considerations, *Double Eagle V*'s departure had been moved *ahead* from a desired early-December date.

None of this diminishes the fact that the 5,811-mile journey of *Double Eagle V* was by far the longest manned balloon voyage in history, one requiring just 3½ days to complete. The 1978 Atlantic crossing by Ben Abruzzo, Larry Newman and Max Anderson, all of Albuquerque, covered 3,100 miles and took 5½ days. That record was broken last year by a 3,314-mile, four-day flight over North America by Anderson and his son, Kris. Both of those journeys followed many previous unsuccessful attempts. But so daunting was a transpacific flight that until last week none had ever been attempted.

Double Eagle V's four-man crew consisted of Abruzzo, the captain, and Newman, Ron Clark (yet another Albuquerquean) and millionaire restaurateur Roeky Aoki of Miami, a former ocean powerboater and the principal financial backer of the $1.25 million venture. They had hoped that after completing their Pacific crossing, they would be able to continue on across North America and the Atlantic. By positioning the balloon between two storm systems and taking advantage of a strong wind pattern over the Pacific, they were able to average 76 mph. Their altitude ranged between 4,000 and 22,700 feet. They might have gone farther and faster had icing problems and a tiny helium leak in the craft's polyethylene envelope not kept them from traveling in the even swifter streams of air found at higher altitudes. It was that leak and continued bad weather that forced Abruzzo and his three crewmates down late Thursday night. Search planes and helicopters didn't reach the grounded balloon until Friday morning, although crew members had let it be known via radio that they were all right.

Even though overshadowed by the *Columbia* flight, the journey of *Double Eagle V* proved, if anybody had doubts, that ballooning has a unique romance about it. That fact may well be demonstrated anew later this month: Abruzzo's old partner Anderson and Don Ida of Boulder, Colo. plan to take off from India on a 17,000-mile trip to Egypt. If all goes well, the two might go completely around the world. Why else would they have named their craft the *Jules Verne*?

DAVE THE RAVE

The winner of a *San Francisco Chronicle* contest to select a nickname for 49er Quarterback Joe Montana was announced last week. Readers suggested more than 10,000 names, including Joe Cool, Frisco Kid, Gold Flinger, Cable Car Joe, Sourdough Joe and Sir Pass. No fewer than 200 fans submitted the nickname Beaut—suggesting Butte, Mont., get it? The Pennsylvania-born Montana was allowed to select the winner himself from among 12 finalists, and he picked Big Sky, another entry that evoked the state of Montana. The lucky fan who had submitted that one received a pair of tickets to a 49er game and a T shirt autographed by Montana and his teammates.

But the contest didn't sit too well with one *Chronicle* reader who complained that a nickname was the last thing somebody with a handle like Joe Montana required. "What he needs is a *real* name," the reader said. Whereupon he suggested one: David W. Gibson.

NOW BACK TO THOSE NEW CAR MODELS

Exhibiting the kind of foresight not often in evidence among public officials, Detroit's city council has outlawed fishing in the city's 2-year-old Dodge Fountain.

No matter that the fountain doesn't contain any fish. As John



Conway, director of the municipal department that oversees the Detroit Civic Center, the downtown development in which both the fountain and the surrounding Phillip Hart Plaza are situated, says, "What if someone put some fish in there and then started fishing? How would you stop them?" With similar providence, the council banned animals, gambling, cooking and the use of roller skates and most wheeled vehicles from the area around the fountain. About the only thing the city fathers appear to have overlooked is the possibility somebody might try to use the fountain for surfing or scuba diving.

BEATING THE DRUMS

One of the fringe benefits of the college football season for members of the press is the fun of perusing the propaganda sent out by college publicity men who feel they have a hot candidate for the Heisman Trophy or All-America honors.

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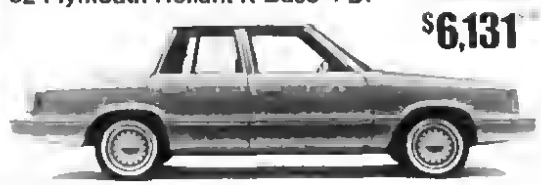
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Whereas fans tend to remember previous seasons for exciting games or superb plays, publicity people (a/k/a SIDs, for Sports Information Directors) recall such things as the University of Pittsburgh's great Hugh Green campaign of 1980. Green was Pitt's All-Everything defensive end, but what the SIDs speak of reverently is the four-color poster that Pitt's sports information people mailed to 2,500 members of the press, the one with the refrain: HUGH GREEN IS THE NAME/PLAYING DEFENSE IS THE GAME/AND WINNING THE HEISMAN IS THE AIM.

Green didn't win the Heisman, but he made such an impressive run for it for a defensive lineman that other SIDs are eagerly following Pitt's example. Even before this season began, the University of Richmond launched a Heisman barrage on behalf of its star running back by mailing Barry Redden T shirts to 200 selected journalists. And San Jose State began pushing Tailback Gerald Willhite with a glossy four-page brochure called "See the Light . . . Vote Willhite." While chances were remote that either of those players would ever win the Heisman, San Jose State pointed out that Willhite is Gale Sayers' second cousin. What more could anybody want?

More recently, Duke has begun promoting the All-America prospects of Wide Receiver Cedric Jones with a sheaf of stats and interviews ("When I was growing up, my grandmother used to say I was a special child . . .") labeled "Confidential Report" as though it were an FBI dossier, the idea being that Jones is extremely dangerous to rival secondaries. Another ACC receiver, Clemson's Perry Tuttle, is pictured on a mock record-album cover that features ersatz song titles meant to highlight his exploits, the notes under "Dawgin' Around" recount Tuttle's eight receptions for 92 yards last season against Georgia.

Hot on the heels of its Hugh Green campaign, Pitt is now beating the drums for Quarterback Dan Marino with a brochure containing breathless accolades ("amazing . . . incredible . . . the best"), a statistical breakdown of every one of his college games, testimonials from awed rivals, plus such tidbits as the fact that he was born on Sept. 5, 1961, is the son of Dan and Veronica Marino, was 10th in NCAA passing as a freshman and has turned in the second, ninth, 10th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 15th and 19th best single-game passing performances in Panther history. Tucked away in the five jam-packed pages of material is an invitation to contact Pitt football SID Joyce Aschenbrenner for what, under the circumstances, seems an order impossible to fill: "More information on Pitt Quarterback Dan Marino."

IMAGINE, IF YOU WILL . . .

What if Utah Jazz Guard Carl Nicks asked the Philadelphia 76ers' Steve Mix for tickets to an NBA game in New York and got turned down? Easy, says *Detroit Free Press* columnist Mike Downey. The whole thing would wind up in *Variety* under this headline: SIXERS' MIX NIXES KNICKS' TIX FOR NICKS.

SICK CALL

The Wall Street Journal last week took note of what it said was a dramatic increase in "heretofore unrecognized syndromes," by which it meant such ailments as "Celtics fever" (an irregular heartbeat that afflicts fans of Boston's NBA team when it falls behind), "Space Invaders wrist" (attributable to too much time spent playing video games), "jogger's nipples" (chafing caused by running bra-less), "cyclist's palsy" (a numbness of the hands brought on by pressing too hard on handlebars of racing bicycles) and "scrum strep" (a bacterial infection transmitted by rugby players during their huddle-like scrums).

The *Journal* noted that those unusual and highly specific maladies were reported, sometimes tongue in cheek, in the correspondence section of the august *New England Journal of Medicine*. Although the ailments also include the now well-known "Chinese restaurant syndrome," a term referring to ill effects believed to be caused by the monosodium glutamate often used in the preparation of Chinese food, most are associated with sports and recreation, witness such other examples as "hooker's elbow," a soreness induced by the repeated jerking of the arm in ice fishing, and "disco felon," an infection in the middle digit caused by finger snapping during disco dancing.

And you probably were only worried about contracting tennis elbow and athlete's foot.

THE FARGO-MOORHEAD BLITZ

It doesn't seem likely that you could find three Top 10 college football teams in a community with a population of barely 90,000. And you'd think it impossible that the same community could produce not two, but *three* state high school championship finalists. But when the "community" consists of twin cities that happen to be situated in neighboring states, it's more than just possible. The real-life situation has most of the aforementioned 90,000 folks going slightly wild over football.

One of the twin cities is Moorhead, Minn., whose 29,925 citizens have a lot to cheer about. There are the Moorhead High Spuds, who beat Wayzata 24–7 Friday night to improve their record to 10–1 and qualify to play Rosemount in this week's championship game in Class AA, which includes Minnesota's biggest schools. Then there's Moorhead State University, which is ranked No. 1 in NAIA Division I and ended its regular season with a 10–0–1 record. And there's Concordia College, which is No. 4 in NAIA Division II and finished at 9–0–1.

Suffering a similar embarrassment of riches, the 61,281 people who live across the Red River of the North in Fargo, N. Dak. are proud that Fargo Shanley and Fargo South made it to the championship final in Class A, which covers the biggest schools in *that* state. Throw in Fargo-based North Dakota State University, which is ranked seventh in NCAA Division II and ended the regular season with an 8–2 record, and the picture is complete: six championship-caliber teams within five miles of one another.

Moorhead State Coach Ross Fortier allows, "This is a good area for football." But, he adds, "The trouble is, most years we knock each other off." That's a problem, all right. The only blemish on the records of unbeaten Moorhead State and Concordia is the 3–3 tie they played against each other on Sept. 12. And on Saturday, Fargo Shanley beat Fargo South in their showdown for the North Dakota state championship, 21–3.

THEY SAID IT

• LaVell Edwards, Brigham Young football coach, after suffering a 33–20 loss to Wyoming in a snowstorm in the Cowboys' War Memorial Stadium: "I'd rather lose and live in Provo than win and live in Laramie."

• Vince Dooley, University of Georgia football coach, explaining why his players next season will be awarded helmet decals in the shape of bones instead of stars: "If a dog makes a good play, you throw him a bone, right?" **END**

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Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 23, 1991



2,000

It was grand—actually, two grand—when USC's Marcus Allen became the first collegian to go that distance in a season, against Washington

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

CONTINUED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER READ MILLER

Marcus Allen, the USC tailback, was relaxing at home the other night, an island of calm in the tumultuous sea of adulation and attention in which he has found himself since Sept. 12, when he began rattling off 200-yard games and unnerving the opposition in the race for the Heisman Trophy. Allen is laughing and telling stories, as winners always do, and he remembers a hot day last summer when he told USC Offensive Coordinator John Jackson, "Hey, I want to get 2,000 yards this year."

Then what happened?

"Then we settled down and made some realistic goals." That was a good idea, because no collegian had ever rushed for 2,000 yards in a season. Pitt's Tony Dorsett had come as close as anyone figured was possible when in 1976 he got 1,948 yards on 338 carries, the NCAA 11-game season record.

Ahhhh, but the unrealistic goal of 2,000 yards turned out to be gloriously realistic last Saturday in Seattle when Allen sprinted, spun and slashed for 155 against Washington to bring his season total to 2,123. "All Marcus is doing," says USC Coach John Robinson, "are things that have never been done before in college football." And Allen, who now holds eight NCAA records and is tied for another, does the impossible because he has always understood that two shortcomings of ordinary humans are that they fail to dream big enough and they think of dreams only as something you wake up from. Marcus lives his big dreams.

Although Washington whipped USC 13–3 on a 100% miserable day—rain poured, wind blasted, power failed, bridges closed, ark-building began—Allen delivered another dreamlike performance, especially given the conditions.

Needing only 32 yards to reach the magic 2,000, he did it early in the first quarter, on his fourth carry, when he cruised around end on the oh-so-familiar Student Body Right. He eluded several tacklers and slogged on for 13 yards before being decked by Husky Linebacker Ken Driscoll. That run brought him to 2,000 yards exactly. Three plays later Allen cracked over center for four more to move past 2,000—and earn a prolonged ovation from Washington fans.

Predictably, however, Allen was depressed. "What I did doesn't mean all that much right now," he said softly afterward. "All I'm thinking about is that we didn't win the game." The loss all but killed the Trojans' Rose Bowl hopes.

A blitzing Husky defense, led by Line-

It was fitting that the play that put Allen at 2,000 was USC's famous "Student Body Right." The power sweep went for 13 yards



hacker Tony Caldwell's 12 tackles, had a lot to do with USC's losing. So did two field goals by Chuck Nelson—a first-half 21-yarder and a brilliant boot into a twisting wind from 46 yards with 2:19 left to play. Then, without a tick going off the clock, the Huskies scored a TD when the ensuing kickoff bounced, went off the hands of USC's Fred Crutcher and was recovered in the end zone by Washington freshman Fred Small.

Despite the defeat, Robinson remains upbeat about Allen's performance this season. "The hell with 2,000 yards," he says. "Let's go for 3,000." Why not? There's one USC game left, against UCLA this Saturday, and Allen needs but 877 yards. His offensive line, big and mobile in the USC tradition, might just be up to it. And so might Allen himself, who, incredibly, may be the best athlete ever to line up at tailback for USC. Sorry, Charles, A.D., Clarence, Ricky, Mike. Oh, and yes, sorry, O.J.



Nonetheless, Allen won't get to match the career yardage figures of Charles White, much less Dorsett's record total of 6,082. Dorsett got that total in four years of running, while Allen spent part of his career as a blocking back, knocking defenders out of White's way.

The person most thrilled with this unbelievable year is Allen himself. When he goes out in public, he's an instant mob scene. And when he stays in, there he is, great big smile on his face, sprawled over a couch in the living room of the small house he lives in behind his aunt's Inglewood home. Hanging above him is a map of the world, which will be his to purchase after the numbers are filled in next year on his NFL contract, an NBC Sports banner, three days' worth of clothes and a basketball hoop. A basketball hoop?

"Sure," says Allen. "Why not? I thought I needed to give this room a little something extra. It fits right in, doesn't it? Maybe I'll be an interior decorator."

That's as good an explanation as any for the presence of an inside hoop, seeing as how Southern California weather is hardly confining. But what the heck, the room has a high ceiling, and the basket is convenient when Allen is struck by an urge to shoot a few hoops. Robinson understands. He says, "Marcus is the kind of guy you'd want to take the last shot in a basketball game." Allen pops in a jumper from outside the coffee table, after juking out the TV, and laughs: "Damn, this is fun. I love interviews."

Excuse me?

"I love interviews. I meet so many interesting people. These are the good times."

Understand that a player who professes to like, let alone love, interviews should be immediately suspected of having run too many off-tackle blasts without his helmet. But Allen, 21, is not really a basketball player despite the hoop. Nor a baseball player—although his mother, Gwen, insists baseball is his best sport. She says seriously, "He's another Brooks Robinson." Or anything else except a breed apart as a football player.

In seven of ten games this year, and three times last year, Allen ran for more than 200 yards— this in a sport in which a back who gets 100 yards *once* in a career guarantees himself a permanent place in the hearts of alumni. Allen has gone for 100 yards or more 19 of the 20 times he has started as the USC tailback. His efforts have erased nearly all of the NCAA marks set in 1969-71 by Cornell's Ed Marinaro, who was playing against far less imposing competition. Marinaro had five 200-yard-plus games in a season, 10 in his career, and had a single-season per-game rushing average of 209 yards in 1971, compared to Allen's current average 212.3.

If Allen doesn't get the Heisman—the winner will be announced Dec. 5—each of the 1,050 voters will be frisked for concealed Georgia Bulldogs. Understand this, Allen is just learning how to be a running back. Mel Washington, one of Allen's coaches at San Diego's Lincoln High, says, "He's definitely not seasoned. I can't imagine what he'll be like when he learns what he's doing." Absolutely hell on wheels is the best guess, unless he takes up interior decorating. Standing alongside the Trojan practice field the other day, Ram Player Personnel Director John Math shook his head, "We don't use the term 'franchise saver' but there are no doubts about Marcus."

At 6' 2", 205 pounds, Allen is not as fast as O.J. Simpson was, though Allen says, "I'm faster than most people think I am." And he's perhaps not as crushing as Simpson was. But better? "Well," says Robinson, "O.J. was the best player in college football and went on to become the best player in pro football. He's the only guy who went for 2,000 yards in an NFL season. That's pretty hard to beat. But I'd say Marcus is achieving at the same level." Allen is durable—he has missed one game in four years, and that was because of an eye injury—and has enough stamina to average 36 carries per game. And he's quick. "When he carries the ball," Robinson says, "you find yourself thinking, 'Bad tackle, bad tackle, oohhh, another one.' " What Allen does better than anybody is make the opposition miss; he's a mirage in low-cuts.

His style is much like O.J.'s. He has the vision to see what's going on now and the foresight to see—and avoid—the pitfalls ahead. Trojan Quarterback John Mazur says of Allen, "There are two things I like about him—the way he runs and the way he gets up time after time." The initial impression is that Allen, with his quick moves, is picking up yardage strictly through elusiveness, but perhaps harking

continued

back to his days of playing defense as a youngster, he still will deliver a hit before the opposition player can tee off on him. The result is that he'll routinely get an additional three yards after seemingly having been stopped.

Probably the most intelligent descriptions of his style come from his coaches, who are bright enough not to attempt to give one. Says Jackson, "I can't describe it, but he sure has one." Robinson suggests, "His body is relaxed but his eyes are intense. The only time I saw his eyes light up during recruiting was when we would talk about him becoming a great player. He liked that."

Because Allen owes so much to his offensive line, it was prophetic that the hard recruiting was done by Offensive Line Coach Hudson Houck. Yet Allen hardly seemed destined to be a USC tailback, the most storied position in college football. Indeed, he played running back a little as a youngster but then not again until he got to USC. What he really liked was playing linebacker or defensive back. In one high school game, he made 30 unassisted tackles.

At Lincoln, Coach Vic Player pressured Allen into being the quarterback in his senior year, but Player says, "Marcus just wanted to be one of the boys. He didn't want to be the honcho." Allen seemingly rebelled against being the quarterback by repeatedly fumbling the snap one afternoon in practice, until Player abruptly kicked him off the team. "Get out of here, get out of here," Player screamed, "and don't come back." The next day Allen humbly returned, helmet in hand and bowing deep apologies, which Player quickly accepted. "If he hadn't come back," Player says, "I would've gone to him and begged. But Marcus will never believe that." As it turned out, Lincoln went on to a 12–0–1 mark that year with Allen at quarterback and won the San Diego County championship 34–6 over Kearny as Allen rushed nine times for 197 yards, intercepted a pass and scored all five of his team's touchdowns.

Allen hits the books and the boards in his living room, here it's hoops with McAllister.



In the hysterical recruiting that followed, everybody wanted Allen but for wildly different reasons. Oklahoma, for instance, hustled him as a quarterback. USC had him figured as a defensive back. But after Allen decided on Southern Cal, Robinson got his wits about him on the fourth day of practice in August 1978 and suggested to Allen that he try tailback. That idea went over much better than the one Robinson brought up the next spring, after Allen had spent most of his freshman season on the bench. "Marcus," Robinson said, "how would you like to try fullback?" Understand that at USC the only job more unpleasant than fullback is caring for the Trojan horse. Mostly, the fullback blocks, and then he blocks some more. Occasionally—say when Jupiter is in conjunction with the left linebacker—he gets to run with the ball. When Allen hesitated, Robinson jumped in, saying, "Think about it, Marcus, because you're not going to play much at tailback." True, since White, who would win the Heisman in 1979, had a lock on the position.

So Allen agreed to move to fullback and promptly did terribly during practice in the spring of '79. In the fall, on the first play of practice, he broke his nose. Says Allen, "I looked down and saw blood all over my shirt, and I said, 'Hey, did I hurt somebody?' " He was given the ball in the season opener, against Texas Tech, and he fumbled. Reflecting on this miserable start—not without its parallels to Allen's high school quarterbacking career—Robinson says, "He was trying hard to do something that he didn't want to do. Plus he was giving away 30 pounds doing something—blocking on lineback-

ers—that he did not know how to do."

But by the end of the 1979 season, Allen had become so proficient at fullback that his main concern had become the specter of having to remain at the position. Late in the season, Robinson stopped him at practice and said, "Marcus, you sacrificed for the good of the team." Responded Allen, "Yeah, I sacrificed my entire body." Even though that period in his life is almost two years past, Allen remembers it all too vividly. "I'd say 90 percent of the time at fullback, I came out on the bad end," he says.

And so a tailback was born, and in 1980 Allen was second in the nation in rushing—1,563 yards to South Carolina's George Rogers' 1,781—and was considered a failure by almost everyone. A failure? "Sure," says Allen. "People felt that way because the standard is so high around here."

There are many reasons for the low performance rating Allen received. Mike Garrett, who won the Heisman at USC in 1965, says, "I told him that in life we all want to be something special and that he was being given his chance and it was up to him to make the most of it. But he didn't seem to realize what it meant or what it took to be USC tailback." That the Trojans went a mediocre—again by their standards—8–2–1 also hurt. Additionally, the casual observers didn't take into account that the Southern Cal passing game was off, producing 50 yards fewer per game than the season before. That and a lack of yardage from the fullback spot—even by USC standards—enabled opponents to key on Allen.

Worse, Allen exhibited an annoying habit of slipping down on cuts and lunging for holes rather than powering through—shortcomings caused by being off-balance. "Last year he seemed like he was always just a step away," says Offensive Tackle Don Mosebar. "This year he's a step ahead." And last year fans were infatuated with Georgia's Herschel Walker (he's averaging 166 yards per game in '81, 46 fewer than Allen) and made no allowance for the fact Walker had been principally a running back all his life and Allen had tried it for one year as a kid and 31 more times as a freshman. It helped not a lick that in Allen's few rushes as a freshman, he was quickly dubbed Young Juice, even though the similarities to Old Juice were mostly in style and appearance. Until this incredible season, Marcus was just a squirt.

So why are you suddenly so much better, Marcus?

"I wanted to be."

How do you do it?

"Everything is instinct. I'm just gone."

Robinson, clicking films back and forth of Allen getting gone, says that the tailback at USC must think "I'm going to carry 40 times and I'm going to getcha. Maybe not until my 38th carry, but I'll *getcha*. There's an ethic to it. The most important thing is: We've never had a jerk play the position."

And the incumbent certainly is no jerk. Indeed, he has a personality that lights up the sky. Draw a picture of the perfect guy to be USC tailback and you draw Marcus. You want a son just like him. One of his best friends, Chip McAllister, 24, an actor, says of Allen, "He'd rather die than lie." The first time Allen met O.J., he said to Simpson, "Do me a favor. Call my mom." O.J. did.

Realizing that he needed to improve his speaking abilities—quite candidly, to learn how to speak to white corporate America in something other than black street dialect—Allen went to USC speech professor Ed Bodaken. They now meet once a week to review Allen's interviews, and Bodaken says, "Marcus moves to substance. He's really trying to move up. He knows he is in the fast lane; he wants to express himself well. But understand, we were never talking about a grunt-and-moaner."

Asked why he is concerned about speaking when his football ability can always talk for him, Allen says, "I want to improve *every* aspect of my life, and football is just one aspect."

Allen is interested not only in how he says things but in what he says. That's a lesson he learned from a wall plaque in the den back home in San Diego:

> *Be careful of the words you say*
> *So keep them soft and sweet*
> *You never know from day to day*
> *Which ones you'll have to eat.*

Allen has never had a serious moment of trouble, even if you count the time the neighbor lady called the police because she said he was standing on her property, it turned out he was standing on city property. When something would go wrong involving Marcus and his older brother, Harold, "my father would just beat the hell out of both of us," says Allen. "He didn't bother to try to find out which one did it. And I appreciate it. See, so many parents don't care."



Gwen and Red left their mark on Marcus.

Not that Allen couldn't be pesky. Once, angered because the manager of his Little League team insisted he play shortstop instead of centerfield, Allen organized a boycott. The manager was Red Allen, his father.

Red, a building contractor whose theory of child-raising was to keep Marcus and the five other Allen children so busy that they "wouldn't have time to get into bedevilment," once bought two Shetland ponies for that purpose. Now he says, "Marcus tells us he is going to buy his mom a Mercedes, retire me and buy us all a new house. He doesn't have to, because he doesn't owe us a single thing. Except respect."

That's no problem, for, as Marcus says, "I respect people and I respect myself." Which are two of the reasons why he has led such an all-American-hero kind of life. So what's his biggest disappointment in life? He shoots a fall-away jumper from kitchen right and then says, "I'll let you know December 5." END



Something's Cooking In Beantown

Fired by a new style of play and a slew of youngsters who would rather shoot than shove, the once pugnacious Boston Bruins are again red-hot

by MIKE DELNAGRO

Now that the Boston Bruins are making headlines again, it's time to run down the roster to refresh our memories of the old Lunchpail A.C. In goal is the feisty Gerry Cheevers, right? Wrong. Cheevers now coaches the Bruins. O.K., then let's move right on to that old smoothie, Center Jean Ratelle. No, he's one of Cheevers' assistants. Bobby Schmautz? Out of hockey. Punch-out King John Wensink? In Colorado, which is virtually the same thing. And pugnacious Terry O'Reilly? He's still playing for Boston, yet these days it seems he would rather unleash a dazzling pass than a roundhouse right. Brad Park is around, as well, but slowing down. Ditto Don Marcotte and Wayne Cashman. What it all adds up to is that the Lunchpail gang is history.

But send no flowers. In lieu of the old A.C., Cheevers is sending onto the ice a young, sharp-passing, hard-checking but non-intimidating team. And, despite expectations, the Bruins are not in ruins. Far from it. After beating Edmonton 5–2, tying Pittsburgh 3–3 and losing to Buffalo 3–1—hardly a triumphant week—the Bruins were still tied with Montreal for first place in the NHL's Adams Division. With a 10–4–4 record, Boston also was tied for the league's best record with the Canadiens and the New York Islanders, who were both 10–3–4. Moreover, the Bruins had won seven of their nine games on the road.

"No one felt we'd do this well this early in the season," says Tom Johnson, Boston's assistant general manager. "A year ago people kept calling Betty Cheevers on the phone and asking her, 'Is the patient dead yet?' " Cheevers was, and is, fine. It was the era of Boston powerhouse teams that was dying. In 1978 the Bruins reached the Stanley Cup final. In 1979 they were gone in the semis. In 1980 they were eliminated in the quarterfinals, and last April the end came in the preliminaries. Things were so bad in 1980-81 that in December Boston plummeted to 20th place in the 21-team league.

Everywhere General Manager Harry Sinden looked he saw a problem: Cheevers was too unfamiliar with life behind the bench and too familiar with his old teammates. Goalie Rogie Vachon was ducking from the puck, the Bruin skaters were too old and too slow and were playing dump-the-puck-and-chase-it while

McCrimmon and goalie Vachon are two reasons Boston is allowing so few goals.

the NHL's best clubs were skating, passing and shooting. "The game changed overnight, and we were out of sync," says Center Peter McNab. "But now we have caught up."

Reasons abound for the Bruin resurrection. Vachon, wearing a cage-style mask now instead of his old close-fitting shell, is stopping the puck, not fighting it. Through 18 games, he and rookie Marco Baron had allowed a total of only 56 goals. Only Montreal and Minnesota had given up fewer. Meanwhile, with more shooters and not as many brawlers on the club, Boston is scoring more, too. Last year, as Cheevers says, "almost every goal was the result of laborious work." In 36 of the 80 games the Bruins got no more than three goals, and never did they score more than seven. This season the Bruins already have scored 10 goals in a game against Quebec and eight against Chicago. At week's end their average was 4.17 a game.

For his part, Cheevers has established his authority and is far more at home in his second year as coach. He's so comfortable, in fact, he no longer keeps a stopwatch to time skating shifts. He now has a feel for how long a line has been on the ice.

And then there are the kids. "Ideally you bring young players up one or two at a time so that they gradually blend in with your veterans," says Sinden. "But we were deteriorating pretty fast. To get back to near the top, we had to make drastic changes."

As a result—well, Park puts it best. "I came home from practice the other day," he says, "and my wife said, 'Why don't you play with the kids?' I said, 'Honey, I've been playing with kids all afternoon.' " Indeed he had. Straight from junior hockey this year came centers Barry Pederson, 20, and Tom Fergus, 19, and Left Wing Normand Leveille, 18. Throw in the youngsters who played at least part of last season with Boston—forwards Keith Crowder, 22, and Steve Kasper, 20; defensemen Brad McCrimmon, 22, Larry Melnyk, 21, and Ray Bourque, 20; and goaltender Baron, 22—and most nights nine of the 19 Bruins dressing are 22 or younger. Another forward, Mike Gillis, obtained from the Rockies last February, is 23.

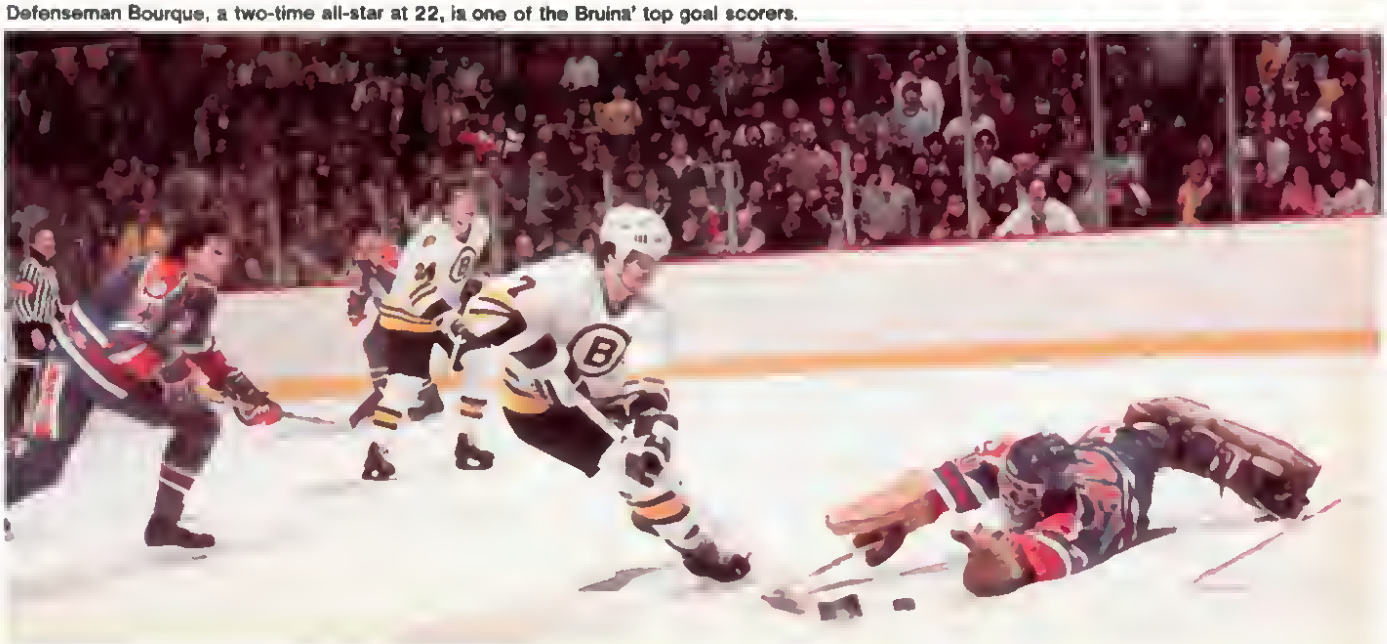
Most important, these young players are performing like veterans. Bourque, for instance, was a first-team all-star as a rookie two seasons ago and a second-teamer last year. He is the cornerstone of the Bruin defense. Gillis skates full time at left wing on a line with McNab and Rick Middleton, the Bruins' two leading scorers, with 12 goals and 12 assists apiece through last weekend. Pederson (five goals and four assists), Kasper (four and four) and Fergus (three and seven) all get regular shifts

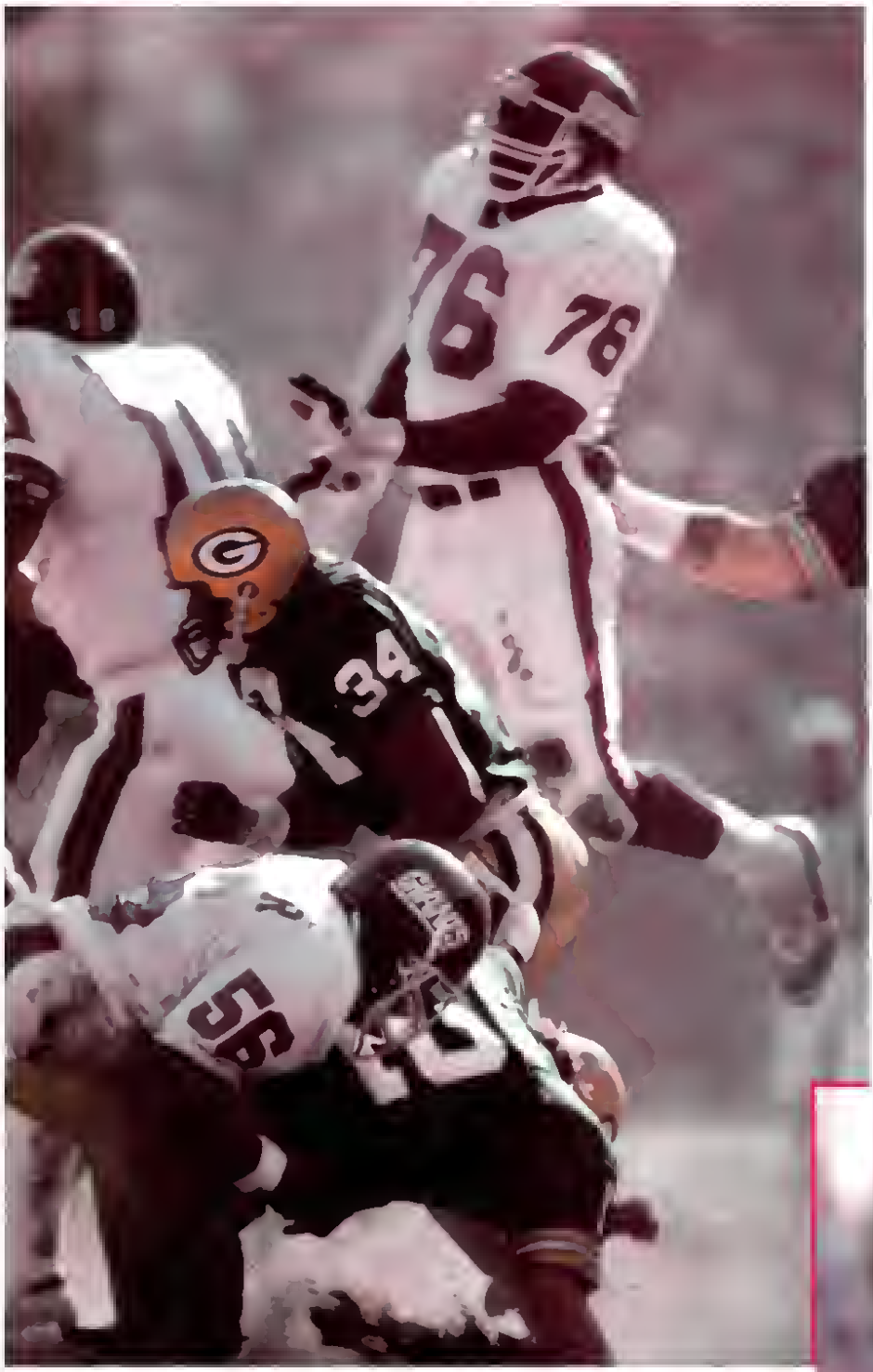
Cheevers employs Pederson for important face-offs. Kasper, who, along with Bourque, missed the Pittsburgh and Buffalo games with injuries, has emerged as one of the best checkers in the league. No one has had more success thwarting Edmonton's Wayne Gretzky, the NHL's top scorer. In four games last year against the Bruins, Gretzky got a total of one goal and three assists. Last Thursday, Kasper held the Great One to a single shot on goal. Baron has won five games against two losses, and despite yielding six goals before being pulled in the second period against Montreal on Oct. 24, his goals-against average is 2.58.

The most exciting Bruin rookie, though, is the 5′ 10″, 175-pound Leveille, Boston's first-round draft pick last June. During the exhibition season, the Bruins took one look at him and were reminded of Yvan Cournoyer, once a flashy forward for the Canadiens. Before straining ligaments in his left knee against Hartford on Nov. 1, Leveille had five goals and two assists. He should be back in the lineup by early December. A dynamic amalgam of speed and strength, Leveille is a terrific checker and has the hardest shot on the Bruins. He and Baron grew up together in Montreal, and Baron says that when Leveille was nine years old, all the other kids used to hang around to see him shoot a puck.

Successfully overhauling a roster as Boston has done requires precise timing. "It's always in the back of your mind," Sinden says. "You don't want to move too early, before a player is ready. And you can't wait too long, or you might be left with no well-seasoned players still at a level in their games where they can help the youngsters coming up. We took a risk that our timing was right. The season is young, but so far we haven't had to pay for going with these kids." END

Defenseman Bourque, a two-time all-star at 22, is one of the Bruins' top goal scorers.





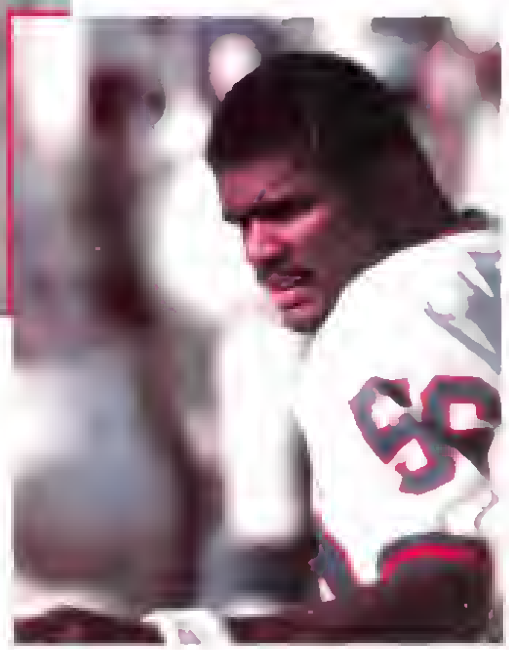
Going Places With New Faces

Rookies are proving that, with parity in the NFL, fresh blood can turn around a team's fortunes

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

At this time last year Cincinnati and San Francisco had 3–8 records, on their way to 6–10. Same for the New York Giants, only they were fated for 4–12. Miami, Kansas City and Denver were hovering around .500, on their way to 8–8s. These were the ho-hums of the NFL, the two-paragraph wire-service stories in the Monday paper. Now they're all alive and contending, and four of them—the Bengals, Broncos, 49ers and Dolphins—have command of their division races.

In these days of Rozellean parity, it doesn't take much to tip the balance from also-ran to frontrunner: a rookie with wings on his feet who can turn a five-yard gain into a 50-yarder; rookie defenders who can bring the crowd to its feet with big hits; rookies who have not yet learned fear or caution; and, in the case of the Broncos, a rookie named Dan



Packer Lynn Dickey certainly wishes that Taylor were still linebacking in Carolina.

Reeves who wears earphones. These, then, are the new faces that have made the difference for half a dozen NFL teams.

When you direct the fortunes of the NFL's most visible franchise (from a media and advertising standpoint), you have to make sure the first man you draft—the second man picked overall—is something special. So last November, New York Giants General Manager George Young caught a plane south to scout North Carolina's game with Clemson and to see firsthand whether Lawrence Taylor, the Tar Heels' outside linebacker, deserved the raves he'd been getting.

"With North Carolina's pale blue numbers, it's tough to pick out one guy from the other," Young says. "But I didn't need any numbers to locate Taylor. All you had to do was wait for a big defensive play to be made, and he'd be making it. It was hard for me to believe that a linebacker could so dominate a game."

New Orleans had the first pick in the draft, and Saints Coach Bum Phillips had said South Carolina Running Back George Rogers was his man. That was good. But Taylor had spent three days in New Orleans right before the draft. That was bad. On the day before the draft Young called the airlines to find out if an L. Taylor was booked on a flight from New Orleans to New York, where he'd be headed if the Saints intended to make him the No. 1 pick.

"There were three L. Taylors listed," Young says. "My heart sank. I called Chapel Hill to find out if he was still there. He was. I felt better. But I didn't know we were getting him until 10 o'clock the night before the draft."

Taylor, with his 6' 3", 242-pound body and his 4.59 speed for 40 yards, has been the Giants' blitz specialist, swooping in from the right side. He's playing as well physically as any outside linebacker in the NFL, and the Giants' defense, 10th in the NFC last year, was second after 10 games this season. Mentally, Taylor says, he still has a way to go. "Play-action fakes give me trouble," he says, "but I sure enjoy that blitzing."

New York Coach Ray Perkins doesn't like to come on too strong about rich rookies—Taylor reportedly has a three-year, $750,000 deal with the Giants—but he says, "Lawrence will make the kind of plays you just don't normally see. We had one scrimmage in camp where he was supposed to give inside support against a wide receiver. He went 40 yards downfield on a go pattern and broke it up."

The Giant veterans, who had grumbled about Taylor's big contract, became believers in July's first intrasquad scrimmage. The coaches awarded points—one for a fumble recovery, two for a fumble-causing tackle, three for a sack, etc. In 10 minutes Taylor had four sacks. Score—Offense 0, Taylor 12. On the sidelines Gary Jeter turned to Harry Carson and said, "I've seen the movie *Superman* and I intend to see *Superman II* but today I'm seeing Superman III in person."

And whatever happened to George Rogers, the Saints' hope? He's having a terrific year—second in the league in rushing with 1,137 yards. But the Saints are only 3–8, better than last season's 0–11, yet not quite a turnaround. Let's say they've turned it sideways.

San Francisco Coach Bill Walsh has a straightforward philosophy for drafting: You've got to improve where you're weak. As for the Best Available Athlete theory—well, that Russian decathlon man isn't ever going to play for the 49ers.

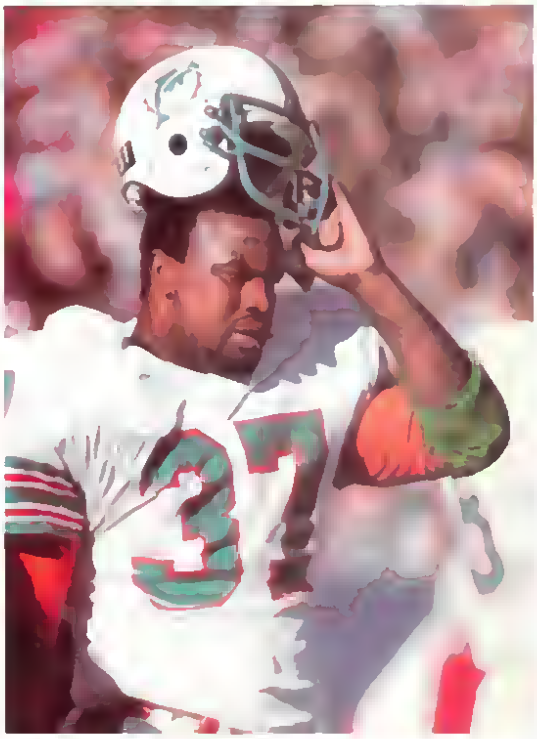
Last year San Francisco allowed the third most passing yards in NFL history (3,751). Even worse, opponents' receivers were allowed to cruise free and easy. The 1981 draft was overloaded with defensive backs, not only cover guys but hitters, big stickers. So on the first round Walsh took Ronnie Lott of USC, on the second he chose Eric Wright of Missouri, and on the third he picked Carlton Williamson of Pitt, defensive backs all. "Which one will start?" the writers asked him. "All three," Walsh said.

Imports Fred Dean, from the Chargers, and Jack Reynolds, from the Rams, put the finishing touches on a defense that now ranks second in the NFC, but the tone was set by the three baby backs, who team with holdover Free Safety Dwight Hicks to form the feared Gang of Four. Lott and Wright were both safeties in college; now they man the left and right corners. The prevailing drafting

continued



Collinsworth has helped the Bengals step up, and Franklin has lifted the Dolphins.





Wright (21) and Lott left the safety of college ball to man the corners for the 49ers.

NEW FACES *continued*

theory is that you take cornerbacks and make safeties out of them, but Walsh says colleges often put their best athletes in the middle, and there's no reason why they can't play outside. Williamson was a strong safety at Pitt, and that's what he plays now. His role is essentially the same as it was in college; he's the big hitter whose resounding shots are an inspiration to his buddies, as long as he doesn't go overboard and incur a yellow flag.

"At Pitt we had something called the Ding Dong Award, for best hit of the week," Williamson says. "Hugh Green and Ricky Jackson collected most of them, but I got my share."

Lott was a star in the USC secondary, where you don't play if you don't hit. He's a super athlete who can break up a screen pass as easily as he can scoop up a shoe-top interception and run it in for a score, as he did in the 49ers' 45–14 romp against Dallas on Oct. 11 in Candlestick.

Wright, who says he was never a particularly ferocious hitter at Missouri, mentions that after workouts on the Wednesday before the Oct. 25 victory over the Rams, 20–17, the coaches paid the Gang of Four the ultimate compliment. "They told us to take it a little easier in practice," he says. "They said we had a tendency to be too aggressive."

In Walsh's first two years in San Francisco the 49ers would win with finesse, with silk handkerchiefs in the air and rabbits popping out of a hat. Now they're getting down in the mud and winning the slugfests—low-scoring games against physical teams like Atlanta and Green Bay and L.A. and Pittsburgh. That's the difference.

Told to cool it at 49er practices, Williamson now is a heavy hitter only on Sundays.



Joe Delaney zipped into Arrowhead Stadium on little cat feet, and the Chiefs told him, yes, yes, you're a terrific little runner but this is the NFL, see, and you just have to have more respect for the tacklers; you can't keep taking them on the way you do. And they told the public, this was a hell of a second-round pick for us, and then they labeled Delaney a spot performer—a "situation" player—which is what coaches always do with halfbacks who are no bigger than 5' 10", 184.

It took an injury to Ted McKnight in the season's fifth game to turn Delaney into a full-timer, and his 193 yards last Sunday against Houston gives him 920 yards, within striking distance of Mike Garrett's alltime single-season club rushing record of 1,087 yards. This blockbuster from Northwestern (La.) State may be the Chiefs' best runner ever. Delaney, you see, knows exactly what he's doing. When he cuts away from the sidelines, back into the flow of traffic—a daring and almost suicidal move, when he takes on the tackler ("Get him before he gets me"), he's merely putting into practice in public what he has studied in private.

"I study the linebackers and defensive backs, how hard they come, what kind of angles of pursuit they take," says Delaney. "Is he a good tackler, an overpursuer? I look at their balance. I try to judge what kind of shape they'll be in if I hit the crease in the line quickly and take them on before they're really ready. Of course, I know I'm leaving myself open for some real shots. That's where peripheral vision comes in; you have to keep the searchlights going."

Delaney has blinding speed—10.3 for

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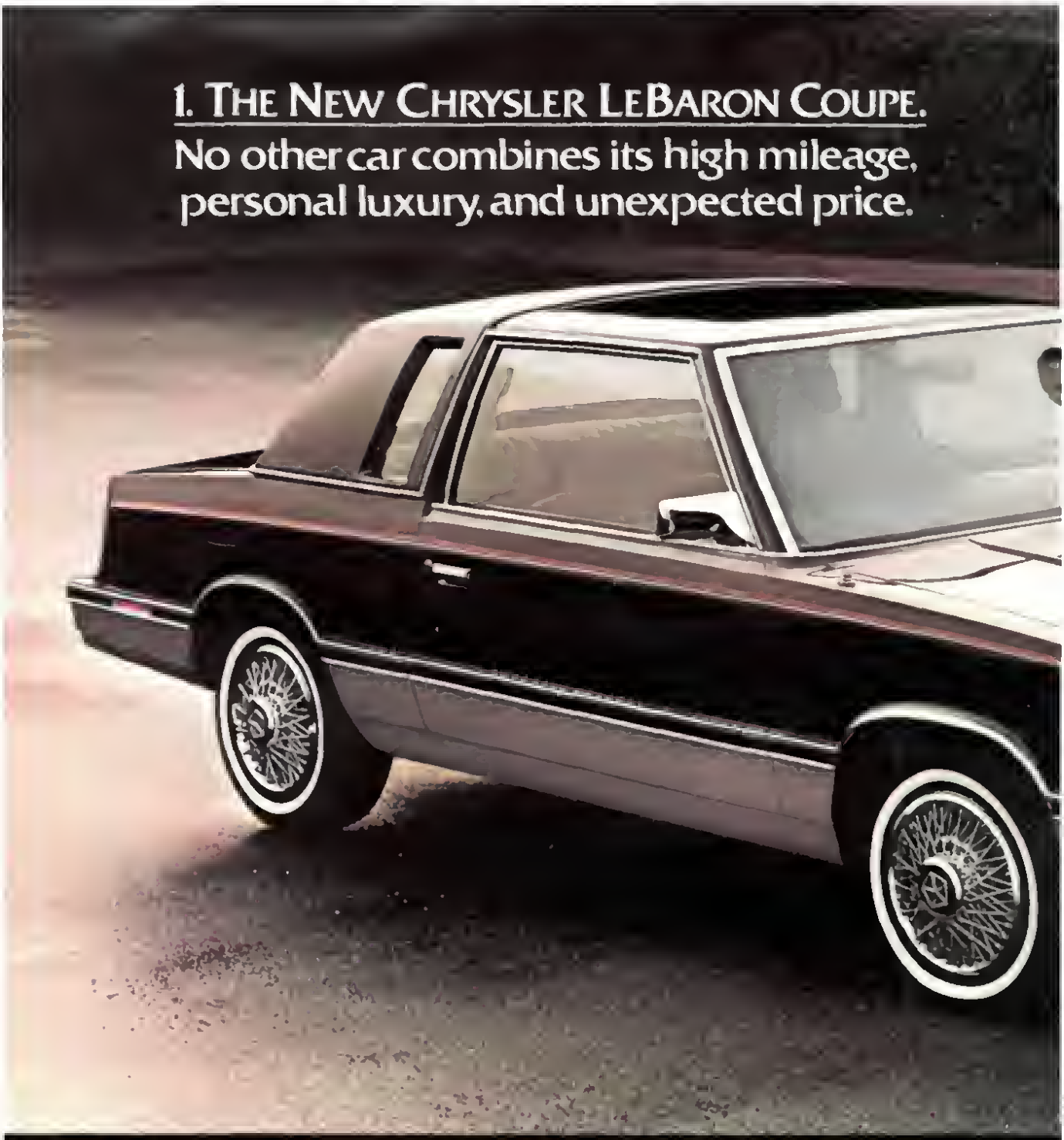
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See your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer for availability of options and/or standard equipment on specific models.

100 meters in college, 4.36 for 40 yards—but it's that unexpected cutback, the surprising disdain he shows for tacklers, that helped him break such biggies as a 61-yard pass play in a 27–0 defeat of Oakland on Oct. 11 and the 82-yarder that sewed up the 28–14 win over Denver on Oct. 18. It's a dangerous way to travel, but it's given the Chiefs something they haven't had in a long time—an offense with real zip to it.

How ironic that for four years Andra Franklin was the plow horse back at Nebraska, blocking for such noted I-backs as I.M. Hipp and Jarvis Redwine and Rick Berns, and now Franklin is the second leading ballcarrier for the Dolphins, and that Cornhusker trio is nowhere, nowhere and nowhere. How ironic that Miami Coach Don Shula prayed that Pitt's Randy McMillan would be available on the first round of the draft and, when he wasn't, settled for Oklahoma's David Overstreet, picking up Franklin one round later as insurance; and now Franklin has gained 63 yards more than McMillan, who plays for the Colts, while Overstreet has fumbled his season away in Montreal.

Franklin got his chance when Woody Bennett, the Dolphins' regular fullback, went down in the season's third game, against Houston, and Franklin caught the winning pass in the fourth quarter. At Nebraska he caught six passes in four years. His blocking never had been a problem. At 5′ 10″, 225, he's built for heavy duty. And he's not a fumbler—only two lost after 10 games. Shula also has to love the new toughness up the middle that Franklin provides, something that has been missing in Miami since the Larry Csonka glory years.

Right Guard Ed Newman sums up Franklin's power-running in this way: "Against the Colts, I got a stalemate with my man, Herb Orvis. I figured we'd get about a two-yard gain. But Franklin takes the ball and suddenly the Colts are looking at a mouthful. Andra got an eight-yard gain out of it. All I had to do was drive, and he's driving, too." Or as Dolphin publicist Bob Kearney says, "It looked like ants moving an apple."

The Bengals last made the playoffs six years ago, when they finished first in the NFL in passing. Since then the air routes have been a losing operation, and in the last two years Cincinnati slipped to 24th and 21st in the NFL pass rankings. How can you throw successfully when your receivers are always hurt? Along came Cris Collinsworth, a 6′ 5″, 192-pounder who reminds Ohioans of Gary Collins of the Browns and reminds Bengals owner Paul Brown of his old superstar in Cleveland, Dub Jones. "He's built just like him; he's a sprinter, which you can't tell by looking at him," Brown says.

David Verser, a wide receiver out of Kansas, was Cincinnati's No. 1 draft choice, but the intricacies of pro pass routes have so far eluded him. Collinsworth, the No. 2 pick, out of Florida, has been the saver: 10 catches in an overtime win over Buffalo, 44 receptions on the year, second to Dan Ross on the team. Blessed with such an inviting moving target, Ken Anderson has become the Comeback Quarterback of 1981, and after 10 games the Bengals were ranked third in the AFC in passing. And once again the playoffs are in the cards.



Delaney is pursuing Mike Garrett's Chiefs season rushing record of 1,087 yards.



Reeves has been a stabilizer for Denver.

Forget for a moment that Dan Reeves came to the Broncos armed with a Dallas playbook that had more formations than Napoleon's army. Forget that he brought from the Cowboys, for whom he had played and coached for 15 seasons, a concept that relied on the cerebral as well as the physical, that for once the Broncos just might outcomplicate somebody, as Dallas has been doing for so many years. The real contribution Reeves has made, say the Bronco veterans, is that he has brought back a spirit lacking since former Coach Red Miller's rookie year of 1977, when Denver went to the Super Bowl.

"He has definitely had a stabilizing effect on the team, because he's a consistent person, which I think is the key to leadership," Quarterback Craig Morton says. "Win or lose, he doesn't get uptight about it. He tries to get everybody to work harder, but he doesn't get all upset about it."

Or, as Halfback Dave Preston says, "Number One, he brought in a new offense that regenerated team enthusiasm. We believe in it. He understands the attitudes of the players and the demands and frustrations. I'm sure that a lot of times he'll call certain plays because he feels we need those plays. We need to know we can run them."

Morton is having his best year ever; the offense is more wide open, the defense is again No. 1 in the NFL. The personnel is basically the same as it was last year. The super-rookie on the Broncos is the coach. **END**



Rich, But Not Spoiled

It was the kind of restaurant in which the waiters lap at the table in elegant waves, sweeping away soiled place settings of expensive china and fine crystal in discreet silence. Mitch Kupchak, who was chewing on a piece of Yorkshire pudding, put down his fork for a moment and, while he wasn't looking, a waiter snatched it.

It was Saturday night in Los Angeles and Kupchak had the feeling that at any moment a waiter would take that away, too, returning with Sunday morning in a light butter sauce under glass. Slowly he dug the toe of one of his size 15 Adidas sneakers into the thick carpet, nearly crushing an unfortunate waiter who happened to be slithering through the rug. As the headwaiter approached, Kupchak began to gnaw on one of his fingers.

Some people at a nearby table, the headwaiter said, had recognized the Los Angeles Lakers' newest star. "They told me to bring you a bottle of our best champagne," he continued, "and then tell you they didn't want you to break training and bring the bottle back to them so they could drink it." Kupchak laughed and ambled over to share a toast with his admirers, one of whom was Robert Rauschenberg, the renowned artist.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER READ MILLER

As a Bullet, Kupchak could not supplant the Big E, but as a Laker he can shoot over him.

Mitch Kupchak spends as much time on the floor as in the air, and not much of his $800,000 salary

by BRUCE NEWMAN

Rauschenberg insisted that his new friend be on hand at the opening of his one-man show of photographs at a Los Angeles gallery in late December. It would be a black-tie affair, the artist said. Please come. Kupchak, who once went to the White House wearing jeans and no socks to meet the President of the United States, looked crestfallen for a moment. "That could be a problem," he said. But before Kupchak could utter another word, Rauschenberg generously offered to buy him a tuxedo for the occasion. "I don't know who that Russianburger guy is," Kupchak would say later, "but I like his attitude."

If it takes a good attitude to recognize one, then Kupchak's judgment on such matters is eminently reliable. Even before last July, when he signed an offer sheet with the Lakers for $800,000 a year over seven years and, in effect, forced the Washington Bullets to trade him to L.A., Kupchak had been winning friends and influencing games with his attitude. "Mitch helps a team in a lot of ways that can't be measured in box scores," says Dallas Maverick Forward Tom LaGarde, a teammate of Kupchak's at the University of North Carolina. "You've got to keep on your toes against him because he plays so hard all the time. The guy's relentless."

The fact that Kupchak had started only 15 games in five seasons with the Bullets; that he has had two back operations in the last six years; and that he had never had the kind of rebounding statistics of, say, Jim Chones, the journeyman power forward who was one of the players for whom Kupchak was traded, tended to make some people skeptical of his worth. "I don't think $800,000 a year for a Mitch Kupchak, who's a second-stringer with a bad back, is good judgment," San Diego Clippers owner Donald Sterling said at the time. More than a few cynics suggested that Kupchak's value as a free agent was inflated because he's white. Even Lakers owner Jerry Buss, who defended the offer he'd made Kupchak when it was announced, has qualified his support somewhat lately. Buss was unhappy with Coach Paul Westhead when Westhead benched Chones early last season, despite the fact that Chones was the Lakers' leading rebounder. Last month Buss clearly seemed to be hinting that giving up Chones, Guard Brad Holland and first- and second-round draft picks for Kupchak was all Westhead's idea. "Now we'll find out if Westhead is a genius," Buss said. "He wanted the talent. Now let's see what he does with it." The first thing Westhead did was install a new offense, including 25 or 30 new plays. The team was slow adapting to the innovations and there was some grousing about Westhead's overcoaching. But that seems to have been overcome, as most things are, with a four-game winning streak through last weekend.

At 6′ 10″ and 235 pounds Kupchak is mobile enough to play power forward and big enough to play center, and Westhead has used him at both positions, starting Kupchak in the corner and moving him to the middle when Kareem Abdul-Jabbar goes to the bench. Though the Lakers are still looking for another backup center, Westhead has been enthusiastic about his newest recruit since the start of training camp. "I can't believe that a player of his ability and intensity is here," Westhead says. "He's the kind of player who will knock you down, say excuse me, and then knock you down again." The Laker players, a volatile mix of talent and egos, have been impressed with Kupchak, too. "We get more activity at strong forward from Mitch," Forward Jamaal Wilkes says. "We've got five people out there now who can fill it up. Mitch likes to get in there and mix it up on the boards. He plays the D. The man wants to win."

If the NBA had an all-floorburn team—and perhaps it should—Kupchak would be on his knees leading it. When he was playing in Washington he once hit the court 14 times in a game against Kansas City, diving for loose balls as if they were just so many pearls and the game was his oyster. "Some guys can use their speed to get loose balls," Kupchak says, "but I have to dive on 'em. Maybe

continued

most players don't do it because it doesn't feel real good. Unless you're conditioned to it, it's a hard habit to get into." And what's Kupchak's reward for wreaking this magnificent mayhem? "Every minute I'm not playing, I'm either sleeping or putting ice on some part of my body," he says.

With Kupchak's attitude, why were so many people upset when the Lakers made him a millionaire? No non-starter had ever been paid the kind of money Los Angeles was giving Kupchak, and underlying the question of whether he could earn his keep with the Lakers was the matter of whether he had done anything in Washington to deserve even the *chance* to prove himself. Dick Motta, who coached Kupchak in Washington for four seasons before taking over the Dallas Mavericks, considers Kupchak's recognition long overdue. "The NBA has been way behind in recognizing that your bench is what wins games for you," Motta says. "Coming off the bench isn't an easy role because your friends and family are all telling you that you should be starting, but Mitch had the kind of temperament that allowed him to do it and really make a contribution. He's totally unselfish, which gives the Lakers a completely different dimension. He's the kind of player every coach wants."

That's all well and good, but the fact remains that Motta chose to start Wes Unseld and Elvin Hayes ahead of Kupchak for four years. It seemed significant to some of Kupchak's acquaintances that he took uniform No. 41—Unseld's number—when he joined the Lakers, as if to say that if he couldn't win Unseld's job, he would at least take Unseld's number. In truth, 25—Kupchak's number with the Bullets—was being worn by reserve Alan Hardy when Kupchak got to Los Angeles. Hardy has since been cut, and though Kupchak says he would eventually like to get his old number back, he doesn't deny that wearing 41 is a kind of homage to Unseld.

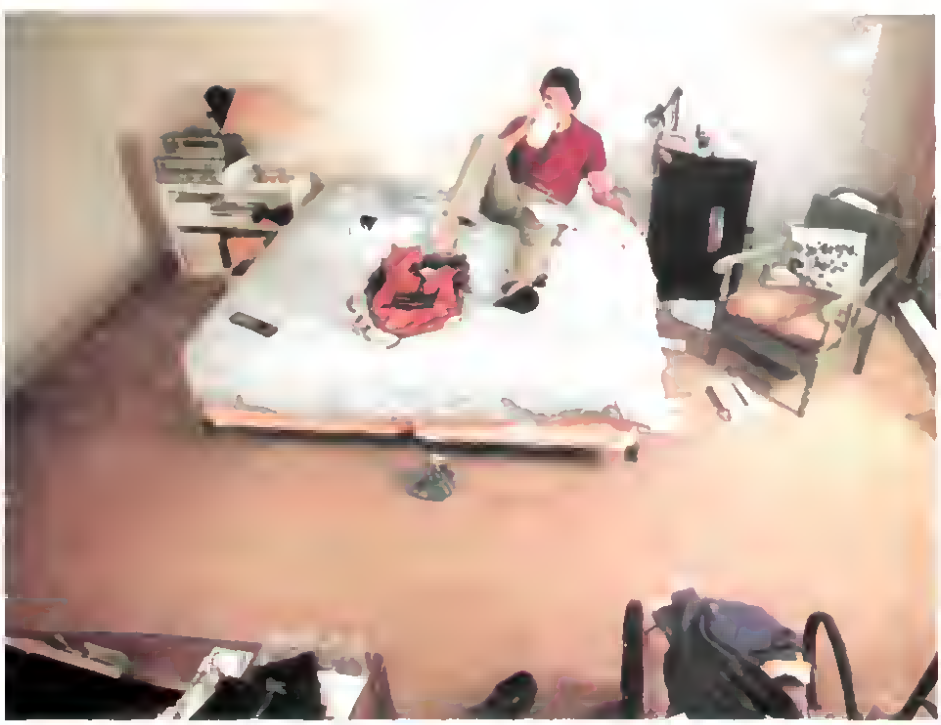
"When the trainer offered it to me, I knew right away whose number it was," Kupchak says. "I thought it would raise a few eyebrows. It's funny. I tried for five years to move Elvin and Wes out, but Elvin had a body that never got old, and Wes said he'd kill me if I took his spot." Unseld finally retired last spring after 13 seasons with the Bullets, and Hayes was traded to his hometown of Houston, to which he'd wanted to return for years. Kupchak says that what he wanted all along was to remain in Washington, that he had hoped to be with the team "forever," but the Bullets were unable or unwilling to match the Lakers' offer. "It seems ironic that after all that time trying to get rid of those two, I was the one who was moved out," he says.

When Kupchak took his verbal offer from the Lakers back to Bullet boss Abe Pollin, he offered to stay for $700,000 a year, $100,000 less than his Laker agreement. But all Pollin countered with was $500,000 a year for a guaranteed five years. Kupchak took the Laker deal, but first he called a reporter who covered the Bullets to explain what had happened: "I want the fans to know that I want to stay in Washington. I was there when we won a championship and I'm willing to be a part of their rebuilding plans."

Even as a backup player, Kupchak had several good seasons with the Bullets, the best of them being 1977-78, when Washington defeated Seattle in seven games for the NBA title. After missing four weeks during the middle of the season with torn ligaments in his right thumb, Kupchak came back during the Bullets' drive to the championship and averaged 19.2 points in their final 22 games. After the championship series was over, the victorious players and coaches were invited to the White House to meet President Carter. The players were advised to wear their everyday clothes, and most of them interpreted that to mean jackets and ties. As did Kupchak. However, he showed up in jacket and tie but no hose, no doubt a sartorial first for presidential receiving lines. "I guess," says Kupchak sheepishly, "you're supposed to wear socks when you meet the President."

Kupchak lives in a kind of happy never-never land, and though he is 27 now and a multimillionaire, he has obviously never gotten over what must have been a gloriously happy childhood. His three requirements for a home in Los Angeles were that it be near a 7-Eleven because he likes their frozen burritos; that it be in an area where he can get Atlantic Coast Conference basketball games on cable TV; and that it be close to an International House of Pancakes. He's decorating his two-bedroom Westwood apartment with drapes and furniture from Sears and J.C. Penney. "My mom told me that if anything goes wrong," he says, "they'll always take the stuff back." That a telephone-answering machine came with the

continued



The decor of Kupchak's new apartment in Westwood is by Sears and J.C. Penney.


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apartment delighted Mitch, he'll refuse to pick up the receiver even when he is home. "This is the greatest gadget," he says. "Hey, it's the 1980s, you don't *have* to answer your own phone."

"He's a big lad who never grew up," says Kevin Grevey, the Bullet guard who was once Kupchak's roommate in Washington. Kupchak still signs his autographs "Mitchell," as if he were trying to sound grown-up, and though he's now a five-year NBA veteran, he addresses Westhead and his assistant, Pat Riley, as "Coach" instead of Paul or Pat because he feels any other way would be too familiar. And yet Kupchak insists that there have been signs of a new post-adolescent phase in his life recently. "I made a resolution a year and a half ago to wear socks, stop biting my nails and not let the '80s get me down," he says. So far he claims to have lived up to two of the three. "I still kill my nails."



Even though he's in the chips, Kupchak still favors shopping for pistachios at a 7-Eleven.

Tall and stringy from a very early age, Kupchak was regularly encouraged to go out for the basketball team at Brentwood Junior High in Brentwood, N.Y., 35 miles out on Long Island from Manhattan, but he stubbornly resisted. "Baseball was my game," he says, "but my height was my downfall. When I was young I was a big slugger, but when I was older I was just a big strike zone. You could see the pitchers' eyes getting wide every time I came to the plate." Because he grew up on Long Island, Kupchak pulled for the Yankees, living and dying with each of Mickey Mantle's turns at bat. He is still an ardent Yankee fan, and this year's World Series setback against the Dodgers nearly killed him.

"I never played basketball until the eighth grade," he says, "and the only reason I made the team then was because of my height. I was awful. I think when I was growing up I was self-conscious about my height, and I felt as if playing basketball would be like admitting I was tall. For a long time, when people would ask me if I played basketball, I took real pleasure in saying no." A few weeks after he was coaxed into playing for his team, he broke his right wrist in three places when a trampoline collapsed on it. "That was the end of my eighth-grade career," he says, "and to be honest, I was really relieved."

Between ninth and 10th grades, Kupchak attended a basketball camp run by his high school coach, Stan Kellner. He also grew from 6′ 4″ to 6′ 7″ by the time he started as a sophomore.

By the time he was a senior at Brentwood High, averaging 30 points and 24 rebounds per game, Kupchak was being recruited by many of the country's basketball powers. The son of a construction equipment engineer—the name Kupchak is of Ukrainian origin, though the family also has Polish antecedents—Mitch grew up in tract housing, and there were always lots of kids around him. "We counted once and there were 70 kids in the 12 houses on our block," he says. So when the time came to choose a school, Kupchak picked North Carolina because he liked the Tar Heels' closely knit family of players, because he was impressed with Coach Dean Smith and because "I liked the V-neck uniforms." Kupchak had never even heard of the ACC until his last year of high school, but when he got to Chapel Hill he found a Carolina blue heaven. There was a slight language barrier at first, but he soon overcame that. "They mocked me for two years at Carolina because of the way I talked," says Kupchak, a trace of New Yawkese still evident in his voice. "I vowed that I wouldn't say y'all while I was there, and I never did. Now I say it all the time. It really makes more sense to say y'all than youse guys."

During the spring of his sophomore year Kupchak started experiencing pain in his back. He and a few friends piled into a car to watch some students who were streaking on the South Campus—remember those bygone days, y'all?—and when Kupchak hopped out of the car he felt the hamstring muscle in his right leg pop. The pain in his leg stemmed from a problem in his back, grew worse all summer, and though he was able to play his junior season, he was in constant pain. The following summer he underwent surgery for a herniated disc. In three months Kupchak was fully recovered, and in his senior season he started with Tommy LaGarde, Walter Davis, Phil Ford and John Kuester and was ACC Player of the Year. He started at center for the 1976 U.S. Olympic team, and was taken on the first round of the NBA draft by the Bullets.

"Clinically, that first operation was a success," Kupchak says, "but it didn't help a whole lot. I knew somewhere along the line something was going to happen, so mentally I prepared myself for the worst." Toward the end of the 1978-79 season, Kupchak got pulled over backward while he was going after a rebound of a missed foul shot, reinjuring his back, and in June of '79 he was operated on again. This time his recovery was not so swift. "I thought I could do it again in three months," Kupchak says, "but my body just wouldn't do what I wanted it to. It took a year before I was able to do

continued



Before he can take on the likes of Moses Malone, Kupchak must stretch his back.

regular things, and I began to wonder if it would ever be the same. I don't get depressed easily, but that year I slowly got lulled into a deep state of depression. I didn't know what was happening to me." Kupchak began working out with the Bullets that November, but when he returned he played badly and his back still ached. A month before the end of the 1979-80 season—disconsolate over his performance, depressed by personal problems and suffering from hepatitis—Kupchak finally gave up and was placed on the injured list.

There's a poem inscribed on a small plaque propped up against the mirror in the bathroom of Kupchak's apartment in Los Angeles. He keeps it there so that he sees it when he looks at himself every morning. The last part of the poem reads, "So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit / It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit." As soon as his most dismal season was behind him, Kupchak began working out with weights, determined to compensate for his weak back by overdeveloping the muscles surrounding the scar tissue. Last season he came back and played in all 82 games, averaging 12.5 points and slightly fewer than seven rebounds a game. He has felt no pain in his back in the past 16 months, and though another back injury could mean the end of his career, it hasn't made him more careful with his body than he has ever been. "Until I crash into a wall or something, I'll be 100 percent," he says.

Kupchak should provide the Lakers with a lift once his new teammates have grown accustomed to his pace. A career 52.8% shooter, he stumbled through a 2-for-10 night in L.A.'s opener against Houston, and then hit 19 of 27 shots in the two games on the Lakers' first road trip of the season. If he rebounds only as well as Chones did, his presence will still be a plus. "With Mitch out there, they have to double-team me with guards," says Abdul-Jahhar, "and that gives our guards open jump shots. Mitch makes it impossible for them to drop in on me without hurting themselves in other areas."

The real test of Kupchak's back this season will probably be how well he carries the burden he feels every time the Lakers lose a game. Though the Lakers are considered by many experts to have the finest starting five in the NBA this year, L.A. lost its first two games and later suffered a 128–102 embarrassment in San Antonio, but was finally beginning to show signs of recovery with a 6–4 record at the end of last week. "It really bothered me losing those first two games," he says, "I'm the only difference from last year, and suddenly we're losing all these games. I was beginning to take it personally." Kupchak smiles weakly. "Those are the times you've got to put your head down, swallow your own sweat, spit a little and kick up some dirt. I know we're not losing because of me, but I also know this—it's not enough for me to just play well. I have to play well and we have to win at least as many games as they won here last year." Through 10 games, he's averaging 15.8 points and 8.1 rebounds per game, and shooting 55.9 percent from the floor.

Regardless of how well the Lakers perform this season, Kupchak seems finally to have found his element on the West Coast. He bought a shirt, a tie, a belt and some dark socks before his first meeting with the L.A. media in September. "When I got to the press conference, I was the only person there with a tie on," he says. "That was the last time I got dressed up. Out here, the way I dress is considered very chic."

Please remember that, Robert Russianburger. Black socks, maybe. Black tie, never. **END**





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Good old Jack LaLanne may be 67 now, but the message on his license plate is for you—*he's* still perfect

by BOB OTTUM



Look, Mom, I'm An Institution

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN



A sense of excitement, of restless delight, carries over the transcontinental telephone, Los Angeles to New York, as if the West Coast caller is holding the phone in one hand and pacing while he talks. Listening, one can picture him just the way he used to look, with his chest all pumped full of air and his hair slicked and waved high in a semi-Ronald Reagan pompadour. "I'll tell ya," he says, "I don't know when I've been so excited about all the stuff that's happening to me. I'll tell ya, kid, it's great."

Fine, fine. But just what is it that he's so excited about? Jack LaLanne (pronounced LaLANE, as in let me exPLAIN) tells about it hurriedly. "You've got to come see this," he says. And he talks on, his words occasionally tumbling together.

The listener nods, holding the phone an inch or so away from his ear. He jots down a few notes. And privately, he wonders about LaLanne. Can the man be sauced? No, no, he hardly touches the stuff. Can't be stoned; he doesn't smoke. Nor can he be full of go-fast; he doesn't take speed or, indeed, any sort of drug. As the voice rolls on, still charged, the realization dawns.

LaLanne, as ever, is high on life.

This isn't the Los Angeles you hear about. This isn't the reflective glitter of Century City, or the Beverly Hills Hotel, or the perfumed corner of Wilshire and Rodeo. This is the old tan-stucco-and-red-tile-roof Los Angeles that was imprinted on the mind by Raymond Chandler in the 1930s and '40s. "There was the odor of wild sage, the acrid tang of eucalyptus, and the quiet smell of dust," he wrote in *The Little Sister*. "Windows glowed on the hillside."

The LaLanne house sits in the Hollywood Hills, tucked away on steep and winding La Presa Drive. The house is not quite above the smog line, and it's just a few blocks above Sunset Boulevard and Mann's (formerly Grauman's) Chinese Theater and the Scandia and the tourists peering hopefully into every *continued*

At home in the Hollywood Hills, LaLanne poses with a larger-than-LaLanne lookalike,

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passing face. All through these hills, the familiar Spanish influence persists, the heavy roofs and lacy black iron gates and curved driveways. That's all one ever sees from the street in the Hollywood Hills. The good stuff—the statuary and towering yews and swimming pools and cabanas—is always in the back. At LaLanne's, there's a two-car garage whose radio-controlled door ghosts up to reveal a Porsche 924 Turbo and a bone-white Stutz Black Hawk with bright chrome exhaust pipes curling out the sides of the hood. Sitting in the driveway is a new Mercedes sedan, Elaine LaLanne's car, her license plates read EXERCIZ.

This is not unusual or even particularly showy. The area is L.A. Establishment, money country of the longest standing, not all those folks migrated to Beverly Hills or Pacific Palisades or Palm Springs. Rudy Vallee lives in quiet splendor a few streets up the hill. Vintage movie stars, semiactive or retired, are hidden away in stuccoed gentility in the houses on all sides. No names; only numbers mark the mailboxes.

It is important to take note of such things, because suddenly, there at the scrolled gate, is LaLanne himself, 67 years old, handsome, grinning, doing a little mock tap dance in greeting. With which, of course, the setting becomes perfect. The mature palm trees, carefully coiffed, the full-grown yews, the jacaranda bushes, the comfortable, lived-in houses—and Jack LaLanne—are all of a certain age. They all belong in this Hollywood space, reinforcing each other, a perfect unity.

LaLanne's general dimensions are pretty much what they've been forever:

Neck: 17″
Chest: 47″
Biceps: 16½″
Waist: 27½″
Hips: 35″
Thigh: 23″
Weight: 160 pounds

Height: Well, it's listed at 5′ 7¼″ in his publicity handouts. That may be stretching things just a bit, though he almost makes it with Cuban heels on his loafers and with the familiar old upsweep hairstyle. Not that it matters. LaLanne came on as a dynamic pixie right from the start, and it just wouldn't have worked at any other height.

He points to the house hidden by shrubbery across the street and says, "The gentleman who lives over there does his Jack LaLannes every day. He's in fine shape. And you know what? He's 101 years old! And my friend Gilbert Roland, the actor. He's 75. He does my exercises. And you know what? He looks wonderful!"

LaLanne spreads his arms as he says it. It's still familiar: Here is the exercise and nutrition evangelist who dazzled much of the nation in the years of television's black and white innocence. He would come on doing jumping jacks to *De Camptown Races*. "Good morning, students!" he would croon. He always appeared in a skintight, one-piece jumpsuit and ballet shoes, crackling with energy. His smile was full of healthy promise, no sexual innuendo in any of it. "All right, everybody stre-e-etch! *There* now. What a *wonderful* morning it is!" And in their living rooms, an estimated five to six million women responded, many in leotards or shorts or slacks, others still in bathrobes or pajamas, hair in curlers, all grunting, puffing and throwing themselves about to his commands. And with LaLanne whispering, urging, pleading, right into the camera, there was a sense of intimacy entirely new to the medium at the time.





Exercises, his and theirs. LaLanne works out alone at home in the early morning, and then sometimes gets together with the girls at one of his spas in the Los Angeles area.

The LaLanne show played in the '50s, through the '60s and beyond. His word became gospel during a time when Americans were more malleable and trusting. "I'm going to build a new and lovelier you!" LaLanne would promise earnestly. "A brand-new you, looking the way the Lord intended you to look when He made you." And on to a series of sit-ups. "Let's get back to Trimnastics!" he would say. "Come *on*, now, girls. We're going to work on the . . " and he would pat himself on the fanny, "on reducing the old back porch."

It is only now, many years later, that

continued

one can understand why in the world this cornball stuff worked: because there was no guile in any of it and it came across that way on the television screen. LaLanne is a consummate pitchman, but he's not complicated, or a cynic. "Oh, Jack," as an old lady once wheezed at a reception for him, "you're the only man in the world that I'd get down on the floor for." What LaLanne was selling was a sort of fundamentalist religion that he devoutly believed in—and still does: he was simply a physical culturist, like Charles Atlas or Vic Tanny, but he had the congregation and they didn't.

All of this went on for 26 years, a run that fixed the show in the national subconsciousness. It expanded to 140 stations and was accessible at one time to 45% of the population. And then, after a gradual decline, one day in 1977 it all folded.

The show: Not LaLanne

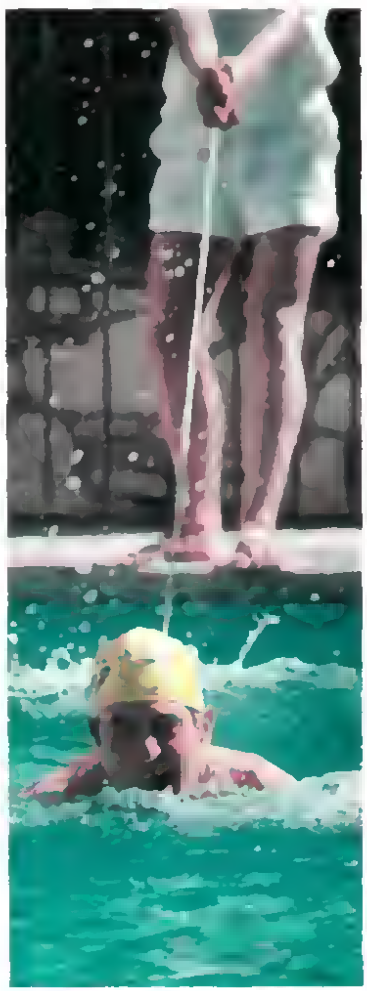
A dramatic pronouncement, one finger pointed in the air: "Would you believe," he says, "that I was once a sugar junkie?"

In the pause that follows, one feels that one should reel backward and clap a hand to the forehead and say, "Oh, my God, no!"

"Yes, I was," he says. "As a kid, I was stoned out of my mind on sugar. A freak. It made me weak. I had boils, pimples, fallen arches, I was nearsighted. Listen, little girls used to seek me out just to beat up on me."

LaLanne acts out everything—all of his stories, his anecdotes, reminiscences. He does all of the parts. Even his dinner menus—he acts out the broccoli and boneless chicken breast. Now he leaps to his feet, in blue slacks and a crisp monogrammed shirt that's a sort of half-Eisenhower jacket, tightly fitted and tapered to accent the outcropping of chest and shoulders. He starts to pace—a little dance step, turn and pace again. He sketches images in the air with both hands as he talks. And even when he's standing absolutely still—or when he thinks he's standing absolutely still—things move faintly and elusively. His pectorals jump reflexively, he makes constant little adjustments of his shoulders, the sure giveaway sign of an oldtime iron pumper. Often, when he is between declarations, gathering in more air, his hands will stray up and lightly pinch the skin just below his rib cage, as if to make sure that a fold of fat hasn't suddenly appeared there since breakfast.

"I got cured of sugar addiction by the late Dr. Paul Bragg, who was a sort of pioneer nutritionist. I heard him lecture. I'll tell ya, kid, that man was a real spellbinder." LaLanne wheels and imitates Bragg, a thunderous voice: "*Obey Nature's laws and you can be born again!*" Then he does an impressionable young



Son Jon helps Dad s(train) for stunts.

Jack, sugar-bombed, undergoing a miraculous transformation. He clasps his hands prayerfully under his chin and looks up at the living room ceiling. They don't do this any better at Lourdes. And then, in quick sequence, he does his metamorphosis, building a new life-style based on proper nutrition and exercise. Pimples vanish. Swoooosh. Boils disappear. His blood clears. Perfect vision returns. No more cavities. His disposition turns sunny. He does a little dance step: "Get thee behind me, Twinkies!"

LaLanne has a large repertoire of such admonitory goodies:

- "You love your pets, right? Well, would you get your dog up every morning and give him a cup of coffee and a cigarette?"
- "I certainly don't recommend alcohol, but, I swear, I'd rather see you drinking whiskey than drinking Coca-Cola. That swill!"

Elaine LaLanne, an effervescent blonde of 56, hears all of this—as, no doubt, do Rudy Vallee and the 101-year-old man as well—standing at the entrance to the room with her head cocked approvingly. She's LaLanne's second wife; they've been married for 22 years. She is also his cheerleader, fiercely devoted to their life-style—with a single exception. She swims daily, she works out faithfully, she plays a lot of golf. She is proud mom to stepdaughter Yvonne, 35, a social psychologist; son Danny, 32, a photographer; and son Jon Allen, 20, a student at Pepperdine. But she flat refuses to rise at 4:30 in the morning to exercise in the family gym. "When Jack rolls out," she says, "I roll over."

But now LaLanne is really swinging, and in the hours before lunch, hidden away inside this Raymond Chandler-esque house in the Hollywood Hills, he synopsizes the rest of his life. If this were a movie, the screen would show pages fluttering from a calendar.

In the years after kicking sugar, LaLanne literally sculpted himself a new body, piling on muscles here, creating dramatic ridgelines and hollows there. He lifted weights incessantly, of course. He also became a nutrition buff, and his idea of light reading was an evening spent with *Gray's Anatomy*. He became a gymnast, a handstander and a grandstander. Before long, he had a gym going in the family backyard in Berkeley, where he took on pupils at $5 or so a week, whatever they could afford. The gym featured weights of uncertain measure, created by pouring cement into old paint cans.

"It isn't what you have," LaLanne says, "it's what you do with what you have. We were a French immigrant family, settled on the West Coast. My dad died in his 40s, in the prime of his life. We needed money. So sometimes . . ." He leaps up and pumps out his chest, a

continued

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quick transformation. "So sometimes, I even *posed nude* for the life drawing classes at local art schools." He strikes a fleeting pose, vaguely borrowed from Rodin's *The Thinker* and *Mitzi Gaynor at the Riviera* and, somehow—perhaps because of the look that flickers across his face—he manages to look momentarily naked. "I got so I could expand certain muscles and hold them that way. You know what I mean? I was looked upon as the neighborhood nut. The filbert. Filbert! Now there's a term you don't hear much anymore."

LaLanne opened his first health club in 1936 in downtown Oakland. It was definitely not a runaway success. "There was strong resistance in those days," he says. "You can't appreciate it now, in this era of Arnold Schwarzenegger and Franco Columbu and Gayle Olinekova, but it was a fact of the time. I would get a guy about half recruited and he would come back to me and say that his doctor wouldn't let him join. 'You'll get a hernia,' all the doctors said then, remember? Or, 'You'll get muscle-bound.' For example, the local jeweler wanted to join, but he was fearful about something. He got me aside on the street one day and he stood there whispering to me." LaLanne jumps up again and does the jeweler, looking around nervously, as if he might be overheard. He lowers his voice: " 'Is it true,' " he says, " 'that weightlifting gives you hemorrhoids?' "

All the while, the dynamic pixie was out promoting himself. There's something strongly contagious about LaLanne's enthusiasm; it's an elusive, shared sense of ain't-this-a-kick-in-the-head? Mickey Rooney has it, and Betty Hutton, and Bandleader Phil Harris. Jimmy Durante had it. It's an ability to communicate a joy in performing. By day, LaLanne would parade endlessly in tight T shirts—"I was in a constant state of flex"—making the scene at all the muscle beaches. He'd leap into a handstand if anyone so much as blinked at him and was forever organizing human pyramids of oiled bodies glistening in the sun. He was no less visible by night. "I bought the best car I could afford," he says, "plus some really nifty tailored clothes—tight-fitting, to emphasize my chest and shoulders. I dated the very best-looking girls, and I made sure that we were seen at all the best restaurants in town. It's dumb. I mean, I sat there eating *lettuce*—but I was seen."

And, finally, the word got around. "I began to get hushed calls at home. From folks who didn't want to be seen in the company of bodybuilders, a lot of doctors among them. 'Jack,' they would whisper, 'can you take me at 5 a.m.?' Sure I could. And housewives, of all people. This was in 1936, remember. 'Jack, can I slip over to the gym at two o'clock while my husband's at work?' "

Bodybuilding? More like empire building. In the years that followed, he not only became respectable, he became downright chic. There are now 111 LaLanne-licensed spas around the country, with more on the way. LaLanne is a star on the banquet circuit as an inspirational speaker, guaranteed—at $4,000 per show in his skintight tux—to bring an audience to its feet, whooping for fitness. He is writing a new series of fitness books, running the sales campaign for his private-formula food supplements and considering a chain of health food restaurants. And then—Glory be!—there's the reason for LaLanne's new excitement. A few weeks ago his world came full circle. The old show is back on television.

L.A.'s Channel 9 carries *Jack LaLanne and You* five days a week at 8 a.m., and the familiar, feisty drillmaster is out to charm an entire new generation. On camera, he's as puckish and as convincing as ever. "I'll tell ya, it's the greatest thing that's happened to me in years," he says. LaLanne is offering the show for syndication and anticipates that he'll be carried by a couple of hundred stations by next summer.

He leaps up and strikes an oldtime life-drawing-class pose, his arms cocked up and his biceps bulging sinfully. "Look, Mom," he says, "I've become an institution."

Old friends Roland and LaLanne could still buy their belts in the kids' department.



It is all a form of gentle insanity, brought on by excess energy. On the off-chance that there was still someone out there who hadn't heard about the virtues of diet and exercise, LaLanne launched his once-a-year series of astounding, amazing feats. Well, all right, all right. What they were, really, were goofball stunts pulled off somewhere near the date of his birthday, which is Sept. 26. Before his birthday or after, it didn't matter.

Birthday Feats: At 40, he swam the Golden Gate underwater, wearing 140 pounds of scuba gear. The water was cold, 55°, and he covered the two miles in 45 minutes, 10 to 15 feet down, with his progress marked by a red balloon bobbing along on the surface. At 41, LaLanne swam the two-plus miles from Alcatraz to San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf—this time wearing handcuffs. What's more, he lurched up out of the water, threw himself down and did 30 push-ups. At 42, LaLanne pumped off a world-record 1,033

continued



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And so on until, at 60, he repeated the Alcatraz swim, this time handcuffed and shackled at the ankles—and towing a 1,000-pound boat. At 62, he invoked the Bicentennial Spirit of '76 with a 1½-mile swim in Long Beach Harbor, handcuffed, shackled and towing 13 boats—the 13 original colonies, get it, kid?—containing 76 waving and screaming YMCA youngsters in life jackets. The weight of this armada was estimated at 25,000 pounds. LaLanne made it in 1:18.24 in the exaggerated frog-kick style that is regulation form for manacled swimmers, and at the finish his pulse was a mere 76 against a normal pulse of 60. "That's what this is all about," he chortles. "Strength is energy, see?"

And even with his TV revival in full swing, he's still restless. Life is more than pumping iron, rising at 4:30 a.m. daily to exercise. It's the feats that are fun, the stuff that gets you on the nightly television news, which is much better than the old Fox Movietone newsreels. "I'll tell ya, it has to be something big this year," he says. "It'll come to me suddenly someday and I'll just up and do it with maybe no advance notice. Something that'll show how we feel about a physically fit America. And, ya know, our society is getting older; there has been a steady increase in Americans who are over 90. I've got to do something that old folks can identify with. Something that will give them new hope and courage to carry on."

This is clearly a very special moment. LaLanne has been fidgeting while sitting at a poolside table at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. Now, explosively, he jumps to his feet, looking toward the bowered entryway. "There he is," he murmurs.

And there he is, indeed: The gentleman approaching is wearing a classic panama hat, a soft sports shirt, casual slacks and loafers. He walks gracefully, with the ease of an old athlete. The jawline is firm and his tanned face is deeply cragged and seamed around the thin gray mustache.

This is Gilbert Roland, the former Luis Alonso, son of a Mexican bullfighter, at 75 years of age. Lured by the bright lights of Hollywood early in the '20s, Roland was once indisputably the handsomest leading man of the silver screen, offering a profile as chiseled as profiles ever get. In 1927 he wowed the nation as Armand Duval in *Camille*, with Norma Talmadge. Then, over the years, his roles eased gradually into character parts; a series of films as the Cisco Kid in the 1940s; a matador in 1951's *The Bullfighter and the Lady*; in 1977, a boat captain in *Islands in the Stream*. Roland is still working, and he still has the 28-inch waist of his youth.

"It's because, at Jack's urging, I still do his exercises every morning," Roland says, with a slight bow toward LaLanne. He explains that he does about an hour of heavy LaLanne workout and then, just as the sun rises over Beverly Hills, he sits quietly and meditates. Sometimes this is followed by tennis at the club, more often by hard-fought bridge games at the club, but always, always, there is lunch at the club—at this, Mr. Roland's poolside table, in these, Mr. Roland's favorite deck chairs.

Roland and LaLanne tell stories to each other over their tossed salads; they're clearly old pals. Then Roland leans forward and lightly rests his fingertips on his friend's muscular forearm. "And what will you do for your birthday stunt this year?" he asks.

LaLanne shrugs. "Well," he says, "I was going to carry a 350-pound barbell on my shoulders for one mile up Sunset Boulevard. To the corner of Sunset and Vine. You know, to protest the dope and prostitution that's currently going on there. And in training, I got so I could carry the barbell—double my weight, you know—for up to 15.5 minutes at a time. At the end of the stunt, I would offer $10,000 in cash to anyone who could do the same distance carrying double their weight. But I banged up my knee when someone hit my Porsche, so that's out for now." He sighs. "Probably I'll swim from Catalina Island to Los Angeles underwater. That's about 25 miles. I'd like to do it in maybe 24 hours, going day and night, with divers bringing me down fresh air-tanks."

Roland nods. "And next year?"

"Next year I might tow a yacht through the Panama Canal. If I can get their permission. Handcuffed and shackled, of course."

"Of course." Roland nods thoughtfully at the correctness of swimming handcuffed and shackled. "Tell me," he says, "would you mind if an aging old Mexican fan of yours went along to watch?"

LaLanne sees that Roland is serious and he blinks away tears. "Why, I'd be, I'd . . . be honored," he says.

"Then it's done."

And Gilbert Roland turns to the guest at the poolside table and explains his own impression of his antic old friend. "LaLanne is a good man," he says. "There is no cynicism in him, no subterfuge. He simply loves everybody so much that he—well . . . You know what he wants to do, really? He wants to reach out to them all and say, 'Hey, there! Take better care of yourself!' " **END**



LaLanne plays a supporting role, second from the top, at Muscle Beach in 1943.

Roles model at the Sound

by Jill Lieber

Puget Sound's Bob Jackson excels both on the gridiron and in the pool

Soon after midnight the official Bob Club pizza (topped with Canadian bacon and pineapple) has been consumed, the alarm has been set, the lights have been turned out and the club's two founders and co-chairmen are finally nestled snug in their beds. But now a head bobs out from the bottom bunk.

"Hey, Bob," whispers Bob Moore, a butterflyer for the University of Puget Sound, a school in Tacoma, Wash. with 2,700 students.

"Yeah, Bob," replies Bob Jackson, Puget Sound's All-America breaststroker, from the top bunk

"What are you doing tomorrow morning at six?"

"Nothing."

"Great. Want to come down to the pool and train?"

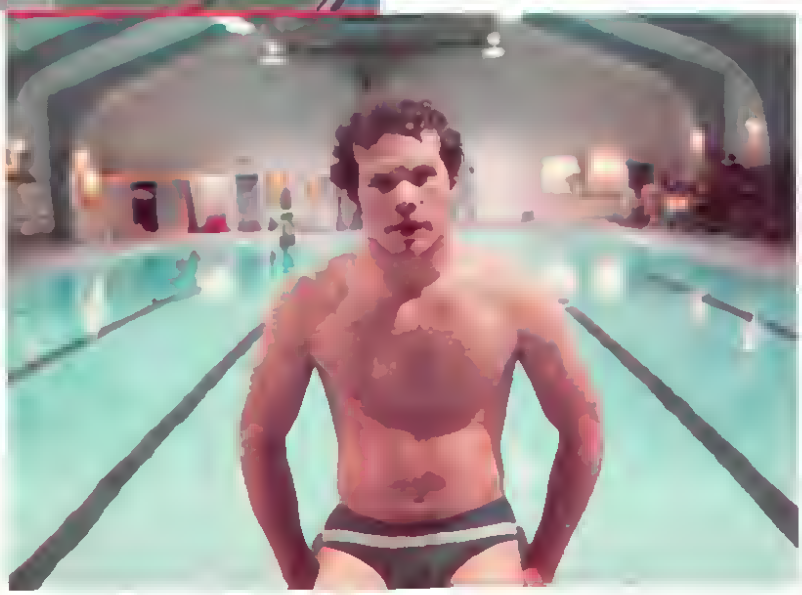
"Sure. I've got nothing better to do."

Most of the athletes Jackson spends his afternoons with would disagree. That's because they're members of the Puget Sound football team, on which Jackson the breaststroker is a Little All-America nose guard.

"Swimmers are weird," says UPS Defensive Line Coach Paul Wallrof. "Those guys march to the beat of a different drummer. It takes mental toughness to work out twice a day, year around. Can you imagine getting up at 5:45 in the morning? Gosh. It's still dark then."

Jackson, who's a senior, is used to living his life in the dark. It's dark when he gets up for swim practice, and it's dark by the time he finishes football practice. Even his swim coach, Don Duncan, admits he doesn't fully comprehend how Jackson can keep up with the demands of his sports. "It's like the guy who's married to two women, but neither woman knows about the other," says Duncan. "He has two separate families, two distinct life-styles, yet he is very emotionally involved with each. Most athletes wouldn't understand that type of feeling. Only Bob Jackson knows how it feels to be involved in two such different sports."





Nobody has done the football-swimming double as well as Jackson since the '40s.

Not since Bob Allen, an All-America breaststroker and top lineman at Iowa in the late 1930s, and Stanford's Bob Anderson, a star halfback and two-time NCAA 50-yard freestyle champion (1946, '48), has an athlete so successfully combined football and swimming on a national collegiate level. Jackson has led the Logger football team to a 10–1 record and a probable berth in the NCAA Division II playoffs with 66 tackles, nine sacks and two blocked field goals. Against Cal Davis, Jackson even returned a punt 57 yards to set up a 7–0 UPS victory. And against Humboldt State he became the first UPS lineman to intercept a pass in 16 years. On Saturday in a 10–0 win over Santa Clara in a driving rainstorm, he had five tackles.

As a swimmer Jackson is a three-time Division II 100-yard breaststroke champion, a two-time winner of the Division II 200-yard breaststroke and a member of the Loggers' 1980 and '81 record-setting 400-yard medley relay teams. His 55.20 clocking over 100 yards at the 1980 Division II nationals was then the third-fastest NCAA time ever for that distance. He is the only Division II swimmer ever to place in a Division I meet and has twice been a Division I All-America in the 100-yard breaststroke. Last summer he finished fourth in the 100-meter breaststroke at the World University Games in Bucharest.

That Jackson reached these levels of achievement is, well, astounding, considering his early athletic life. "I was a disas-

continued



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ter as an athlete when I was little," he says. "My father made me play baseball when I was 10, and I was a reserve-reserve-reserve-reserve. The coach practically had to drag me up to bat, I was so afraid of making a mistake. And when I got to the plate, I never swung. I either struck out looking or walked.

"Then, in the middle of my ninth-grade year, my family moved to Tacoma, and all the kids at Curtis High were involved in sports. I felt pressured to join a team, and since the school had just built a pool. . . ."

At the time, Jackson's competitive swimming experience had consisted of a 25-yard freestyle race in a phys ed class. "I figured 25 yards of freestyle was all I could take," says Jackson. "You can't afford to breathe in the freestyle. So I decided breaststroke would be easier; I could breathe with every stroke if I wanted to."

Jackson swam competitively for the first time as a sophomore, and his times dropped steadily. But he made a lot of people in the stands nervous. "The gun would go off, and Bob would go 100 mph," says Jim Baurichter, a swim coach at Curtis High. "He couldn't finish a race. It was as if somebody put a piano on his back for the last 75 yards."

Jackson didn't give up. "The next year I was struggling at 1:07, still trying to qualify for the state meet," he says. "Then, at the district meet, I went 1:03 and got third. I was so proud, until a kid got up on the bus on the way home and shouted, 'Bob Jackson will never go under 1:03.' I thought, 'Oh, yeah?' " Two weeks later Jackson set a Washington state record in the 100-yard breaststroke with a time of 59.3.

At the state meet his senior year, Jackson had a bad case of the flu and sagged to a time that was more than three seconds slower than his record. As a result, he didn't have any trouble avoiding the pressures of college recruiting. Washington U. didn't deem him worthy of a swimming scholarship; he was told he could try to earn one as a walk-on.

But Jackson's mind wasn't set only on swimming. After playing defensive tackle and place-kicking for two years at Curtis, he looked into the possibility of playing football at Washington State, but once again no scholarship was forthcoming. "So I decided to make both schools regret that they didn't give me a chance," says Jackson.

He did get an athletic scholarship at Puget Sound. Soon he worked himself up to 200 pounds and opened everyone's eyes. "He's the quickest [4.6 in the 40] and the smartest guy on the team," says Wallrof. "He has never lifted weights. He gets his strength, quickness and concentration from his swimming. He has a swivel move that few defensive linemen have. It lets him change directions instantaneously when pursuing a play. He's very flexible. That's why he doesn't get hurt. When he gets hit, he just collapses."

Jackson's athleticism is even more apparent in the swimming pool. He works out only once a day during football season, so he and Duncan have devised a training schedule that consists almost entirely of breaststroke sets. Because of the unnatural movement of the legs in the whip kick, most breaststrokers try to protect their knees by swimming a variety of strokes in practice. But Jackson insists on working on his breaststroke exclusively.

So far he has had only one real problem combining the two sports. "In football, we learn to react to the movement of the offensive line, not to sound," he says. "It takes me halfway through the swimming season before I react to the gun. I hear the gun and I think, 'Well, it's time for me to go.' I've learned to watch the guys on either side of me and react to their movement."

Jackson is as modest as he is proficient. "All I ever wanted was a pair of U.S.A. sweats," he says. "I finally got them last summer on the Romania trip, and I was really proud of them. When I got back to UPS, I wore them to the gym to play basketball. I left the bottoms there, and when I went back later they were gone. I also got a huge red towel that said UNITED STATES SWIMMING TEAM. But it was so gaudy I couldn't bring myself to use it."

Jackson has become an inspiration to those around him. "The most important thing I hope I give people is the knowledge that the mind isn't limiting," he says. "I hope people realize how important it is to believe in yourself. I knew all along how good I could be, but nobody else did. So once I convinced someone to take a chance on me and open a door, I walked through it. And I showed everyone."

Jackson lives in a house on the edge of the campus, and it has become a focal point of student attention. The Bob Club meets there every Tuesday night at 11:30 for its sole official function—reruns of *The Bob Newhart Show*. "There are 50 stipulations to get into the club," says Moore, Jackson's best friend and roommate the past three years. "Number 1, you have to be named Bob. Number 2, you have to be incredibly handsome. Most people don't even meet the first two requirements." In fact, only Bob and Bob belong.

Nevertheless, some go to great lengths to try to get into the club. Witness what happened this Halloween when in an attempt to become members, Robb Powers and Chris Sollars, UPS freshmen and also breaststrokers, painted their hair orange, sewed two UPS football jerseys together, pasted a large 82 on the back and climbed inside.

"We went as Bob Jackson," says Powers. "Together, we're 305 pounds, and at that weight we think we can carry on the breaststroke/nose-guard tradition at UPS."

Sorry, guys. It probably would take at least three or four people to play Bob Jackson at UPS after he's gone.

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTHWEST "We wanted to run the option away from Billy Ray, and damned if he didn't show up right where we ran." That's what Texas A&M Quarterback Gary Kubiak had to say about the play on which Arkansas End Billy Ray Smith dropped him for a one-yard loss on fourth-and-one at the Razorback 41 in the fourth quarter. That wasn't all Smith did. On the Aggies' next possession, Smith blindsided Kubiak, jarring the ball loose as he prepared to pass. The Hogs recovered the ball on the A&M 41 with 1:13 left and hung on for a 10–7 victory. Bruce Lahay's 18th field goal of the season, a 40-yarder in the second period, had put Arkansas on top 3–0. But Kubiak gave A&M a 7–3 lead in the third period when he passed seven yards to Flanker Don Jones. Kubiak, who connected on 19 of 21 for 233 yards, was dumped by—who else?—Smith for an eight-yard loss on a third-down play later in the quarter. After that, Arkansas drove 91 yards and, as it developed, scored the winning points when Fullback Jessie Clark bulled over from one yard out.

With tailbacks Eric Dickerson and Craig James gaining more than 100 yards apiece in the same game for the fifth time this year, SMU improved its record to 9–1 by routing

continued


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Texas Tech 30–6. Dickerson ran for 129 yards on 19 carries, James for 134 on 24. The Mustangs forced seven turnovers, which gives them 45 on the season, tying them with Tulsa for the most in the country. Eddie Garcia, who has kicked 14 field goals this year, booted three against Tech. The Mustangs, first in the SWC, play at Arkansas this week, but they are on probation and are not eligible to go to a bowl. Thus, if the Hogs pull off an upset and if Texas loses one of its last two games, Arkansas will be the host in the Cotton Bowl.

If Texas is to survive, it will have to do so without its leader on defense, Tackle Kenneth Sims. Late in the first quarter of a 31–15 win over Texas Christian, Sims damaged ligaments in his right ankle and broke the fibula in his right leg. A.J. (Jam) Jones, installed once again as the starting tailback for the Longhorns, rushed for 162 yards. Jones got Texas started with a 29-yard scoring run in the first period. The Horns were penalized for 135 yards, but capitalized on TCU's miscues, including an end-zone fumble that Safety William Graham pounced on for a TD.

Michael Calhoun's two touchdown passes earned Rice a 17–14 triumph at Baylor. Calhoun now has thrown for a conference-record-tying 21 touchdowns this season even though he has only 98 completions.

SI TOP 20

1.	PITT (9–0)	1 *
2.	CLEMSON (10–0)	3
3.	GEORGIA (9–1)	4
4.	ALABAMA (8–1–1)	7
5.	SMU (9–1)	8
6.	MICHIGAN (8–2)	12
7.	N. CAROLINA (8–2)	6
8.	MIAMI (7–2)	10
9.	PENN STATE (7–2)	5
10.	NEBRASKA (8–2)	11
11.	S. MISSISSIPPI (8–0–1)	16
12.	WASH. STATE (8–1–1)	15
13.	TEXAS (7–1–1)	13
14.	ARKANSAS (8–2)	14
15.	UCLA (7–2–1)	19
16.	USC (8–2)	2
17.	IOWA (7–3)	17
18.	ARIZONA STATE (7–2)	9
19.	WASHINGTON (8–2)	—
20.	MISS. STATE (7–3)	—

* Last week

EAST Before facing Alabama, Penn State Coach Joe Paterno referred to his counterpart, Bear Bryant (*page 94*), as "the Winston Churchill of another art form." Part of Bryant's artistry has always been his ability to arouse his players, which he definitely did once again on Saturday. Tide Quarterback Walter Lewis pointed out that before the game Bryant told his team, "Go out and play like it was the last game of your lives. Play every play like you're behind."

'Bama was never close to being behind, and early in the third period the Tide put on a goal-line stand reminiscent of the one it staged to stop the Nittany Lions in the 1979 Sugar Bowl and win the national championship. On this sequence, Penn State couldn't score from, in order, the four, three, two, one, one, one, one. The Tide thus clung to the 24–3 advantage it had built while outgaining the Nittany Lions 334 yards to 86 during the first two periods. To that point, half of Alabama's yards had come via the arm of Lewis, a sophomore, who completed six of nine throws. Two of those tosses, good for 37 and three yards, were caught for touchdowns by Jesse Bendross. Lewis also connected with Joey Jones on a 57-yard bomb that set up a 27-yard field goal by Paul Trodd. In nine previous games the Tide had averaged only nine passes and 98 yards through the air. Lewis, however, was delighted with the opportunity to show his stuff. "My eyes lit up when I looked at the films of Penn State," he said. "I was sure we could beat them deep."

The closest the Nittany Lions could get was 24–10 early in the final quarter after Tailback Jon Williams raced 41 yards for a score. But Penn State came up short on fourth-and-one a few minutes later, and the Tide went on to win 31–16, enabling Bryant to tie Amos Alonzo Stagg's record of 314 career victories.

"I'm looking forward to the three-week layoff after the Pitt game," Army Coach Ed Cavanaugh said before taking on the No. 1-ranked Panthers. "I'm not looking forward to the game itself." Cavanaugh had good reason to be wary. Dan Marino hit 19 of 29 throws for 282 yards as Pitt rolled 48–0. Julius Dawkins caught four touchdown passes from Marino, who leads the nation with 28 TD tosses.

Surely a 21–0 second-quarter lead at Princeton would suffice for Yale, which hadn't lost to the Tigers since 1966. Not quite. Princeton, which has a 4–4–1 record, went in front 22–21 in the third period. Surely a touchdown and a field goal, which put the Elis ahead 31–22 with 9:18 to play, would keep them unbeaten. Not quite. Princeton's Bob Holly completed his fourth touchdown pass of the day and then, with four seconds remaining, raced around left end for the final yard of a 76-yard drive to give Princeton a 35–31 victory. Holly threw for an Ivy League-record 501 yards, which increased his total for the season to 1,884. That, too, is a league mark. Rich Diana broke his own Yale records for carries (46) and rushing yardage (222). The loss dropped Yale into a tie for first in the Ivy with Dartmouth, a 38–13 winner over Brown. Harvard retained a share of third place with Princeton by defeating Penn 45–7 as Fullback Jim Callinan carried 15 times for 188 yards and three touchdowns. Unlike Columbia the space shuttle, Columbia the football team crashed again—15–9 at Cornell.

Joe Morris became the 14th collegiate runner to gain 4,000 yards in his career as Syracuse defeated Boston College 27–17. By gaining 132 yards, Morris amassed more than 1,000 yards for the third time in four seasons. The Orange also needed 119 yards passing and 79 yards rushing from Dave Warner to rally from a 7–3 halftime deficit.

Victories in their final Yankee Conference games left Rhode Island and Massachusetts deadlocked for first place. The Rams edged Connecticut 34–29, and the Minutemen knocked off New Hampshire 20–9.

SOUTH "The seniors told me on Wednesday they wanted to wear the orange pants today," said Clemson Coach Danny Ford after his team whipped Maryland 21–3 to clinch the ACC title and close in on an Orange Bowl berth. "I told them if we didn't play well in the first half, I was going to take the orange pants off them at halftime." No change was necessary. Quarterback Homer Jordan completed 15 of 18 first-half passes for 214 yards to give Clemson a 21–0 lead. Eight of those passes went to Wide Receiver Perry Tuttle, who scored twice. The Tiger defense also was superb during the first two periods, not allowing the Terps within 34 yards of its goal line.

Virginia Quarterback Gordie Whitehead also was sharp in the first half, passing for 197 yards and two touchdowns, and the Cavaliers led visiting North Carolina 14–7 at intermission. Kelvin Bryant, who ran for 171 yards, scored that North Carolina touchdown on a one-yard run. In the third period, though, Whitehead injured his collarbone and had to leave the game. Tyrone Anthony tied the score for the Tar Heels with a two-yard run, and Brooks Barwick made them 17–14 winners with a 34-yard field goal.

By beating North Carolina State 17–7, Duke assured itself of its first winning season since 1974 and saddled the Wolfpack with its first losing record since 1976.

There was 8:33 left in the third period when Southern Mississippi Quarterback Reggie Collier left the game at Florida State. By that time Collier had the Golden Eagles in front 44–0 and well on their way to a 58–14 romp. Collier's stats: 150 yards rushing on 15 carries, one 69-yard scoring run, and seven pass completions in eight tries for 76 yards and two more TDs. Southern Mississippi Tailback Ricky Floyd caught a 31-yard scoring pass, returned a punt 73 yards for another touchdown and rushed 12 yards for a third. The undefeated and once-tied Golden Eagles lead the nation in scoring defense (6.9 points per game) and are fourth in pass defense (103.6 yards per game).

Miami had to struggle to get past Virginia Tech 21–14. Two touchdown passes by Jim Kelly put the Hurricanes up 14–0 in the first

continued

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period, but from there on the offense sputtered. The Gobblers missed a chance to at least tie the game when they lost a fumble at the Miami 12 with 7:19 to go. That was the last time Tech had possession as Miami held the ball for the final 15 plays.

Although Auburn tore through Georgia's usually stubborn defense for 283 yards on the ground, the Tigers couldn't avoid a 24–13 SEC loss. Herschel Walker of the Bulldogs ran for 165 yards and one touchdown, and Buck Belue completed 10 of 17 passes for 128 yards and two scores. The win fueled Georgia's hope of defending its national championship in the Sugar Bowl against Pittsburgh.

For only the second time since 1956, Louisiana State will have a losing record. Mississippi State made sure of that by beating the Tigers 17–9 in Baton Rouge. LSU's Alan Risher, whose completion percentage (65.6) was the highest in the land, hit half of his 24 attempts but was sacked 10 times for a total of 90 yards in losses. As a result, the Tigers wound up with minus eight yards on the ground. John Bond passed for both Mississippi State touchdowns—36 yards to Wingback Lamar Windham and six yards to O.W. Richardson. In other SEC games, Florida knocked off Kentucky 33–12 and Tennessee defeated Mississippi 28–20.

In a battle for the championship of the Southern Conference, Furman beat VMI 33–21. Freshman Fullback Dennis Williams ran for 134 yards and sophomore Tailback Stanford Jennings contributed 89 yards and three TDs to the Paladins' attack.

Freshman Tailback Robert Lavette zipped three and 83 yards for first-period scores as Georgia Tech took a 14–3 lead over Navy. Lavette finished with an impressive 197 yards rushing, the Yellow Jackets with an unimpressive ninth straight loss, 20–14, since jolting Alabama in their opener.

WEST A rain-soaked field. Winds up to 60 mph. All in all, perfect weather for Washington Coach Don James to have his Huskies gang up along the line of scrimmage. After all, reasoned James, visiting Southern Cal would have trouble passing and the Huskies might be able to blitz Marcus Allen [*page 38*] before he could kick up a rooster tail on the soggy Seattle field. USC had trouble passing, all right, and lost 13–3, but Allen finished with 145 yards to become the first collegian to rush for 4,000 yards in a season. Early in the second period Steve Jordan put USC ahead with a 45-yard field goal, but Chuck Nelson tied the game with a 21-yarder eight minutes later. The score remained 3–3 until there was only 2:19 to play in the game. After Washington's Steve Pelluer completed two passes and USC was hit by a pass-interference call, Nelson kicked a 46-yard field goal in a swirling wind for a 6–3 lead. The Huskies scored a TD on the ensuing kickoff when freshman Fred Small recovered the

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high-hopping boot in the end zone after it had struck a Trojan. With Outside Linebacker Tony Caldwell making 12 tackles, five for losses totaling 25 yards, USC was held to 182 yards in total offense. The Huskies themselves gained a paltry 120 yards.

Two hundred and seventy miles to the east in Spokane, a thunderous roar went up when Washington State fans learned that Washington had gone ahead of USC. The reason: A USC setback coupled with a Washington State defeat of California would tie the Cougars with UCLA for the Pac-10 lead. Washington State's defense got the job done, limiting the Golden Bears to 178 yards in total offense as State won 19–0. The Cougar offense, which lost three of six fumbles, accounted for only 264 yards, but Quarterback Clete Casper scored TDs on a one-yard sneak and a five-yard run. If Washington State wins at Washington this week, it will go to the Rose Bowl for the first time since 1931.

A 17-point fourth period against Arizona State gave UCLA a 34–24 win and kept its Rose Bowl hopes alive. The Bruins slowed the nation's No. 1 offense by recovering three Sun Devil fumbles and stealing four passes. Arizona State, which came into the game averaging 522 yards, gained 406—90 more than UCLA. But the Bruins, who trailed 14–0 after 15 minutes, converted turnovers into points, broke the game open and were in a 17–17 tie as the fourth quarter began. Kevin Nelson began the comeback when he zipped 28 yards for one UCLA touchdown. Quarterback Tom Ramsey then teamed up with Flanker Jojo Townsell on a 57-yard scoring play, and Norm Johnson booted a 44-yard field goal.

It was a dreary day for fans in the Beaver state. Oregon State lost to Arizona 40–7, and Oregon was beaten 42–3 at Stanford. Speedster Darrin Nelson, the Cardinals' 5′ 8″, 185-pound halfback, picked up a total of 197 yards as a runner, pass catcher and punt returner. That gave Nelson 6,735 all-purpose yards for his career, 120 more than the previous record set by Pitt's Tony Dorsett in 1973-76.

Hawaii gave Brigham Young a good battle in Honolulu, but its unbeaten season came to a 13–3 end. The Rainbow Warriors ran for 203 yards and trailed only 6–3 in the third period. But the Cougars settled the outcome by scoring the only touchdown of the game when Wide Receiver Neil Balholm pounced on a fumble by teammate Waymon Hamilton that had bounced into the end zone. The Rainbow Warriors, however, did hold Quarterback Jim McMahon of BYU to a subpar performance: 22 completions on 33 tries for 269 yards.

BYU's victory set up a showdown for the WAC championship this Saturday in Provo against Utah, which held off Wyoming 30–27. The Utes were down 14–9 in the second quarter when freshman walk-on Quarterback Ken Vierra came in and took command. Vierra hit eight of 14 passes for 149 yards and one touchdown.

Running Back Del (Popcorn) Rodgers became the first Utah runner to gain 200 yards in a game, rushing 28 times for 232 yards and two TDs. The Utes were also helped by Todd Speer's 48-yard punting average and by a sack on the game's last play with the ball at the Utah 12.

Notre Dame allowed its first touchdown in 11 quarters but finished with a flourish to defeat Air Force 35–7. After the Falcons had cut the Irish lead to 14–7 in the fourth period, Notre Dame scored three quick touchdowns to pull away. Phil Carter rushed for 156 yards and the first two Irish scores.

Idaho State Quarterback Mike Machurek, the I-AA total offense leader, accounted for 426 with his passing during a 50–24 romp over Utah State. Machurek completed 25 of 42 throws, with four of his five touchdown passes going to Chris Corp.

MIDWEST

At the request of the Nebraska team, Slick Steels sang the national anthem before the game against Iowa State. Later in the afternoon, Wingback Anthony Steels, a/k/a Slick, caught a three-yard touchdown pass from Turner Gill that helped the Cornhuskers win 31–7. Steels is a senior who went to high school in Spain, where his father was in the Air Force. His TD was part of a 24-point Husker spree accomplished in 5:08 of the fourth quarter, a spurt that broke apart what had been a 7–7 standoff.

After the game the Huskers learned they had clinched the Big Eight title—and an Orange Bowl bid—as Oklahoma lost at Missouri. A one-yard TD run by Quarterback Brad Perry to cap a 79-yard drive, two field goals by Bob Lucchesi and a 19-yard TD run by Bobby Meyer had put the Tigers on top 19–7 in that game. But before it was over, Mizzou fans had reason to fear a 12th straight loss to the Sooners. Four plays after Oklahoma recovered a Tiger fumble at the Missouri 47 with 2:51 left, Steve Sewell caught a deflected pass and turned it into a 46-yard scoring play that made the score 19–14. But after successfully executing an onside kick, the Sooners were unable to move the ball. Once again, turnovers—six fumbles, two interceptions—bedeviled Oklahoma.

With Frank Seurer passing for 209 yards and a pair of touchdowns, Kansas defeated Colorado 27–0. Oklahoma State toppled Kansas State 31–10 as Rusty Hilger threw for 224 yards and Cornerback Greg Hill ran 97 yards for a touchdown after fielding a fumble in midair.

"So things really haven't changed. It's down to one game. That's the way it's been through the years." That's what Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler said after the Wolverines beat Purdue 28–10. What it all meant was that, as usual, this week's Michigan-Ohio State game will probably settle the Big Ten race. Wolverine Quarterback Steve Smith, who had his first pass intercepted and fumbled on his team's second possession, redeemed himself by throwing 27 yards to Tight End Craig Dunaway to give Michigan a 7–3 lead. Boilermaker Tailback Jeff Feulner's five-yard run on a trap play midway through the third period made the score 10–7. The Wolverines didn't regain the lead until the final period, with touchdowns by Smith on a 26-yard option play, Butch Woolfolk on a one-yard plunge and Lawrence Ricks on a five-yard burst.

Ohio State handed Northwestern its 30th loss in a row. Buckeye Quarterback Art Schlichter starred in the 70–6 rout by hitting 16 of 24 passes for 281 yards before leaving the game midway in the third quarter. As usual, Ohio State was tough against the run (the Wildcats gained only 18 yards in 19 tries) but had trouble against the pass (Northwestern hit for 339 yards). If Michigan beats Ohio State, it will go to the Rose Bowl. Should the Buckeyes win and should Iowa defeat Michigan State, the Hawkeyes will make the trip to Pasadena. So the only way the Buckeyes can smell the roses is if they come through with a win and Iowa loses.

Wisconsin, which seemed to have first place sewed up midway through the season, fell out of contention with a 17–7 loss to Iowa. The Badgers had averaged 243 yards rushing in seven Big Ten games but were held to 43 this time. Iowa didn't make a first down in the second half and had just seven altogether, but the Hawkeyes made the most of five Wisconsin turnovers. Tailback Phil Blatcher scored both Iowa touchdowns, on two- and one-yard runs. Hawkeye punter Reggie Roby averaged 53.7 yards for his seven kicks, making his average for the season 50.3, the nation's best.

Bryan Clark's 15-yard run with 56 seconds to play carried Michigan State past Minnesota 43–36. Tony Eason ran for two touchdowns and passed for another pair to lift Illinois to a 35–14 victory over Indiana.

Toledo remained atop the Mid-American Conference by beating Kent State 17–0. Winless Eastern Michigan, which has been outscored 300–81 this season, lost to Bowling Green 28–0. **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE Bob Holly, a Princeton senior, set Ivy League single-game records for completions (36 in 55 tries) and passing yardage (501) as the Tigers shocked Yale 35–31. He also threw for four scores.

DEFENSE Missouri Tackle Jeff Gaylord, a 6′ 3″ 235-pound senior, made 12 tackles, had one sack and recovered three fumbles as the Tigers upset Oklahoma 19–14 and put Nebraska into the Orange Bowl.



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by E.M. Swift

This one's really special

Special Effort isn't like any other quarter horse; he's a lot faster and richer

Manor Downs is a small racetrack outside of Austin, Texas. It's used by trainers to get and keep their horses in racing condition—quarter horses mostly, the ears-back, flat-out sprinters of the horse-racing world. One day last week, shortly after dawn, eight or 10 people were in one of Manor Downs' small paddocks to pay a call on a 2-year-old quarter horse named Special Effort. The colt's owners, Dan and Jolene Urschel, had flown in a photographer from Oklahoma City to take some portraits of the animal. Special Effort, you see, is a very special horse, he's the first 2-year-old quarter horse to win more than $1 million in purses (Land Grant, a standardbred, was the first of any breed to win that much at 2) and the first ever to win the American Quarter Horse Association's triple crown for 2-year-olds. All talk stops as his handler leads him in. No one can keep his eyes off him; no one can keep back a look of delight. Not even the colt's trainer, Johnie Goodman, who sees Special Effort most every day. The colt looks *that* good.

Special Effort has not run since Labor Day, when he won the third leg of the triple crown, the $1.2 million All-American Futurity at Ruidoso Downs in New Mexico. His payday for winning that 440-yard dash was $528,000—$210,800 more than Pleasant Colony earned for winning the Kentucky Derby. Special Effort hasn't trained since then; after winning nine races in nine starts, he's off until next May, when his 3-year-old racing season will begin. Yet he looks, well, perfect, as if he would like to go right now. The energy shows beneath his sorrel coat as it shines in the morning light. "He's an athlete type; he don't get real outta shape not doin' much," Goodman says.

The photographer tries to get Special Effort to stand just so, with four legs showing and head in profile, but the colt is having none of it. He stretches, then scratches his left front leg with the side of his head. He is not the squat, heavily muscled animal some might associate with a quarter horse. He was sired by a thoroughbred, Raise Your Glass, and his dam, Go Effortlessly, was three-quarters thoroughbred.

The only thing really spectacular about his conformation is what matters most: He's well balanced. His hocks are low, nearly brushing the grass as he walks, which gives the animal what quarter-horse people call "gathering" ability—the ability to grip the track as he runs. As he moves about the paddock, he does so lightly, like a cat through wet grass. But what Jolene Urschel sees in Special Effort today is the same thing she and her husband saw the first time they watched him race. "He's got a big heart," she says. "He sure does," agrees Goodman. Then, unable to resist, he adds, "But like women, sometimes you got to build 'em one."

This gets a big laugh, even from Jolene. Goodman obviously knows a lot about women, perhaps even more than he knows about horses. He's a good-looking man with a big, meaty handshake that proves beyond question that he used to be a construction worker. When Jolene innocently asks him if he likes to hunt, Goodman kind of shuffles his feet and gives her that easy grin, then tells her that the other day he had killed a 10-point buck with a boat oar. What he actually

continued



It isn't even close as Special Effort dashes to the cash in the $567,389 Rainbow Futurity, second leg of the triple crown for 2-year-olds.



Owner Urschel likes the color of his colt.

HORSE RACING *continued*

says, is, "Killed one with the bo'der th'other day. Tehn po'nter." Everybody kind of smiles and thinks maybe they've misunderstood that gentle drawl. Dan Urschel says, "With a what?"

"A bo'der."

"That's what I *thought* you said."

It was no easy water shot, either. The deer was on a dead run and Goodman just whaled it upside the head with the oar. "Got it in mah freezer right now," Goodman says.

"Was the season open yet?" Urschel asks, amused.

"Almost."

Goodman bought his first quarter horse 15 years ago for $500. He'd never spent much time around the track, never owned a horse before, but had always kind of liked them. When that first horse, Glory's Hemi, won a few races, Goodman started to get a reputation as a horseman. Three years later he gave up his hard hat and went into training full-time. Just over a year ago he spotted a yearling colt in Seguin, Texas that had been raised by a man named Allen Moehrig. That colt was Special Effort. "For $20,000, he sure looked like a runner to me," Goodman says. "He looked just like he does now, only smaller." Eventually, Goodman's ex-father-in-law, Allen Taylor, bought the colt.

Quarter horses are raced primarily in the South and West with the biggest tracks in California and New Mexico. The first major race of the 1981 season for 2-year-olds and first leg of their triple crown was the Kansas Futurity at Ruidoso Downs on May 31, a $608,668 event. It was at time trials for the Kansas Futurity that people began to take notice of Special Effort: He won his 350-yard heat by an astounding 4¾ lengths.

Enter Dan and Jolene Urschel of Canadian, Texas. Three years ago the Urschels, whose 30,000-acre ranch in the Texas panhandle is peppered with gas wells, got into quarter-horse racing in a big way, and since that time they have been buying the best 2-year-olds they can find. "For some reason the quarter-horse business got started off wrong and all the big purse money goes to the two-year-olds," says Urschel, who would like to see the financial emphasis shift to the more physically mature 3-year-olds, as is the case with thoroughbreds. Since April 1980 the Urschels have criss-crossed 300 acres of their 3 Bar D ranch with 11 miles of board fence, all of it painted white, a little bit of Kentucky out on their half-desert, tumbleweed-ridden home on the range. They own 40 horses right now, including Pie in the Sky ($600,980 in winnings), Pass Over ($521,172), Miss Thermolark (world champion quarter-horse filly in 1978, $498,877), and Bold Ego (the thoroughbred who finished second in this year's Preakness, $422,676). All that in three years. Says Urschel, who also runs 2,000 head of Holstein cattle on the ranch, "Horse racing isn't really any more treacherous than the cattle business, not if you're buying proven winners."

Which is exactly what he set out to do when he saw Special Effort run. The two horses that Urschel had brought to the Kansas Futurity both failed to qualify for the 10-horse final, so, through an intermediary, he approached Taylor about buying Special Effort. Urschel was hoping he could pick the colt up for $500,000—after all, Special Effort had raced only twice—but Goodman said that Special Effort was worth $1 million. The Urschels thought about it overnight, then wrote out a check. "We never do anything fast," Jolene says.

Her husband looks up incredulously. "We *don't*?"

That Sunday, Special Effort came from behind to win the Kansas Futurity final by a length, with W.R. (Billy) Hunt up. His share of the purse was $260,522.

That was as close as Special Effort came to losing in his nine starts. The second leg of the triple crown was the 400-yard Rainbow Futurity at Ruidoso, the finals of which were held July 26. Special Effort won by 1½ lengths and collected $232,536—some $30,000 more than Pleasant Colony earned for winning the Preakness. In the 18-year history of the Rainbow Futurity, only one other champion had also won the Kansas Futurity—Tiny's Gay in 1974. No horse had then gone on to take the All-American Futurity and the triple crown. Such is the nature of racing 2-year-olds on a heavy schedule.

The week before the All-American the Urschels decided to protect their investment by selling lifetime breeding shares in Special Effort. Quarter horses can be bred more than 100 times a year because artificial insemination is allowed by the American Quarter Horse Association. (By contrast, a top thoroughbred stallion, which must breed naturally, can realistically be bred to no more than 60 mares a year.) The Urschels put 100 shares on the market at $100,000 each, reserving 50 shares for themselves—in effect, putting the value of Special Effort at $15 million. The shares sold out in two days. "We priced him too low," Urschel says.

On Labor Day the horse fulfilled expectations by taking the All-American Futurity on a muddy track. He did so in fine fashion, withstanding a bump from another horse out of the gate to blow by the field, winning by four lengths, the largest margin in the 23-year history of the race. It completed the Triple Crown and pushed Special Effort's winnings to $1,026,721, a record for all quarter horses. His breeding shares are now being traded for twice their original $100,000 purchase price.

Happily, it will be a while before Special Effort is retired to stud. "I like to see a racehorse run," says Urschel, who dreams of his colt becoming the second to win the quarter horse triple crown for 3-year-olds, those races consisting of the Kansas, Rainbow and All-American Derbys. My Easy Credit did it in 1977. Goodman thinks it's possible. "He can do it if he keeps his mind on racing and off'n the mares," he says.

Back at Manor Downs, Special Effort has finally decided to stand still for the photographer. Urschel is happy just watching him, pleased with everything about the sorrel horse. "He's kind of got the right color for me, too," he tells his Learjet co-pilot, Dave Harter, who also owns a breeding share in the horse.

"I know he does," says Harter. "Green." END

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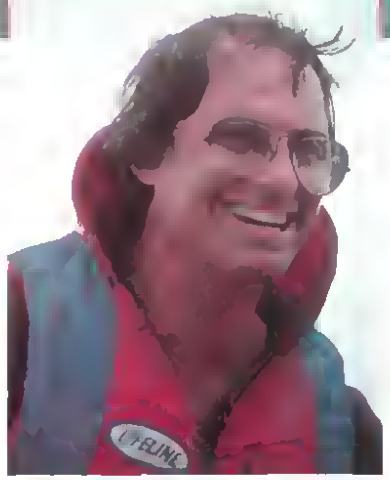


Ajac Hawk raises a bounteous rooster tail as it skitters over the course off Key West.

Cinderella sweeps the sea

Upstart Jerry Jacoby danced past 16 rivals to win the world offshore title

by Bob Ottum



It was with obvious pleasure that the American Power Boat Association recently announced the results of its demographic survey of the folks who are interested in offshore racing. These fans are "young, upscale and attractive," the survey noted, and 40% of them have incomes over $25,000 a year. They are familiar with life's goodies, things like designer jeans and light beer, and they are well read: 30% of them, when questioned, recognized the name of Betty Cook, the 1981 U.S. champion. A really terrific survey and just the proper image for a sport that is struggling to gain more national attention. Of course, all of that was before everybody went down to Key West to stage the world championships.

Key West? That lazy, hazy capital of laidbackness and ennui? Absolutely. The race start and finish lines were at a famous hangout called Mallory Square, which is, in its own way, a wonderful spot. No matter what sort of day it is in Key West, sun or rain, any events at Mallory Square are always viewed hazily, as if through a pale lavender fog, and to breathe the very air is to become giddy.

What's more, the upscale and attractive crowd seemed to be made up mostly of young gypsy pairs and wildly bearded men with bandanas tied around their heads, gold rings glinting in their earlobes like real pirate stuff. There was Key West's standard corps of nubile maidens dressed in faded little cotton shifts—girls whose folks back home in Iowa would throw a fit if they saw them now. Never mind those demographic surveys, these people seemed to say, just bring on the racing boats and show us a good time.

Which is exactly what they got. All through the week leading up to last Saturday, 59 raceboats from five countries boiled around the island in championship events for four offshore classes. Ferocious boat names rang in the air: *Boston Strangler, Sheer Terror, Rampage, Nasty* and *Chaos*, each seeming to give a clear indication of how their owners regard the sport.

What had gone before—a season of battles on their home oceans and lakes—didn't really matter now. Key West was the showdown: winner-take-all races to decide the world champions. In the glamour class, Offshore I, one could be the former world and current U.S. champ, Betty Cook, or Ted Toleman, a British tycoon who had won both the English and Australian titles, but the rules declared that no such honors carried over—the only thing they got you was an entry to this race. This made for a field full of hotshots: The top three finishers from each country were eligible, plus such notables as Michel Meynard of Concord, Mass. Though Meynard had finished a dismal 10th during the regular season, he drew an automatic entry to defend the world title that he had captured last season.

For a final deft touch, two qualifying races early in the week added four others to the potential field. One such entrant was 44-year-old Jerry Jacoby of Old Westbury, N.Y., who pilots a four-year-old 37′ 6″ Cigarette called *Ajac Hawk*, a boat with fierce hawk portraits on its flanks. Jacoby had just missed the cut by finishing fourth this season. "No way, no *way*, was I going to lose this one big chance," he said before the qualifiers. And, sure enough, make it he did. He squeaked through two 95-mile heats with a second and a sixth, and thereby collected enough points. Those who like Cinderella stories—and Key Westers love them—should remember this, because

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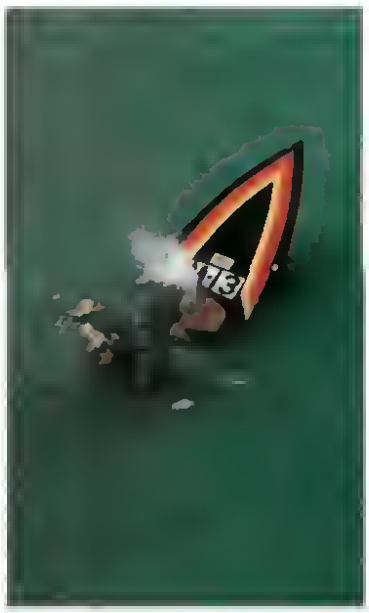
one will be along later in this report.

After all the qualifying on the ocean and several thunderous cocktail parties ashore, everybody had to face as tricky a course as has ever been presented. They may be gin-clear, but the waters that surround Key West are also notoriously treacherous. The seas abound in shoals, flats, sandbanks and bars; reefs and rocks often appear just inches beneath the surface. And what's more, as race physician Dr. Matt Houghton told the assembled drivers at a briefing on Saturday morning, "There also are cans, debris of all kinds, floating hatch covers, lobster-pot floats trailing long sections of line, and coral heads. Remember that coral has a tendency to shred human skin. And one more thing: This morning, there were two sharks on the course."

Terrific. A short time later, the competitors buckled into life jackets and helmets and surged away in their boats to a mill-around area just off Mallory Square. On the dock, the crowd was packed thickly, with many of the spectators already mellow in the bright morning sun. As one bearded and pigtailed youth said earnestly, "Man, you know what would make this race meaningful? If that farthest checkboat was really a mother ship, know what I mean? And each racer would have to check in and bring back a few bales."

It was a deceptively perfect Florida Keys morning: clear skies carrying only wisps of clouds, 72° under a brisk 10- to 15-knot wind out of the north-northeast. Seas lay minty green and placid on all sides, though the waves were said to be four to six feet outside the reef. *Any*body can handle four to six, right, guys? There were 17 Class I raceboats in a raggedy lineup, 10 from the U.S., five from Italy, one from England, one from Australia. Four were catamarans; 13 were deep-V-hulled. Ahead of them all lay a 208-mile course, consisting of two long and three short loops around eight checkpoints. At 10:22:39 a.m. off went the starting flare. The monster boats came howling out of the narrow cut, each one leaving a boiling white wake that rose into a rooster tail. The heads of drivers, navigators and throttlemen were bent in concentration, the sun startlingly bright on the high-visibility orange of their crash helmets. And in what seemed just a brief moment, the boats became tiny white dots against the horizon.

That's when the Cinderella story started to take shape. Out at sea, perhaps 25 minutes into the race, one of the two 700-horse engines blew on Cook's 38-foot Scarab, and *blam!* went her chances for an unprecedented third world championship. And when the boats came roaring back into Key West harbor at the end of the first lap, what was this? There was old wild-card, last-minute-qualifier Jacoby in the lead—not only in first but running five boat lengths ahead of *Apache*, a 39-foot Squadron driven by Jerry Kilpatrick of St. Augustine, Fla. The rest of the field was strung out behind them, and Jacoby and his crewmen—Bart Quartin navigating and Keith Hazell on the throttles—signaled the crowd what kind of race it was going to be. Passing Mallory Square, each one happily shook a fist at the sky. It turned out that Jacoby had already discovered the deception in the perfect day: On the longest leg of the course, a 17-mile run from the main channel to Smith's Shoal on the Gulf side of Key West, the seas were piling up in 10- to 12-foot waves. It was purest Florida boating magic; no whitecaps to give warning, just slamming high water that stood the boats on their ears. "We just tried to hold our speed," Jacoby said after the race. "but this was as rough as anything I've ever seen. At one time I stood it—I mean literally—I stood it on its end just trying to look over the top of a wave. We were churning through the stuff at maybe 85 miles an hour, and we can normally run much faster than that."



The sea swallowed up this Class III boat.

With a chilling, gradually building sort of momentum, the reports began to crackle over radios of boats disabled, one in Class III even sinking; of injured racers; calls for tows. By the third lap, *Ajac Hawk* had built a 2½-minute lead over *Apache*, and by 12:56 p.m. only five of the original starters were left in Class I. In another few moments there were only four, the same number that actually finished the race.

The two lead boats battled it out right down to the flag, at one point in the long run through the big seas, the *Hawk* and *Apache* had run cheek by jowl for nine bouncing miles. But Jacoby was not to be denied this one.

"The last couple of miles," he said, "our boat would go bou*nce!* and I'd pray, 'Oh, God, don't break,' and then it would go *slam!* and I'd whisper to it, 'Please hold together.' And about 100 feet from the finish line, Keith reached for the throttles so we could come flashing across, and I almost slapped his hand. 'Not now,' I said. 'This is the world championship: let's not take a chance.' " They finished modestly, having spent 2 hours 56 minutes on the course at an average speed of 70.9 mph. *Apache* boiled in a minute or so later. Way back in third place was *Marlboro*, piloted by Italy's Alberto Smania.

And so the new world champion of 1981 stood in the bright sun of Mallory Square. Jacoby sipped some champagne handed over by Gene Ferri, president of the sponsoring Imperial Industries, Inc. And then Ferri took the bottle back and had a big swig himself. Sponsors who lay out $80,000 in prize money can do that sort of thing.

There was a moral in all of it, of course, a message that one could divine if one just studied the situation long enough. Why, naturally: One of the reasons Jacoby won was that *he knew the course*. "Listen," said the world offshore champ. "just to get into this championship, just to qualify, I had to race this thing over and over again in the heats. I raced over it 11 times before the final. It turns out that I could run it in my sleep." Thus does perseverence pay off.

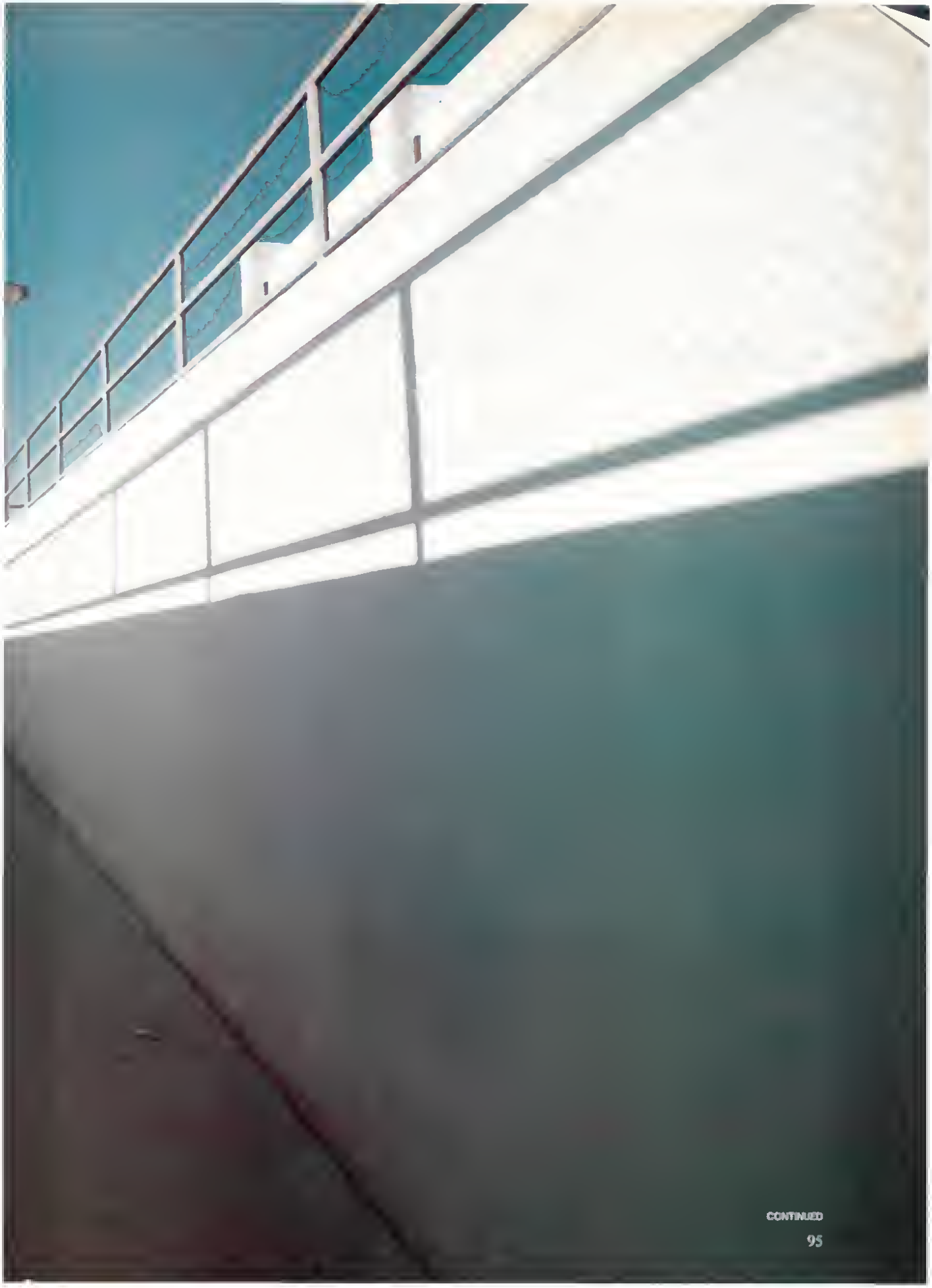
And with that homily firmly in mind, Mallory Square settled down to some really serious partying, which, of course, is what Key West does best. **END**



'I DO LOVE THE FOOTBALL'

Bear Bryant says that unequivocally after 43 years of coaching and 314 wins, tying Stagg's record, which he can break against Auburn

by **FRANK DEFORD**



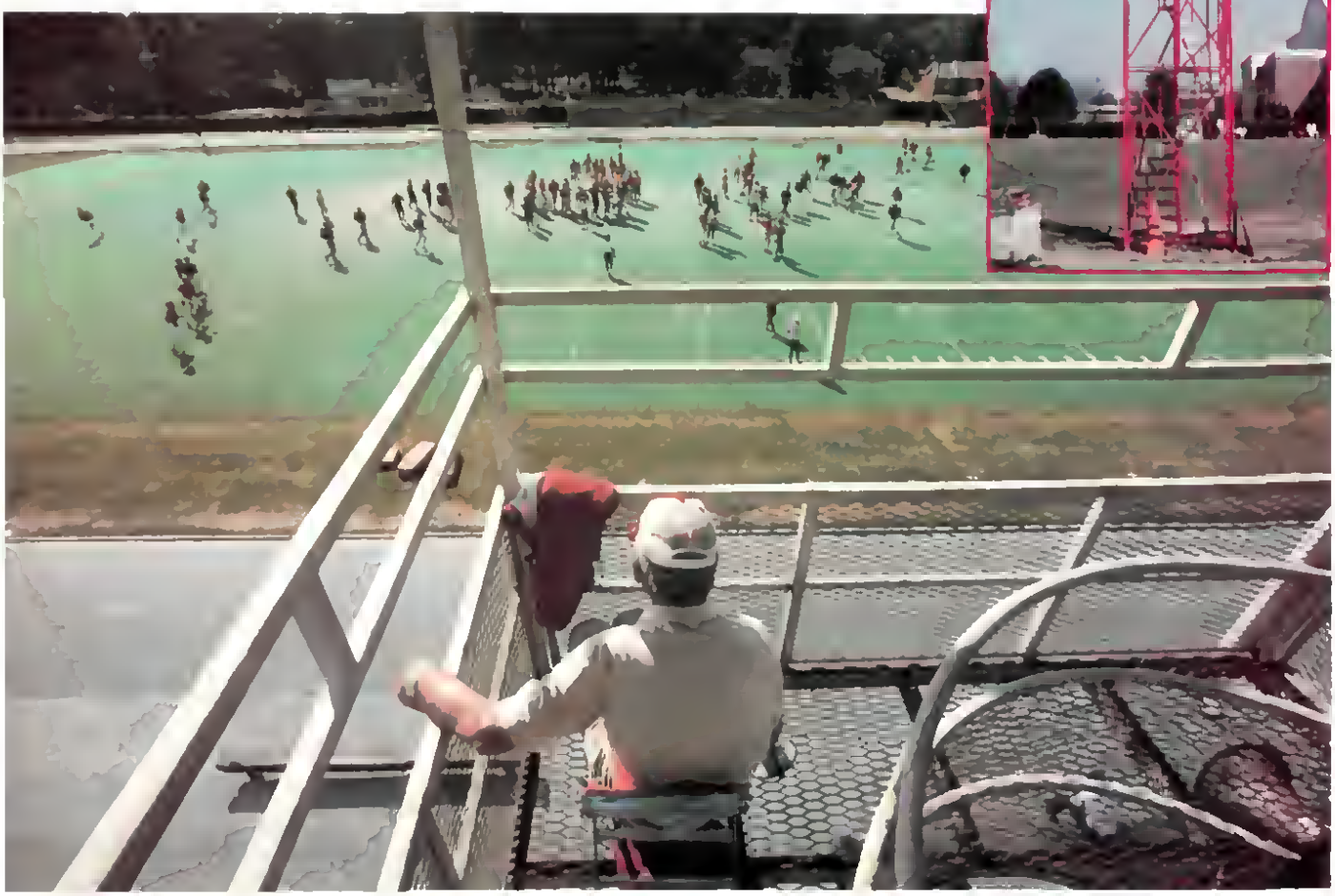
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The pigskin historian begins to sort through the mounds of evidence that are supposed to add up to the man who is identified as Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant. It is all there, in layers, by now a folk chronicle, each tale told and retold in nearly the same language every time, and all irrespective of relative importance, time or place: The Bear and his humble origins in Moro Bottom, near Fordyce, Ark.; The Bear at Alabama as "the other end" opposite the immortal Don Hutson; the tales of how The Bear got his name (accounts provided by every possible eyewitness, save perhaps the noble ursine itself); The Bear and the bowls; The Bear and the record—Amos Alonzo Stagg's 314 victories as a coach, which Bryant tied last Saturday with a 31–16 defeat of Penn State and could surpass next week against Auburn; The Bear that first hellish summer in Aggieland; The Bear returns to his Alabama; The Bear and his hat; The Bear and The Baron; The Bear walks on water (and other fables); the ages of The Bear.

By now, it is all so blurred, yet all so neat. The more one reads—the more one suffers through the same stuff from The Bear and his hagiographers—the more one understands a friend of The Bear's, a Tuscaloosa physician, who says, "That he mumbles really doesn't matter to me anymore, because by now, I always know



From his tower, the eyes of Bear—and therefore all of Alabama—could be upon you at any time



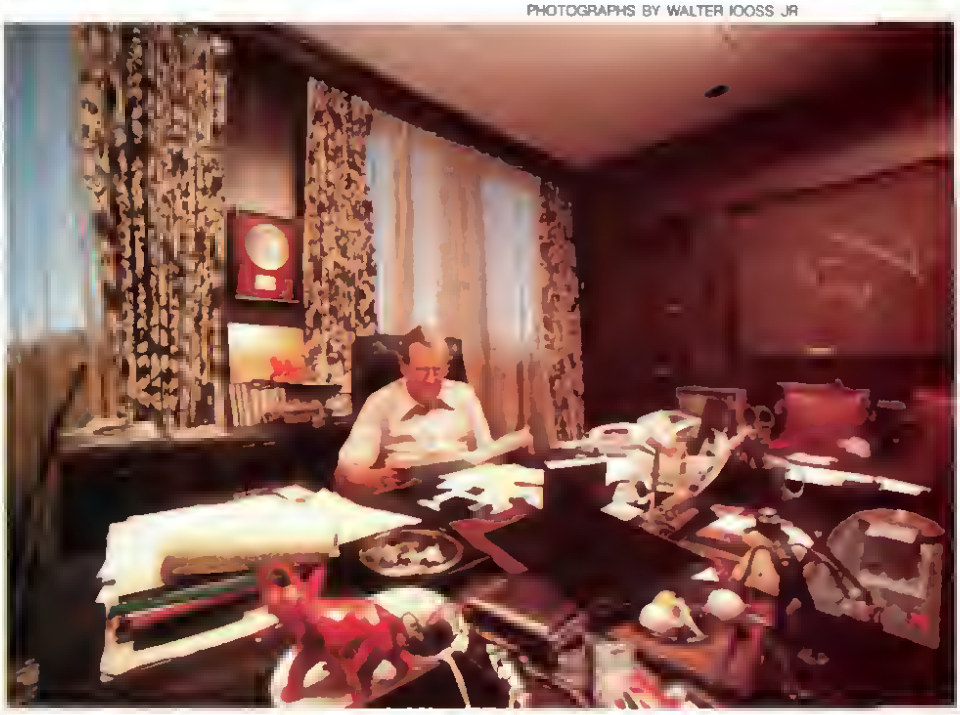
what he is going to say, anyway."

But, what have we here? Tucked deep into the recesses of another bio folder, there is one other obscure clipping, from a time long ago. It seems, studying this scrap of parchment, that as yet another Honor America Day approached, a certain U.S. politician named Nixon was beleaguered, beset on all sides by his bloodthirsty foes. But, after months of holing up, he decided that Honor America Day would be an appropriate occasion on which to launch a counterattack, to venture out again and reach for the souls of decent citizens. And so, he would go forth and deliver a speech.

And here, from *The New York Times*, is the last paragraph of that story: "Invitations to attend the celebration were also sent to John Wayne, the actor; Paul Harvey, the news broadcaster; Billy Graham, the evangelist, and Paul (Bear) Bryant, the University of Alabama football coach."

At that time, The Bear had 231 wins, and was counting.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR



Bryant's opulent office is more than a mere showplace to dazzle recruits, as the clutter attests.

The first of the two-a-days in the 24th year of Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant's tenure at Alabama takes place just after dawn on a steamy summer's day, Monday, August 17th. It would be winter, four and a half months later, before the Crimson Tide would be finished playing, the team has gone to a bowl for 22 straight years and, by now, as The Bear says, "We win two games, *some* bowl will invite us." Oddly, he overslept this morning. You'd have thought The Bear would have been raring to go, he being a legend in his own time, this being the start of his supreme season, besides, he's an early riser. But Billy Varner had to rouse him, up at his house by the third green at the Indian Hills Country Club.

Billy drives The Bear around in a Buick LeSabre. He has for six years, since, The Bear explains, "I started gettin' death threats and all kinda things." Billy was a bartender out at the club, and The Bear had him taught to shoot a pistol so he could pass the police tests. They get along beautifully, which is important, because by now The Bear probably spends more time with Billy Varner than he does with his wife, whose name is Mary Harmon if you know The Bear and Miz Bryant if you only worship from afar.

But even with the late start, it wasn't yet six o'clock when Billy got The Bear to his office before the first of the two-a-days. The moon was still up, nearly full, shining through the misty Alabama heavens. The birds were chirping, and about all there was on the roads were milk trucks. They still make milk deliveries mornings in Tuscaloosa.

The players started arriving around 6:30, driving the half mile or so from their private dormitory, Bryant Hall (of course). It was a showpiece when it was built in 1963, but is now more a garish curiosity, with a hideous interior of silver, red and white and a two-tiered fountain outside, which is supported by statues of naked men, their genitalia covered by decorous shields so as not to offend the eyes of innocent 'Bama belles. But then, little of the campus offers much in the way of beauty. The Yankees, it seems, burnt the best of it to the ground just before Appomattox, and what has risen from the ashes is largely without architectural grace. Football constitutes grace in this neck of the woods.

Where The Bear now has his football offices, in Memorial Coliseum, adjoining the practice complex, was all cotton fields when he first arrived in Tuscaloosa, coming over from the bottom country of Arkansas. It was the fall of '31, the Depression, and the segregated South was like a different nation then—one party, one crop, one sport and one dollar if you were lucky. "There wasn't but about three cars on campus then," The Bear recalls, exaggerating only a little bit. Now, as dawn breaks, his players drive up in all manner of vehicles, hardly a one walks the half mile from the dormitory.

The Bear meets briefly with his team—alone. "You wouldn't want someone else to sit in when you talked private with your wife, would you?" he says. Occasionally, he drives home this point in somewhat earthier terms. He's still very close to his boys. He doesn't sleep over at the dormitory anymore, the way Joe Namath remembers, but there is still a tight bond. "I get so tired of it at times," The Bear admits. "But I do love the football, the contact with my players. I still get a *thrill* outta jes goin' to practice. Jes steppin' out there. I do. That's my hobby." Another thing he says, regularly, when

continued

strangers ask even innocuous questions about his players, is this: "I wouldn't know, and I wouldn't tell you if I did."

The Bear puts on his baseball cap now, for practice. He is about the last man who has his hair and still wears a hat all the time. Outside of Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant down in Alabama, you can tell bald men this way: they are the ones in hats. But if The Bear still has hair, it isn't so curly and bright as it used to be, so his jug ears stand out more. In fact, he can look very old sometimes, away from the sideline stripes. He is wrinkled and gray and his coat rides up high on his neck and his pants droop off his seat, and he just shuffles along. He looks, for example, a lot older than the President, who is, at 70, two and a half years his senior. "Yeah, but the President ain't run around and drank anywhere near so much whiskey as The Bear," a friend says. That's probably true, although not necessarily to the benefit of the ship of state.

"My doctor says I look 10 years younger than last year." The Bear was mumbling the other day when Billy drove him up to Birmingham for a luncheon at a hotel. He growls so low and so slow that when he made a commercial for Ford trucks not long ago, they had to speed up the sound track so Americans at home would understand it was Ford trucks he was extolling. "Ten years," The Bear went on. "Of course, in the first place he's lying, and in the second, there's all these pills—11 in the morning, alone. Why, I'm plain goofy now." And he was, for a time. Also, like a lot of old men, he has weak kidneys. "Billy, have I passed all my pissin' places?" The Bear asked, as they neared Birmingham. They had, so at the hotel, people followed him right to the men's room. But The Bear never slights anybody if he can help it. When he greets someone, he keeps an arm around him, or, even after the handshake, he holds onto him by the wrist or forearm, as if momentarily he is going to send him into a huddle.



Chauffeur-bodyguard-confidant Varner checks out security arrangements with Birmingham police

But now, the moon is gone, the sun is up for the first of the two-a-days, and The Bear strides through the guarded tunnel that goes from the coliseum to the practice fields, under a fence topped with barbed wire and masked with high shrubs. And now The Bear is different. He is some kind of different. He is Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant, and he seems an altogether new man, a whole lot younger. He puts out his cigarette and climbs into his golf cart and drives off toward his tower, which is celebrated this way in one of the ballads about him:

His reign of power
From his tower,
Bear Bryant,
The Gridiron King.

The ground has turned two shades of green by now, lighter where many footprints and one set of golf cart tracks have cut through the wet grass. It's likely to be more humid early in the day, when the dew is lifting, so the players are made to stop and rest regularly on one knee, with their helmets off, and receive liquids. They kneel all in one straight line, served by managers, so that it looks exactly like some huge open-air Communion. "All right, all right," hollers The Bear. "Not all slouched up like a bunch of idiots."

Once, years ago, his players practiced till they dropped—literally. It's amazing someone didn't die when The Bear was coaching back there at Texas A&M. If you took off your helmet or needed water, you were just a damn old sissy. But now, here The Bear is, making sure they all drink exactly the proper amount of liquid and let their heads cool off.

("You see, Coach Bryant was always very good at adjusting," Bud Wilkinson says. Wilkinson had 145 victories when he packed it in at Oklahoma in 1963 to run for the Senate. Why, he could be past 315 by now if he had stuck with it. Add it up for yourself. "The main thing about staying a coach so long is that you've got to want to," Wilkinson says.)

A freight train rumbles by, just as practice is ready to start. And suddenly, for no reason, The Bear starts to sing. "Love lifted me!" he sings. Well, it's more of a holler. And then again, the refrain from the old hymn: "Love lif . . . t . . . ted me!" Nobody ventures to ask The Bear why he has chosen this song here at the start of the two-a-days.

Now he begins to trudge up the 33 steps to the top of the tower, where a chair, a bullhorn and a can of bug spray await him. The latter is for some hornets up there who don't appreciate what place the man in the tower holds in the human kingdom. He peers down on all his players. There are almost 130, counting the walk-ons, all in color-coded shirts—red for the first offense, white for first defense, blue, green, yellow and orange—

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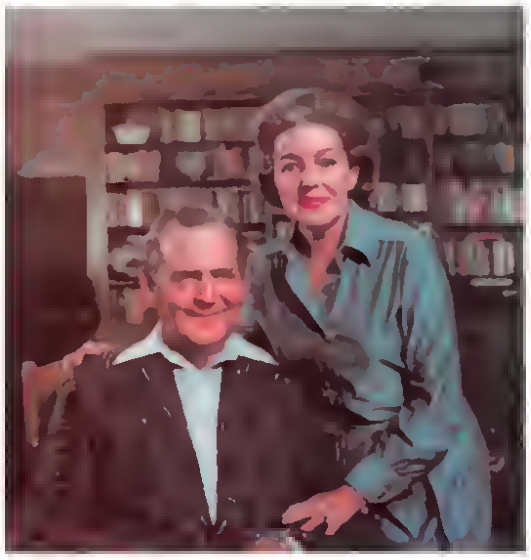
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The Bear and Mary Harmon, at home in 1979.

looking like game pieces on some great, green, white-striped board. The Gridiron King will zero in on this one or that one for two or three plays, but, of course, nobody down there knows whom he might be watching at any given moment. He'll just all of a sudden yell out: "Nice catch" or "Straight up, straight up" or "You can't run any faster than that, get your ass outta here" or "Come on, come on, start showin' some class. Fourth quarter now, fourth quarter." But everybody feels The Bear is coming right down on him, which is the way he wants it.

The Bear says, "When I first came here I was fightin' for my life out there on the field. Well, I'm still fightin' for my life. It's just that I don't have near as many years left." It is only at the very end of the second session of the opening two-a-days that The Bear lets himself lounge back in his chair. Then he just sits up there for a while, the pink twilight over his shoulder, watching the last of the maneuvers below. It's past 7 p.m. before he starts down the tower for the last time. "They were comin' off the ball pretty good," The Bear allows. Better be; there are barely two weeks left till the opener over in Baton Rouge, against LSU. That will be number 307.

By the time Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant got back to Alabama, age 44, in 1958, he had already accumulated 91 coaching victories at Maryland, Kentucky and Texas A&M, places on the fringes of Dixie. Now he was returning to his alma mater, to home, and in the very year that C. Vann Woodward, the distinguished Southern historian, was making this observation: "The time is coming, if indeed it has not already arrived, when the Southerner will begin to ask himself whether there is really any longer very much point in calling himself a Southerner." How could C. Vann Woodward know that, 23 years later, The Bear would be going for 315?

The Bear is meaningful. That is his legacy—not just so many more victories. History has always been important to the South, and The Bear is a historical figure. It was right after another victory last month, number 310, and Billy had just driven him away in the Buick LeSabre, two motorcycle cops running ahead through the traffic, their blue lights flashing, when someone was moved to say, "They'll sure never be another Bear." And the writer from the campus newspaper, an Alabama boy, said, "Well, not unless there's another Civil War." And that is pretty much it. For Alabama, anyway. The Bear is triumph, at last; even more than that, he is justification.

The Bear hates all that joking about him being some sort of Dixie Christ (his card-playing friends back at Indian Hills refer to him as "Old Water-Walker"—behind his back), and he's right to, for whether or not it's sacrilege, it's bad theology. The Bear is very human. That is the point. He is one of their own good old boys who took on the rest of the nation and whipped it. The wisest thing that The Bear never did was to run against George Wallace for governor, not so much because he probably would have lost and that would have burst his balloon of omnipotence, but because he would have forced his fellow Alabamians to choose between their two heroes who didn't pussyfoot around against the Yankees.

Besides, The Bear doesn't properly belong in that line. Successful Southern politicians are pugnacious, like Wallace, perhaps mean, irascible at best. Southern generals, by contrast, are courtly and noble, permitting their troops to do the necessary bloodletting—within the rules, of course. The Bear is a general, and it is important to the state that he win his battles honorably. It is all the more significant that, during his time in the wilderness, The Bear admits to having cheated, to having wallowed in expedience, that it was only his conjoining again with Alabama that made him whole and pure once more. And what a union it has been!

There is a feeling in Alabama that most anybody can win at the prominent Yankee football shelters, hell, even an old Protestant like Parseghian kept the wheel turning at Notre Dame. Larry Lacewell, the head coach at Arkansas State, who has been on the staffs at both Alabama and Oklahoma, offers this comparison: "In Oklahoma, they all think they win just because it's Oklahoma. In Alabama, they know why they do . . . It's him." Not

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Except when Bryant is indoors, his hat invariably hides Joel Williams' tonsorial handiwork.



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even Adolph Rupp, who pretty much forced The Bear to evacuate Rupp's Kentucky fiefdom, could match him as an indigenous symbol of victory. Rupp affected the prevailing accent and became The Baron of the Bluegrass, but always and forever Kentucky knew he came from Kansas, a whole different place.

Ah, but The Bear is blood as well as guts. After musing about it for quite a while, it is only this homely theory he advances to explain why he is so especially adored in Alabama: "I'll tell you the truth. I think my playin' here had more to do with it than anything."

And, of course, the sport played was football. "Hell, used to be in the South, wasn't anything to do *but* go to a football game," The Bear says. "Well, either football or get drunk. I s'pose. Now you got more choices. Like now we got all these lakes—boats and fishin' and all that carryin' on." Understand: football isn't merely popular in the South—*football is Southern.*

Grady McWhiney and Forrest McDonald, two historians at Alabama, have advanced the theory that the Confederate temperament has been heavily influenced by the prevalence of Celts from Ireland, Scotland and Wales—and, says McDonald, "They've always been the meanest bunch of all." He goes on: "The Southerners are naturally violent, and football is the idealized ritual substitute for actual warfare. If you happen to be 10 years old, or 30, when a war breaks out, instead of being lucky enough to be 20, the Southerner—the Celt—will feel deprived of his manhood. Football can fill that void. For Alabama, The Bear is the Robert E. Lee of this warfare."

While The Bear and a winning team would have advanced the redemptive process at any time, it was, however, all the more symbolic that he happened to arrive back home at precisely the moment when the Deep South—Alabama above all—was being turned into a battlefield again. In one way or another, every white Alabamian was on the defensive, either out of shame or to dig in: *Never!* But for both types there was always The Bear to celebrate, the one intrepid native who was not only succeeding, but also winning on a national scale with "skinny little white boys," as one Alabamian recalls. "There was something for everybody. Even if you weren't racist, there were certain historical imperatives to clutch to your breast. It was The War all over again; us poor, underfed, outmanned Southerners beating up on the big, ugly Yankees only because we were obviously smarter and braver."

The Bear leaves such theorizing to others. Indeed, despite once being nearly lured into politics, he remains, cannily, a man of image, not of issues. As a consequence, The Bear appears to be something of a skeleton key, a man who can unlock whatever doors—especially of the past—that his admirers want to enter. Coaching may be a young man's profession, but for The Bear, his antiquity is a real boon. Why, he's so much a part of the storied past that it's like having Lee himself around; Hank Williams, anyway.

It is certainly illuminative of his nature that The Bear took no lead whatsoever in the matter of integration. His defenders will claim that Wallace kept his hands tied, that The Bear wasn't even allowed to schedule teams with black players, much less dress any of them in crimson, and there may be a measure of truth in that. But given The Bear's surpassing popularity, he had it within his power to assume a burden of leadership. Yet he held back on race and let other—and less entrenched—Southern coaches stick their necks out first. Only after Southern Cal and Sam (Bam) Cunningham ran all over the skinny little white boys in a 1970 game, only when it was evident that the Tide couldn't win any longer lily-white, only then did The Bear learn his civics. It is consistent that the one knock against him as a coach is that he has never had the faith or the daring to be an innovator.

After all, "adjusting well" doesn't mean having to be in the vanguard. And The Bear realizes his state is naturally insular and standpat, even George Wallace, remember, for all his fulminating, was primarily a counterpuncher. Alabama still styles itself as the "Heart of Dixie," and it takes a certain contrary pride in the fact that the Sunbelt and all its alien imperfections pretty much passed it by. *Heart of Sunbelt?* Barely a generation ago Birmingham was virtually the same size as Atlanta, but now it isn't even half so populous. On campus in Tuscaloosa, there is always the facetious student cry: "Thank God for Mississippi." Whatever Alabama might stand 49th in, Mississippi is sure to be 50th.

One lifelong Alabamian, a lawyer, says, chuckling sort of, "Essentially, we are sustained by the belief that we are purer than everybody but Missis-

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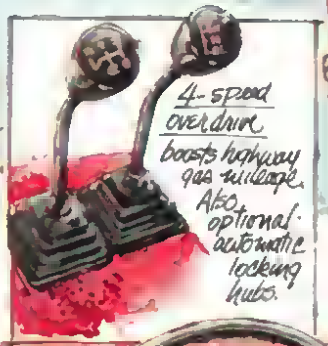
Bear makes postgame comments in this trailer, which has a sound system to amplify his mumbling.

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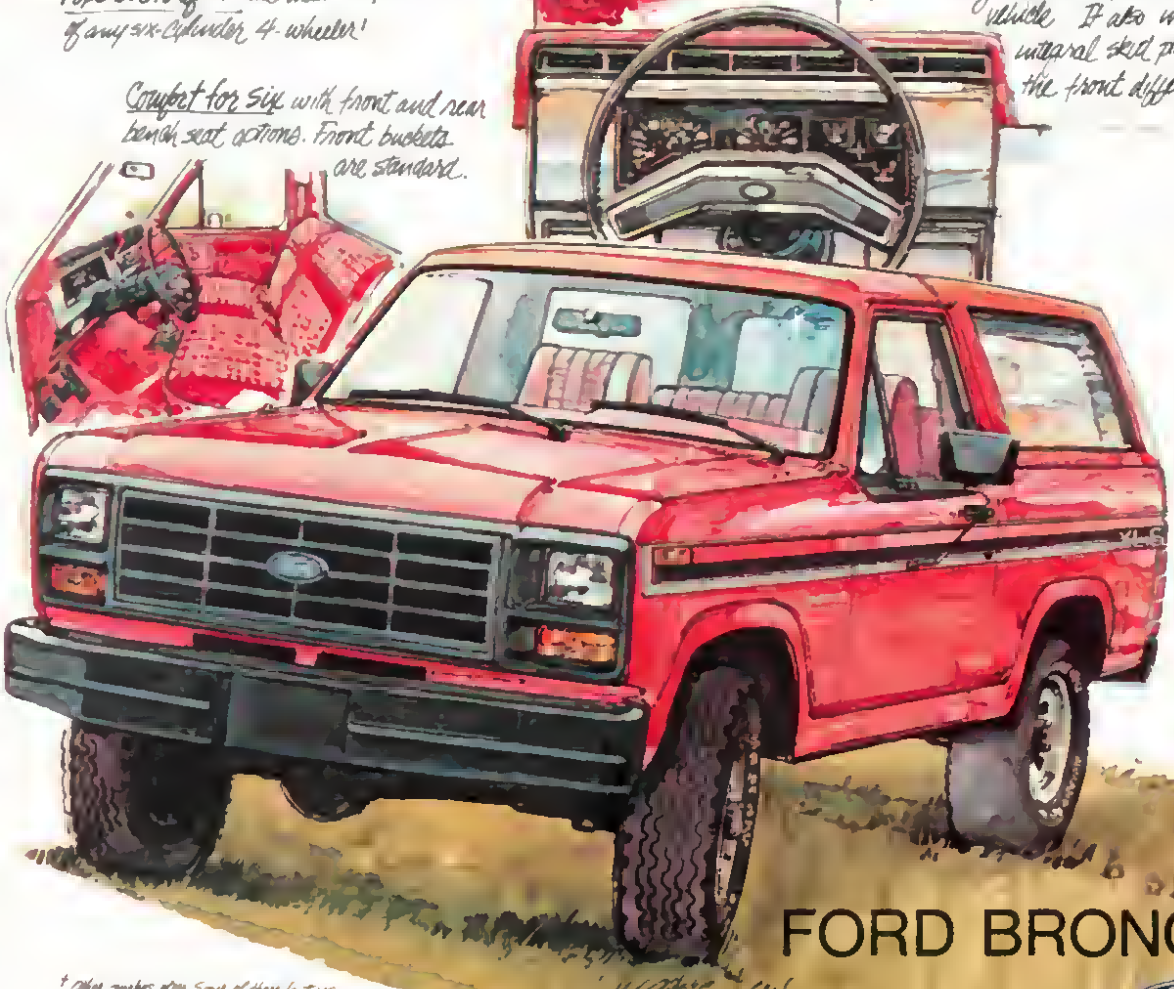


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sippi, but better off than they are."

This backwater self-consciousness does create a sensitivity in a few of the more enlightened precincts in the Mind of Dixie, an apprehension that the more successful The Bear's football team is, the more the rather undistinguished state university, which incidentally shares its name, must suffer by comparison. The school's new president, an Alabamian and a Harvard man, Joab Thomas, has, for instance, confessed to friends how disturbed he is that the major faculty concern expressed to him so far is that their Tide tickets aren't so good as in autumns past. Indeed, for many in Tuscaloosa, The Bear's gridiron preeminence stands out as a guidon to follow into their own battles. Says Arthur Thompson, a respected professor of economics, "I see The Bear as an incentive, to make all of us here ask why can't we have as much success in our areas of the university as he does in his."

Yet, as a law professor points out, one clear legacy of Wallace that lingers in the state is an intellectual perversity, a tendency to sneer at all those pointy-headed liberal wimps. In this respect, it is significant that Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant is not merely indigenous and cultural, Southern and country football. He's the only game in town.

Alabama is part of that last swath of genuine football territory that hasn't been encroached upon by the pros: from the Georgia line, west through northern Louisiana and Arkansas, north including all of Tennessee, is a duchy of perhaps 15 million people, virgin to the NFL. College alumni are only a small portion of the whole fandom, which tends to think of the University of Alabama as a football team and nothing else.

Understand, if the university is a football factory, that isn't The Bear's fault. He isn't to blame that the woebegone library languishes, that professors in the English department didn't have telephones until seven months ago. Football runs deep. The most famous of President Thomas' predecessors was President George Denny, who directed funds to the construction of a stadium while having seniors teach freshmen. It was under Denny that a football recruit named Bryant was brought in, then given two courses at Tuscaloosa High to prop up his admission. Denny had seen the value of football; Alabama's Rose Bowl juggernauts had put the state on the map when precious else but the Ku Klux Klan was achieving that. Finally they named the president's greatest achievement after him: Denny Stadium. Two years ago it was renamed: Bryant-Denny Stadium.

The issue isn't simply. Does football diminish education? There are a lot of places besides Tuscaloosa where it is more popular to install AstroTurf than bookshelves. In fact, a great deal of it is just that The Bear makes a game so respectable, perhaps even too much so. Surely it is revealing how many of the Tide fans dress—overdress—for the games. To kill. To the nines. The large numbers of preppie fashion plates in an Alabama football crowd make it look like something out of O'Hara rather than Faulkner. It's just another way to dress up the game, too, make it more legitimate.

By now The Bear and football in Alabama are one and the same. He is football incarnate, which will make it very difficult whenever he must depart. Oh, sure, whoever succeeds him might well keep the victories coming, might keep filling the stadiums (the Tide has a spare in Birmingham) and traveling to the bowls. But it will never be so fine again. The Bear is exalted and he, in return, makes it possible for the people in Alabama to take football more to heart than others can. So when The Bear goes, it will not just be that one more link to the past will be broken, that a little more of that curious Southern combination of eternal knighthood and childhood will fade. It will be harder for football ever to mean so much again in Alabama. Not even winning will be quite the same.



This commemorative bust of Bear will set you back $4,500.

As the wins have piled up, The Bear has become proportionately more self-effacing, exchanging his houndstooth hat for a hair shirt after every game. When the Tide wins, it is because of the assistants and the boys and their mommas and daddies, everybody but him. When Alabama loses, he marches right in to see the winning coach and starts with the *mea culpas*. Of course, this isn't all that heart-wrenching for The Bear because he knows nobody believes him anyhow. It's like the Jack Benny cheapskate routine.

Hear, for example, from Kim Norris, senior majorette—Crimsonette—who has spent all her life ("I can barely remember Joe Namath") around Tuscaloosa: "It's really depressing when it does happen, when we do lose. I just try to put it out of my mind. I mean, nobody's supposed to beat Alabama. Nobody's supposed to beat Bear Bryant. But we know it's not his fault, whatever he says. It's the quarterback who fumbled or the sun got in somebody's eyes or it's just a bad day, but it's never Coach Bryant."

Probably to make it harder for anybody else to get a big head, The Bear goes on taking all the blame. Watching films of this season's Ole Miss game for the first time, he noted, after one good ground gainer, something called the "whoopee pass": "That's the only play I called all day." Minutes later, though, on his statewide TV show, the—not surprisingly—top-rated college football program in the country, he took no credit for

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the whoopee pass, but when Alahama failed on fourth and two, he was quick to shoulder the blame. "I send in all the bad plays," he announced, shifting comfortably in his sackcloth and ashes.

Or, for variety, sometimes The Bear prefers to go the other way, which is that he doesn't coach at all, hasn't for years. "I think I was a good coach once," he says pitiably. "Now I just have good people to coach for me. I do still know a whole lot about coachin' people." Of course, in this dumb-as-a-fox routine there is a kernel of truth. However inspirational football coaches are supposed to be, however creative, the prime requisite may well be an executive ability—selecting capable lieutenants, pointing them in the right direction and then just checking the compass now and again.

There was a wonderful moment in this year's Ole Miss game when the Tide was on defense and The Bear decided he would come over and palaver with his quarterbacks. Only it turned out that all the quarterbacks were clustered around Mal Moore, the offensive coordinator, who was drawing plays on a portable blackboard set up behind the bench. And when The Bear came up from behind, he could hardly see in. Worse than that, none of the quarterbacks even knew he was there, because they were staring so intently at the blackboard. The Bear looked so foolish, sort of like a little boy trying to peer over the big folks in front to see the parade going by. He would step this way and that, but he couldn't get in; there were always helmets and shoulder pads blocking his view. But did The Bear ever say word one? He did not. All he had to do was mumble hoo and those shoulder pads would have parted like the Red Sea. But it was good enough for The Bear to see that the quarterbacks were all paying such strict attention to Moore—that's the whole idea, isn't it?—so, after a time, without anybody even knowing he'd been there, he just ambled off. It was a few minutes later, mulling things over, that he called the old whoopee pass.

Bum Phillips, the head coach of the New Orleans Saints, recalls the first day he worked as an assistant to The Bear, at Texas A&M. "He told me to go organize the quarterbacks and centers. I got there early, and I looked around and there weren't any footballs. I waited and waited; still, no footballs. So I walked up to Coach Bryant and asked, 'You reckon those managers are gonna get those balls down here?'

"And he looked at me and said, 'Well, I don't know. But I'll tell you one damn thing, I ain't gonna get 'em.'

"On the way to gettin' the balls, I figured out the difference between the head coach and the assistant coach."

Unfortunately, a number of the 44 of The Bear's protégés who have ascended to head coaching positions have never figured that out. "The trouble is," Phillips says, "a lot of these people might have known football, but they tried to coach like they thought Bryant coached. But he doesn't coach the way they thought he coached. Why, he'd give out the impression that he'd never let a player get away with anything. But at the same time, he did. And the people who worked for him didn't even know it. And he'd make everybody think he thought they were the best on the staff. It was the same way with the players. I don't know as he ever planned a damn thing he did. He just does it."

Yet except perhaps for laying on the old-dumb-me stuff a little thick, The Bear isn't a conniving man, as much as with any celebrity, the public figure matches his private man. He truly is genuine in how he cares for his players as whole people, and not just as split ends and centers. The woods are full of old associates he came to help in their times of travail. "I'll tell you the truth," The Bear says, "I can't even go to these conventions anymore. It takes me an hour to get to an elevator, from all these 50-year-old assistants asking me to he'p 'em find a job. It just breaks my heart." He cries when an old friend dies, and he harks back to memories of Mama regularly. At home, he does what Mary Harmon tells him to do, and he still says she's the prettiest girl in the world. He raises hell with the boys, pays deference to the ladies and pats little children on the head.

In the main, in public, he has been picked dry by now. What more can he revealed about an old country fellow who has coached football all his life? But, of course, in the countdown to 315, Bearologists have multiplied. There is even a book out now, written by some modern-day Parson Weems, entitled *YOUNG BEAR. The Legend of Bear Bryant's Boyhood*. "According to the best research available, the following events in Bear Bryant's boyhood actually occurred," it says. Presumably the best research would be to ask The Bear. He's



In 1915, well before he became Coach or Bear, young Paul Bryant (left) posed with his family.



Even a pre-houndstooth Bear chewed out refs.

still alive. Billy Varner is still driving him all around in the Buick. But, anyway, here is a certified highlight of his legendary childhood:

"Paul was still 11 when he took his now-famous cat to church and not long after that when he took that now-famous turtle to school."

In other words, when his cats and turtles have grown "now-famous," we have heard it all.

Oh, sure, people who don't know him well like to say there is a Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant nobody really knows except possibly Mary Harmon and a couple of his good business pals who have made him lots of money. But who would believe a fool thing like that? If there has been another Bear hiding in the weeds all these years, then that certainly devalues the one we have gotten to know so well. "Why, you have to be yourself," The Bear says. "Least of all you can't fool players. Ain't that so, Billy?"

In fact, the only time The Bear has come a cropper has been when he stopped being himself—as in the late '60s, when all hell was breaking loose around the country.

"I just didn't know how to handle the change, so I started to think we must be winnin' by outcoachin', and anytime you think that, that's when you will get your ass whipped," he says. "Why, before that, I ate with my quarterback every day, but I got outta that, and then along came that rebellious era, that dope era, that why-you-want-me-to-do-this era. The players wanted to be like every other *student*, and you can't be that way and win. You just can't.

"But the biggest thing was, I was just doin' a lousy job. So when I understood that, I read the riot act to them and got back to work myself. I changed my approach, too. I used to tell a player comin' in, now you're gonna have to be a little bit better player each day, and you're gonna have to do better in your academics and learn lessons every day. And if you do this, you'll be a better person and be able to take your place in society better than when you came here.

"But the kids changed, so now I start the other way, at the other end of the barrel. I tell a boy, if you're *not* a special kind of person when you come here, I don't want you. See how I turned it around? 'Course, I do still tell 'em if I can't love you and pat you and brag on you, I don't want you. I think I can do that better'n anybody."

What, exactly? Do you mean, inspire?

"I don't know. And if I did, I wouldn't tell you."

This season, as The Bear feared, as Alabama's relatively modest record attests—relative to other Crimson Tide teams, understand—he has been bedeviled by the pressures of the approaching record. At times he has betrayed his instincts and not pushed the Tide as vigorously as he believed he should for fear critics would accuse him of being selfish. It irks him, too, that the hullabaloo is somewhat manufactured.

"All I know is, I don't want to stop coaching and I don't want to stop winning, so we're gonna break the record unless I die," he says. State law will permit him to hold his job through the 1983 season, when he turns 70, but should he desire, he will almost surely stay on after that, either with an age exemption provided by special state legislation, or through an obsure NCAA provision that permits one volunteer coach per athletic department. Normally, this is somebody who comes in to handle the kayaking team or ladies' handball, but it is just as applicable to the head football coach. The Bear is wealthy enough and could keep making a pile on side deals, so coaching on the cuff would be no great hardship. In any event, whatever the arrangements to keep him in his tower, it is understood that he has delegated a couple of his closest friends to tell him the truth if he ever starts to lose his marbles. He doesn't, says a confidant, "want to pull a Rupp and have to get dragged out of here."

For now, though, there is no escaping the Hank Aaron or Pete Rose role he must play, by the numbers. Some alumni have donated a huge trailer, which is hauled back and forth between the two Tide stadiums in Tuscaloosa and Birmingham so that The Bear can address the world in style after each home game. The trailer looks rather like something a TV preacher might take on the road, with a choir. There are chairs for more than 100 press, who peer up toward where The Bear sits in something of a pulpit-type arrangement. There is a red carpet on the floor, and a clapboard wall behind him and a $4,800 sound mixer to snare and amplify his mumbled responses.

Of course, The Bear has for long been the center of a real cottage industry in Alabama, with all sorts of icons and other Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant collectibles being turned out. The approaching record has served as an excuse to manufacture a whole new generation of Bear keepsakes, all "315" models: cushions, calendars, bumper stickers, banners, buttons, kerchiefs, statues and those large foam hands with the index finger raised. For folks with more expensive *continued*



Bear was "the other end" in the Hutson era.

tastes, there are busts, guaranteed to be of a "stonelike material," at $50, commemorative coins (peaking at $1,250 for a platinum job) and paintings and original sculpture up to $4,500.

The Bear himself doesn't altogether discourage this harmless idolatry. He even turned a dollar or two once himself, in partnership with Sonny Werblin of Madison Square Garden, peddling replicas of his houndstooth hats. For the more reflective there is on display in two adjoining rooms of the Memorial Coliseum, the Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant memorabilia collection. The relics have been donated by the subject himself, and it is a solemn tribute, nearly hallowed.

Everything conceivable relating to The Bear has been exhibited: declarations, magazine covers, trophies, cartoons, keys to the city—from Sylacauga, Anniston, Florence, Gadsden and any number of other places; that is a whole section just by itself, keys to the city. There is an autographed photograph of Esther Williams.

And every picture of The Bear identifies him as *Coach* Bryant. It isn't only Coach Bryant and Lana Turner and Coach Bryant and Joe DiMaggio, it's Coach Bryant and Herman Hickman, Coach Bryant and Ara Parseghian, Coach Bryant and Bud Wilkinson. There is only the one coach.



When 315 is won, the trinket vendors will all be more than ready.

Now on this particular sweltering day in the middle of last summer, the memorabilia rooms were almost asphyxiating people because the rooms had been shut up since school let out. The only reason they had been opened was because Frank House, the old catcher with the Detroit Tigers, had come down from Birmingham. House is a well-spoken man in his 50s, trim and handsome, but he has always been known as Pig around home—Pig House. He was in the rooms with Charley Thornton, an assistant athletic director, because The Bear had given Pig permission to take some of the objects for the Alabama Sports Hall of Fame.

All of a sudden, here comes The Bear himself, wet from the heat, shuffling along, looking exceptionally old, his seersucker pants drooping down. He acted as if he had just stumbled this way, even though it was far down at the other end of the coliseum, on another floor, from his air-conditioned offices, and Billy was waiting to take him home to Mary Harmon. Obviously, someone had told him. Hey, Coach, you know Pig House is down there taking things out of your memorabilia rooms.

House looked up in distress; Thornton came to his aid. "You remember, Coach," he said quickly, "you told Pig he could take some of your stuff up to the Hall of Fame."

"Sure I remember," The Bear replied. "I j 'st want to see *what* it is he's takin'. that's all." And he came into the sweatbox and started examining all the things about Coach Bryant. It was like Huck Finn attending his own funeral.

Pig reported about which of the items he had already put in his Cadillac. "O.K." The Bear said, and he started searching the walls himself. He already looked a whole lot younger than when he had stepped into the place. He didn't even look as hot anymore. "Here!" he called out. "SEC coach, alltime. Now that's not a bad thing, either. Alltime SEC coach."

House and Thornton couldn't agree more, and hurried to get the SEC citation off the wall. "And Coach of the Decade National. Where's that?" The Bear asked. "Let's find that one." The three of them started searching for that award, too, but it just couldn't be located anywhere. You just cannot believe how much stuff is jammed into those memorabilia rooms.

At last, Thornton tried to help out. "How 'bout this, sir? The Arkansas Hall of Fame certificate?"

Look out. That was the wrong thing to say.

"No sir!" The Bear thundered. He wasn't mumbling any now. "Why it took them five years to put Hutson in, and he was a better player than anybody else even *walked* across Arkansas. They asked me to speak that year, and I flat wouldn't do it. No, sir. Then it took 'em another ten years 'fore they put me in. They had *girls* and ever'thin' else in 'fore me. *No . . . sir!*"

So much for the Arkansas Hall of Fame. They all went back to searching for Coach of the Decade. "Wait, I got one," The Bear suddenly cried. "The Kentucky Man of the Year. Why, you know what? I got that when Alben Barkley, who was from Kentucky, was the Vice-President of the United States."

So everybody abandoned the Coach of the Decade hunt and got into looking for the Kentucky Man of the Year.

And just for an instant there, glancing about, The Bear found himself face-to-face with an old picture of himself—young and strong and handsome, curly-haired and clear-eyed, and he didn't know anybody was watching, and he couldn't help but peer at himself. Hell, he sees his countenance all the time. It's on just about every product in the Heart of Dixie. But this was different. Old Coach Bryant just couldn't help but share a moment with young Coach Bryant.

And a smile creased his lips. Still being a coach at 68, still being Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant is better even than being a legend in your own time. In a couple more weeks, two-a-days would be starting again, and the world would be young once more, and Alabama true. END

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PERSPECTIVE

by GRADY JIM ROBINSON

A THANKSGIVING DAY FOOTBALL GAME STOPPED THE CLOCK FOR THE ALUMNI

"Hut one! Hut two!" I barked, licking the salty remains of turkey from my lips just as the football came flying toward me. Overweight, potbellied grown men in full pads snorted and grunted, trying to block my punt. I, too, was suited up in a complete football uniform, looking through the face mask of a helmet that smelled of sweat-stained padding. As our opponents, the Mansfield (Ark.) High School alumni, charged, through a blur of red and blue, I suddenly realized I couldn't get the kick away: I tucked the football under my arm and ran with all haste to the left.

I was doing what almost every armchair athlete dreams of as he looks back on his high school football career—giving it another shot. He's thinking, "Why wasn't I better? Why wasn't I a star?" At age 22 or 32 he's 20 pounds heavier than he was as a 17-year-old fuzzy-cheeked high-schooler. Because he is older, he is also tougher and more aggressive, and thus, quite naturally, he looks back and wonders, "Why wasn't I meaner, tougher and faster?"

Many of us would give a month's salary for one more chance, and that's why the Greenwood Bulldogs vs. the Mansfield Tigers alumni game came about on Thanksgiving Day 1973. It was publicized as a fund-raising event for the Jaycees, but that was obviously just a cover. The oldtimers wanted another crack at the gridiron and were willing to risk life, limb and gainful employment to prove to the world, to the town, to family and friends, but mostly to themselves, that they were indeed, or perhaps could have been, great.

ILLUSTRATION BY STAN MACK



My wife and I had driven the 200 miles to Greenwood, which is 14 miles from Mansfield, from our home in Tulsa to share Thanksgiving dinner with my family. I was stiff and sleepy as we headed north on Main Street. Then I saw the hundreds of cars parked at the football field. I straightened up, alert and wondering who might be playing. We pulled into the driveway of the home where I spent my youth fantasizing about athletic greatness. We got out of the car, and I could see from our front yard that there was an alumni game . . . and tried to remember if I had brought any sweat socks.

My father, who was the high school coach for 38 years, had retired the year before. We greeted each other at the front door. "Hi, Mom! Hi, Dad! Say, what's going on down at the field?"

"Those crazy Jaycees have an oldtimers game going," my father growled. "It's insane. Out of shape, overweight, they'll kill each other."

"Yeah, it's really stupid," I agreed, peeping out the window, "I've had enough."

"I should hope so," a voice rang out from the kitchen, where my mother pulled the turkey and dressing from the oven. "The last time you got in an alumni game you spent the night in the hospital, remember?"

"Yeah," I said, and laughed, too loudly. "That was just one of those things. Accidents happen."

"Lots of accidents that night. If I remember correctly, four of you ended up in the hospital."

"What on earth did you do?" asked my wife, who had never heard of the alumni game seven years earlier, when we played the Air National Guard of Fort Smith. It seemed like half the town had ended up hospitalized or immobilized, but we won 19–6.

"Collarbone, no problem, actually. Say, when do we eat?"

"It's ready right now."

We had a wonderful Thanksgiving dinner with all the trimmings. The talk was good and it was nice to be with the family. I enjoyed the home cooking, but I began to get restless. After the main course I said, "Hey, I think I'll walk down to the field and see some of the old gang, and then after the game I'll come back for pumpkin pie."

"O.K., fine," said Mom, "I'll have it ready with fresh coffee."

Dad gave me a strange look, but I walked nonchalantly out the back door. After I closed it, I sprinted for the car, and frantically dug out some sweat socks.

I arrived just before the half and took a seat in the stands, where I chatted with people I had known at school. The players on the field looked slow and overweight. Plumbers, truck drivers, salesmen and a few coaches were out there together like big prize hogs at the fair. Men limped on and limped off between plays, laughing and lighting up cigarettes. The rules permitted unlimited substitutions and time-outs.

At the half I walked into the locker room and greeted old friends. We laughed and joked a bit.

"Hey, Robinson, get it on, here's some shoes right here," said Gary Gilliam, president of the class of 1963.

"Oh, man! You got to be kidding," I said as I scanned the room for some shoulder pads and pants. "I'm too old for that stuff. You guys are crazy."

"Sure we are, but I got in one lick that made it all worth it."

"Yeah, it's crazy," said Charlie Miller, another friend. "but whoever said we was smart?" We all laughed.

By the end of the halftime break the wild stories were finished, the beer all

continued

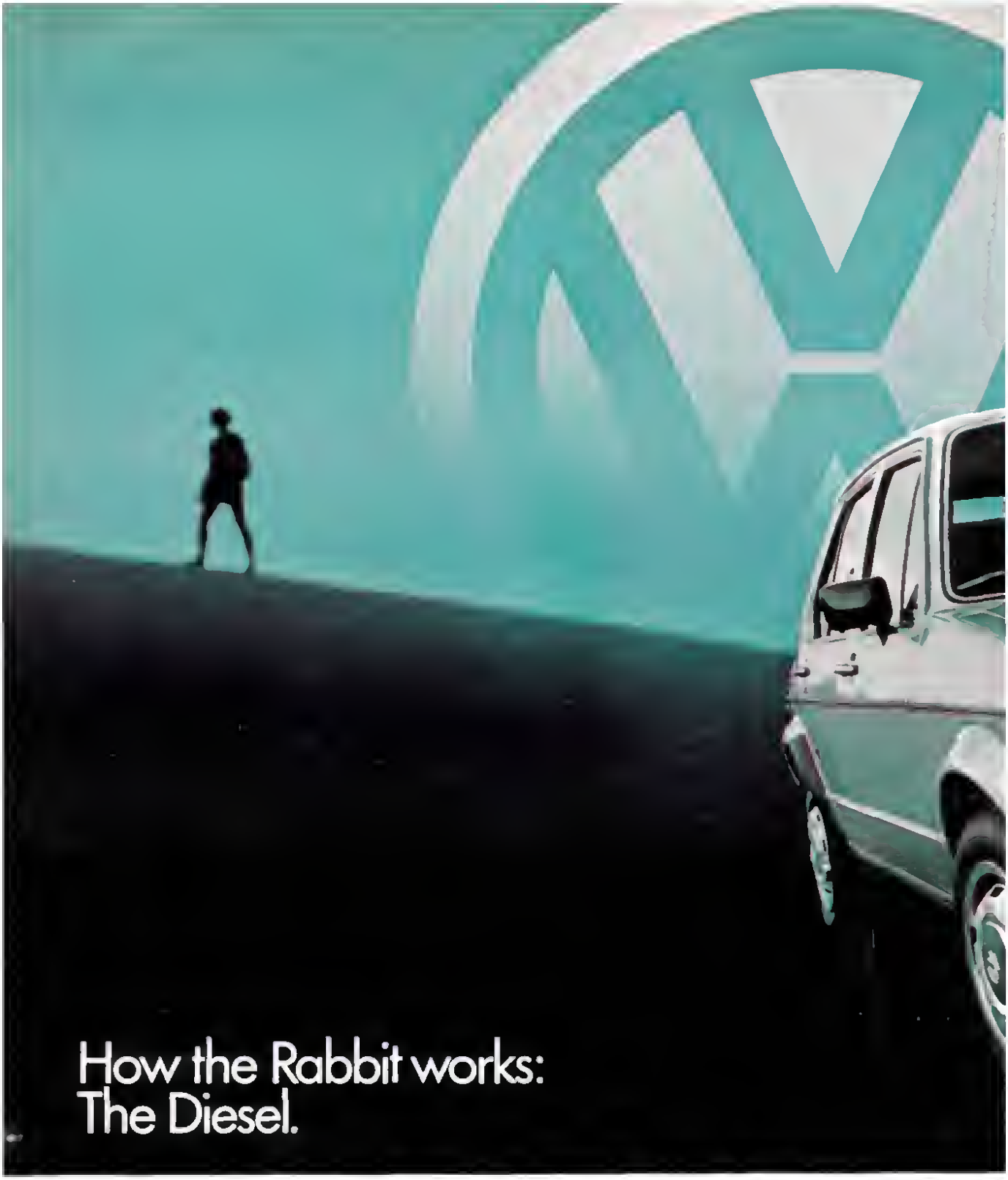


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gone, and I had my entire uniform picked out. As the battered players walked out to the field, I quickly peeled off my shirt and pants and slipped on the sweat socks. I pulled on football pants and stuffed two very cold thigh pads into the pockets inside the pants. I luckily found shoes that fit on the first try, pulled on shoulder pads and grabbed a jersey that had been lying on the floor, No. 25. The third helmet I tried on fit perfectly, and at the kickoff I walked to the Greenwood bench, feeling like an idiot.

"Well, look what the dogs drug up, boys," someone said.

Halfway through the third quarter, the Bulldogs had failed to move the ball. "We need a punter," someone shouted.

"I'll try it!" I chirped. I had punted in high school just 10 seasons earlier.

"Get in there and punt."

So that's how it happened. Full of turkey and dressing and gravy and yams and hot rolls; 27 years old, a family to support, a tender body, and two 240-pounders coming directly at me with bodily harm in mind.

I tucked the football and sprinted left. It took them by surprise and the field was wide open. I ran for 35 yards before the opposition began to close in. The run was euphoric. I tried to fake left and go right, but the fake didn't take and I was hit from four directions. Luckily, no one got in a solid blow, and I came down with only a busted lip that puffed up like an old Schwinn tire. I came off the field to the roar of the crowd—a few wives and kids.

We laughed. We hollered at each other and laughed some more and cussed and complained and wiped traces of blood from noses and lips.

In the fourth quarter the Mansfield alumni led 6–0; it was a game filled with defensive brilliance. Also, everyone ran in slow motion. We had a third and six on our 43-yard line and someone said, "Put Robinson in there, he used to throw."

There I stood again, now under the center. We had decided to sweep left. I would simply hand the ball to Carroll Lowe, one of the great Bulldog halfbacks of all time, from the class of '65. "Hut one," I roared, hoping my voice wouldn't be recognized echoing up the hill 200 yards to our house. "Hut two," and the ball slapped firmly into my hands. I stepped back and, just as I had 10 years earlier, I held the ball out for the halfback—but this time something strange happened. Maybe it was because I subconsciously felt that as a high school athlete I had been a disappointment to my father, or maybe it was because in high school we had run the single wing and as the quarterback I seldom got to carry the ball. Or maybe it was because after high school I ran track in college and after five years of hard work could run a 100-yard dash under 10 seconds even though it took me 30 yards to get my long frame unwound out of the blocks. Who knows why I faked the ball and ran a naked bootleg around right end?

It was an interesting experience. My legs were still stiff from a three-hour drive. My stomach was still full of turkey, and when I circled right end I saw that two men in red helmets were coming my way. That's when I thought, "This is insane."

I tried to relax and run. I saw they were overweight. I figured them for a coal miner and a factory worker who liked to deer hunt. I got unwound. They snorted and moaned. I heard them breathing heavy. I burped. I went down the sideline untouched. At the 10-yard line I looked up to the chain fence and saw my father. He stood there smoking a Marlboro, looking at me and shaking his head as if to say, "Will he ever grow up?"

More laughter on the bench. More headshaking and bad jokes about aging, and slaps on the back and a funny feeling inside my stomach. It's not every Thanksgiving that I make a 67-yard touchdown run.

After the game, which we won 12–6, I quickly dressed, shouted a goodby to old friends and was out the door in five minutes. I jogged back to the house, walked through the door and sat down at the table just in time to get some pumpkin pie and fresh coffee.

"Who won?" asked Mother, to make conversation.

"Oh, I think Greenwood did," I said.

"See anybody you know?" asked Dad calmly.

"Oh sure, the whole bunch. Crazy guys were having a ball."

"Say," said Dad with a sarcastic grin, "who was the big ole tall boy down there?"

"Just an oldtimer come back to recapture his youth and try it one more time," I replied.

My wife said, "What's wrong with your lip?" END



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First Person

by REMAR SUTTON

A FIRST-TIME PARACHUTIST DIES MANY DEATHS AND LIVES TO TELL ABOUT IT

The six of us were jammed together, frozen in quiet panic. No one spoke or looked around. We all knew that in a few moments our little plane with a hig hole in its side would level off and the pilot would yell, "Ready!"

The person in Position I would then assume a crouched, crippled-looking stance, grah the right wing strut with both hands and carefully place his left foot on the six-inch foothold riveted below the opening. He would stretch his right foot as far as he could into the air so that it was nearly perpendicular to the plane. And jump.

"What in God's name am I doing in this plane," I thought. One thing was sure—I hadn't the slightest desire to jump out of it. I was going to, however. I may be stupid, hut I'm certainly not chicken. Perhaps.

The now-defunct Titusville, Fla. skydiving cluh had issued me the challenge over the radio during one of the cluh's spectacular exhihitions. The show consisted of more than 400 parachutists landing along 48 miles of beach. Seventeen radio stations had formed an ad hoc network to cover the event. I was the network's announcer, as well as the organizer of the dive. While I was hroadcasting from the roof of the 2100 Towers huilding in Cocoa Beach, Harvey Glass, president of the cluh, came down right in front of me, his toes barely touching the beach for several seconds in a riveting display of parachute hallet. As soon as he'd touched down for good, he grahbed Thunderehicken, another skydiver, and rushed up the 21 floors to be interviewed.

He'd planned the challenge that morning, knowing that it would be much easier for me to seem hrave, or perhaps harder for me to seem a coward, if thousands of people heard his words. Harvey looked me right in the eye as he spoke into the microphone and with a great hig grin from ear to ear said, "Buhba, I bet you wouldn't dare jump out of a plane."

"Sure, of course, I'll jump," I said. "It wouldn't bother me in the least." Thunderchicken just laughed. I think he would laugh if on a jump neither of his parachutes opened. I felt relieved that Harvey rather than Thunderehicken would be my instructor.

Harvey is a janitor hy profession. He likes that type of work because it leaves him plenty of free time to dive, his only real love according to his wife. And Harvey is even-tempered and very precise, the type of person who makes a good teacher. Thunderchicken is perhaps a more talented jumper than Harvey, and he's much more famous, hut he reminds me too much of a snake-oil salesman from Oklahoma. He wears funny hats and likes to spit tohacco juice long distances. And he can always give you a deal on a watch. "You like my watch?" he'd say through a cloud of cigar smoke. "Solid gold. You can have it for a sawhuck."

I distrust cigar smokers, watch peddlers and snake-oil salesmen who wear funny hats, especially when they're skydivers who are impressed with their own hravura. Thunderehicken is renowned for diving out of balloons without a parachute. Only an elastic rope attached to his leg hreaks his fall. He has skydived hlindfolded with his hands tied behind his hack. On this stunt he pulls the ripcord with his bare feet.

Thunderehicken is also very impatient. I learned that during a hot-air balloon race a few days before the Titusville skydiving show. We were riding in his balloon, which has a lightning bolt and a pink chicken stenciled on it, and I was having a magnificent time. Thunderchicken, however, was mad. A gas valve that regulated the hurner and, thus, the amount of hot air in the halloon was sticking. Thunderehicken didn't attempt to adjust the valve with a screwdriver; he simply beat it into suhmission with a large wrench. Yes, I was happy this man wouldn't be my instructor.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDY MYER

Harvey had asked me to be at the diving center hy 9:30 the morning after the exhibition, hut I was a few minutes late, having gone to an early church service, my first in at least 10 years. When I arrived, five intense novices were sitting at Harvey's feet. "I want you to listen carefully to all that we're going to say and show you," he said. "If you don't, you probahly will not be on this earth in three hours." I didn't like the sound of that. But I did listen very carefully. My lips moved perhaps a second behind his, repeating every word.

Mary, my friend who is a stringer for one of the wire services, stood by us with a photographer. She was there to document in words and pictures whatever happened to me. At one point she ordered me to "smile and look at the camera." Mary could not have cared less about my need to concentrate or the fact that she had interrupted Harvey in midsentence. I felt like decking her on the spot, hut I chilled her with a look instead. She walked away in a huff, angry that I didn't appreciate the importance of her photographs, and plopped herself down on the front fender of her red '67 Buick convertible.

I hadn't liked Mary when we first met, I had found her apparently void of enthusiasm and chock-full of slowly spoken questions that seemed to roll with great effort from her mouth. I'd grown to like and respect her since then, hut my original feelings returned when I saw her sitting on the fender as our plane taxied down the runway, watching us through hinoculars. The photographer was next to her, holding a long telescopic lens. Mary waved as we lifted into the air, and I thought this might be my last sight of her.

I had fought this battle between bravery and stupidity before. I wondered which of these two closely related qualities had hrought me to this little plane with its door removed. "Buhba, why are you doing this?" It was the last of many questions Mary had asked me, and she seemed determined to get an answer before I jumped, as if it would be impossihle for me to answer afterward.

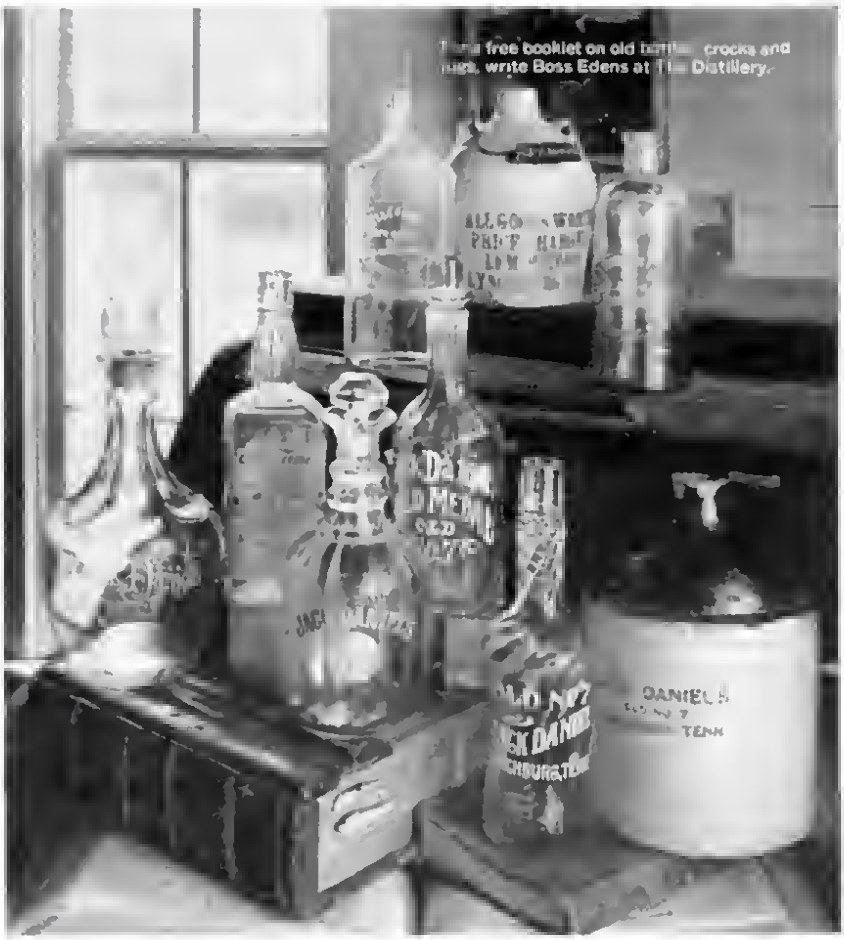
"Because it's there," I finally said.

continued



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"*What's* there? What are you talking about?"

"Hell, I don't know." It had been a silly answer. "The sky, the ground, soft ground, who in God's name cares?"

The plane began its climb to 2,700 feet, much lower than the altitude seasoned divers jump from, and I didn't like that. "Why can't we dive from 10,000 feet?" I asked, thinking that the additional distance would delay the inevitable moment when the ground and I would meet. It was noisy in the plane and out the windows I could see only sky. That was a comforting thought. No one could be hurt out there in that softness. I began to repeat part of the litany taught us that morning: "When you hear the word 'go,' throw yourself backward into a spread-eagle, your hands far behind your head, your head back, your eyes *wide open*, and count to 5,000, 1,000 . . . 2,000 . . . 3,000 . . ., as you spread." I remembered if my chute were not open by the time I got to 5,000, I'd have less than three seconds to pull my reserve chute. Oh God, what had I got myself into?

I'd done well in practice, jumping and spreading with the enthusiasm only absolute horror can bring, but my neck and joints still ached from the maneuvers Harvey had put us through. I had done especially well in my rolls, climbing the 13 steps to the platform and jumping off with my head up and my eyes closed. Upon impact I'd rolled shoulder first, not neck first, just as I'd been taught. Harvey stressed that it was important not to land neck first because "it's easy to break it that way." I practiced those rolls over and over.

As the plane continued its ascent, I kept thinking about a *Reader's Digest* article that I'd read years ago. It was about a man who had fallen 35,000 feet without a parachute and lived. Newton's law of gravitation aside, I began to believe that if men could survive falls from 35,000 feet, I would certainly be all right from a mere 2,700 feet. After all, that's only 270 stories.

But then I recalled all those short newspaper accounts of people dying from falls of three feet. I started to feel terrified that these moments, perhaps my last, were ticking away so quickly. I prayed.

I don't remember the five people jumping before me, though I vaguely recall the pilot repeating the orders to

continued

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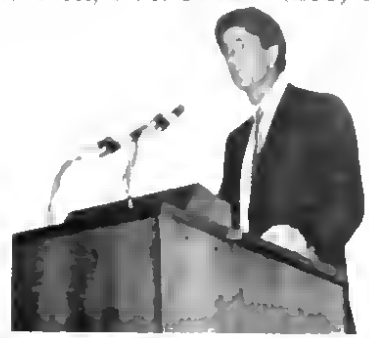
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them: "Ready! . . . Go! . . . Shift! . . ." I remember moving from Position 6 to Position 5, and, finally, to Position 1, right there next to the pilot and the wing that was just outside the large opening in the fuselage.

I felt ill and wondered if upchucking would indicate to the pilot that I shouldn't be allowed to jump. Suddenly I recalled the plane that had taken off that morning with the experienced divers, the guys who were going to show us neophytes how easy and safe all this insanity is. As the six of us watched the plane ascend, Harvey described the formation jump the divers would make. He then boasted that the club hadn't had a single fatality. "We don't have parachute problems here," he said, half holding that last word in his mouth as he ran from our group to the middle of the field to watch one of the experts descend. The diver was desperately trying to release his reserve chute without tangling it in the main one, which was fluttering uselessly in the slipstream.

The chute finally opened about 300 feet from the ground, and the man hit with such a force that he needed the aid of two people to make it from the drop zone. "That should actually make you feel better," said Harvey. He kept telling us that lightning didn't strike twice in the same place. I cursed when he said that. Lightning does indeed love to visit places again—and quickly.

I had carefully rehearsed everything that I would now face. But none of the dry runs had prepared me for the wind's tremendous velocity as I grabbed the strut. I hung on for dear life. There was no turning back. With more conviction than I needed to hear, the pilot said, "Once you're out there, you *must* go when I say go. If you don't, you can affect the stability of the plane, and I'll have to tip it and throw you off." Without knowing it, I began to wet my pants.

As I hung spread-eagled on the strut, I heard him yell, "Go!" But my mind wasn't ready. What if he had said, "No!" I thought I didn't move. "Go!" he repeated. I forced my head in his direction, doing my best not to look down and hoping that this little nightmare would end quickly.

"What did you say?" I said as if I hadn't the slightest idea why anyone, much less me, would stand on a little step 2,700 feet—270 stories—above the earth

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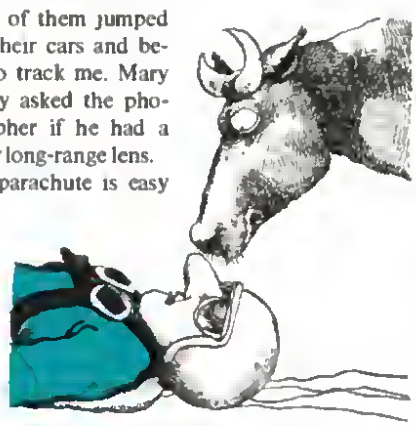
with a parachute on his back. The pilot was becoming irritated.

"Go, damn it!"

I have no memory of letting go or if I spread-eagled. I do recall that my head was thrown so far back that, if my eyes had been open, I probably could have seen my butt. I didn't remember to count to 5,000, or to look for my chute to blossom, either. I also forgot that if it weren't open by 5,000, I hadn't quite three seconds to open my reserve chute. I do remember my body straightening when the main chute opened.

Floating through the air beneath a parachute is a wonderful sensation. You don't hear anything, not even the sound of the wind, because you're moving with it. I began to enjoy the ride, using my toggle lines to turn left and right. Then, with my back to the wind, I decided that, yes, this was an easy sport after all. I admired the Indian River and the expressway below. I enjoyed the view of the Cape Canaveral Kennedy Space Center. I even composed a song, *Floatin' in the Wind*, which I sang to the tune of *Singin' in the Rain*. I wasn't aware of or in the least bit concerned with the airport, which was my target. I saw no need at the moment to worry about where I was supposed to land. I was simply suspended in midair, believing, I think, that some giant clothesline in the sky was holding me up indefinitely.

I later learned that Harvey and several others on the ground were aware of my state of obliviousness. Some of them jumped into their cars and began to track me. Mary merely asked the photographer if he had a *really* long-range lens.



A parachute is easy to guide. With the two toggle lines over your head, you can force air out of one side of the chute or the other, thereby making it serve as a miniature jet engine that can propel you in the direction of your landing target. Or at least that's what you're supposed to do. I had forgotten that lesson, until, all at once, the funny dots below began to look like people. I focused my attention on trying to locate the airport, an area of perhaps two acres with freshly turned soft soil between its runways. The airport was nowhere in sight. In fact, though I didn't know it at the time, it was miles away. I was headed smack-dab into the middle of an electric power substation, one of those places that convert thousands of something into hundreds of the same thing—all deadly. The substation was surrounded by busy streets and tall pine trees, both of which had given me visual pleasure just a few moments earlier.

I recalled two conflicting pieces of advice from Harvey: "If you're coming down close to power lines, point your feet straight down, hold your hands straight over your head and form the thinnest possible object with your body. If you're coming down in the midst of tall and pointed trees, pull your knees up to your chest and put your hands tightly over your crotch." Initially, I tried combining the two positions, pulling my knees to my chest while pointing my toes downward and placing one hand over my crotch and the other straight up in the air. I looked like someone who had just been stung on the vitals by a very large bee while waiting to make a fair catch of an extremely high punt.

The trees were rapidly approaching, and I tried maneuvering my toggle lines one last time in hopes of positioning myself over the only spot that seemed safe, a small backyard in Titusville. As I reached treetop level, I closed my eyes and waited. God, get me out of this.

The moment of impact seemed to last forever. I came to a stunned halt, lying on my right shoulder. As I lay wherever I had landed, afraid to move, I wondered whether I was in Heaven or Hell. I think I remained still for at least a minute, finally opening an eye only when I felt warm, rancid air being blown on my face. I must be in Hell. And Hell must start with bad breath.

As I peered up, all I saw was a pocked and slimy bulb. It was the nose of a black and white cow, and not a pretty one at

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that. I believe she was myopic because she wouldn't move her nose from my face. Within a minute, scads of kids and adults, many of them in those old-fashioned undershirts that have always reminded me of Mafia dons, had joined the cow. No one offered to help me up. They feared, I think, that my fall from the sky might in some way break their own bones.

I decided the situation called for dignity, the dignity of a professional skydiver who accidentally had gone astray. I gingerly got to my feet and sauntered through the rubberneckers, pulling in my chute along the way. "Hi, how are you?" I said to each one, as if I had just walked out of a neighborhood house to fetch the morning paper. I'd landed, it turned out, in the backyard I'd spotted.

Following one's first jump, custom dictates that a diver provide beer for his instructor, and I was prepared to do that for Harvey. As we returned to the airfield in his car, I remained calm and feigned enthusiasm for his sport, thinking that we soon would be drinking and laughing about my little miscalculation. Then Harvey told me about parachuting's other custom. "Bubba, it's better if you go right back up and jump again," he said. I usually don't lie, but his words struck more fear in me than the thousand deaths I had died before and during my jump. My words came quickly.

"Harvey, I really would love to jump *two* more times today," I said, "but I promised Mary that we would be at a party by one, and we're late now." He accepted my fib. Mary didn't, however, and back at the airport I had to keep interrupting when she said, "But Bubba, we don't . . ." .

For several weeks afterward, I made loud noises to all my friends that parachuting was my new favorite sport. I practiced rolls down the hall at the office and demonstrated the proper spread-eagle position at parties. I even induced a client to try a roll on his living-room floor, but his attempt unfortunately left him with a severe crick in his neck. I've never jumped again, though.

But thanks to Mary's photographer I have a terrific picture hanging in my study. It's a shot of my chute descending amongst the high-tension wires and the 40-foot pines. Mary entitled the picture Thunderchicken II.

She calls me that now. **END**

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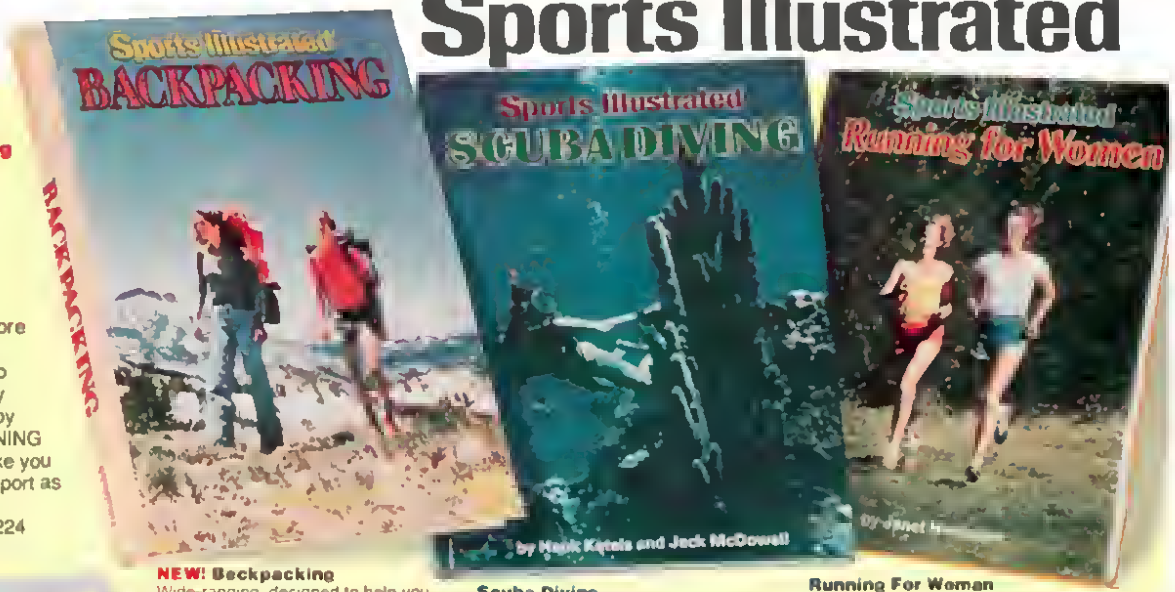
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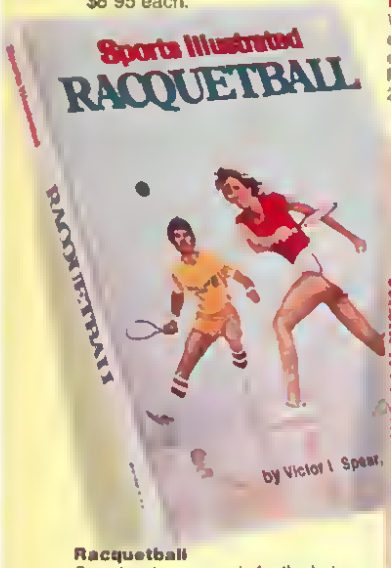
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 9-15

Compiled by JANE E. BACHMAN

PRO BASKETBALL—Boston and Philadelphia remained neck and neck in the Atlantic Division as each went undefeated on the week to tie for the lead at 8–1. Larry Bird and Robert Parish were the keys to the Celtics' triumphs, combining for 149 points in victories over Washington (90–84), Kansas City (115–100), New Jersey (111–97) and Cleveland (92–91). For the 76ers, it was Julius Erving and Darryl Dawkins who starred. Erving had 27 points in a 109–102 win over New York, Dawkins had a career-high 19 rebounds in a 105–85 defeat of Kansas City. Erving and Dawkins had 39 points between them in beating Chicago, 117–90, and Dr. J sank a jump shot with 37 seconds left to clinch a 95–93 win over Detroit. The Pistons rebounded from three straight losses behind rookies Isiah Thomas and Kelly Tripucka, who combined for 86 points, in wins over Cleveland, 130–99, and Atlanta, 117–104. The two triumphs kept Detroit close on the tail of Central Division-leader Milwaukee, which went 3–1 on the week. The Bucks' victories, 100–88 over New Jersey, 95–85 over New York and 98–96 over Cleveland, came surprisingly when Milwaukee was without its leading scorer, Brian Winters, who had pulled a muscle. Midwest Division leader San Antonio survived nicely without its injured leading scorer, George Gervin. Gervin's replacement, Ron Brewer, finished off a three-game stretch, in which he had 123 points, with 44 in a 128–102 defeat of Los Angeles. Then Gervin returned to action and showed the Spurs who was boss as he scored 47 points in a 119–112 win over Seattle. He added 23 points in a 110–105 defeat of Portland that kept San Antonio two games ahead of Utah, whose Adrian Dantley had 99 points in three games. Pacific Division leader Portland extended its undefeated streak to seven in handing Dallas its fifth consecutive loss, 117–95, but then the going got rough for the Trail Blazers on the road. They lost 122–115 to San Diego and 119–115 to Los Angeles. That was one of four wins for the Lakers, who were paced by the scoring of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Mitch Kupchak (*page 56*).

BOWLING—FRANK ELLENBURG beat Wayne Webb 209–182 to win a $95,000 PBA tournament in Syracuse, N.Y.

BOXING—AARON PRYOR retained his WBA junior welterweight title with a seventh-round technical knockout of Dujuan Johnson in Cleveland.

WILFRED BENITEZ scored a 15-round unanimous decision over Carlos Santos to retain his WBC junior middleweight crown in Las Vegas.

PRO FOOTBALL—Cincinnati, cellar-dweller in the AFC Central last year, remained atop the division, two games ahead of Pittsburgh, by beating Los Angeles 24–10. Bengal fullback Pete Johnson ran for two touchdowns and caught a 3-yard pass for a third as Cincy won its third straight. The Rams were thus unable to gain ground on Atlanta and division-leading San Francisco in the NFC West, both of which also lost. The Falcons fell to Pittsburgh 34–20 as Steeler Terry Bradshaw threw a career-best five TD passes, while the 49ers were upset 15–12 by the Browns. The loss stopped San Francisco's victory streak at seven. Minnesota's Tommy Kramer passed for 287 yards to pace the NFC Central-leading Vikings to a 20–10 triumph over New Orleans. The win put Minnesota two games ahead of Tampa Bay, Green Bay and Detroit, the Bucs lost 24–7 to AFC West leader Denver, the Pack edged Chicago 21–17 and the Lions beat Dallas 27–24. The Cowboys, who had defeated Buffalo 27–14 earlier in the week, thus dropped from their tie with Philadelphia for the NFC East lead. The Eagles beat Baltimore 38–13, Ron Jaworski throwing for two touchdowns and Wilbert Montgomery running for two, as the Colts lost their 10th straight. Last season the Jets finished where the Colts now are—at the bottom of the AFC East—but by beating New England 17–6, this year's Jets came within one game of division-leading Miami, which lost 33–17 to Oakland. The Jets also surged ahead of Buffalo, which suffered its second loss of the week—24–0 to St. Louis, as Cardinal Otis Anderson ran for 177 yards and two TDs. Elsewhere, Washington defeated the Giants 30–27 in OT, and Kansas City outlasted Houston 23–10.

HOCKEY—Norris Division-leading Minnesota spent the week hip-checking old club records out of the books. During a 15–2 win over Winnipeg, the North Stars scored eight times in the second period to set a team mark for goals in a period. The 15-goal total, also a club record, was one fewer than the NHL standard of 16 set by Montreal in 1920. Center Bobby Smith had four goals and three assists in that win for yet another Minnesota mark: seven points in a game. The North Stars then scored twice in seven seconds during a five-goal rally that tied Quebec 5–5. The two goals matched the time for the fastest pair of scores in club history, and they helped Minnesota remain the NHL's only unbeaten team at home. The Patrick Division-leading Islanders beat Winnipeg 5–3 and Toronto 4–3 to remain undefeated on the road before losing to the Flyers, 5–4—in Philadelphia. At home, the Islanders were forced to settle for a 5–5 tie with Smythe Division-leading Edmonton as Oiler Wayne Gretzky added a goal to his three assists by scoring with 39 seconds left to play. Gretzky was held to one shot on goal during a 5–2 loss to the Bruins (*page 44*) which shared the Adams Division lead with Montreal, after he scored twice in a 4–4 tie with Hartford. For the hapless Whalers, the tie was one of three winless efforts on the week. Philadelphia ended a four-game losing streak by beating Hartford 5–3, and the Whalers handed Washington its first victory in 15 games, 4–0.

HORSE RACING—PRINCELET ($28.60), William Nemeti up, won the $336,800 Meadowlands Cup by three-quarters of a length over Niteange. The 3-year-old ran the 1¼ miles in 2:02⅕.

POWERBOATING—JERRY JACOBY drove *Ajac Hawk*, a 37' 6" Cigarette, at an average of 70.9 mph over a 208-mile course off Key West, Fla. to win the American Power Boat Association's World Cup offshore championship. He finished 31 seconds ahead of Jerry Kilpatrick in a Squadron (*page 90*).

TENNIS—GENE MAYER won a $200,000 Grand Prix tournament in Stockholm with a 6–4, 6–2 victory over his older brother, Sandy.

JIMMY CONNORS beat John McEnroe 3–6, 2–6, 6–3, 6–4 and 6–2 to win a $175,000 tournament in London.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: As National League Cy Young Award winner, Los Angeles lefthander FERNANDO VALENZUELA, 21, who led the league in innings pitched (192⅓), strikeouts (180), complete games (11) and shutouts (eight). He is the first rookie and youngest player ever to receive the award.

As manager of the Montreal Expos, JIM FANNING, 54, who guided the Expos to their first National League East title as interim skipper after replacing the fired Dick Williams on Sept. 8.

As the eighth coach of the Washington Capitals in as many years, BRYAN MURRAY, 38, who had been coach of the Caps' Hershey, Pa. farm team.

TRADED: By the K.C. Kings, Center SAM LACEY, 33, to New Jersey for Forward MIKE WOODSON, 23, and a 1982 first-round draft choice.

By the Philadelphia Flyers, Center MEL BRIDGMAN, 26, to Calgary for Defenseman BRAD MARSH. 23. Calgary also sent Wing ERIC VAIL, 28, to Detroit for Wing GARY McADAM, 25, and two fourth-round draft choices, in 1982 and 1983.

By the Toronto Maple Leafs, Defenseman IAN TURNBULL, 27, to Los Angeles for Wing BILLY HARRIS, 29, and Defenseman JOHN GIBSON, 22.

By the Cleveland Indians, Second Baseman DUANE KUIPER, 31, to the San Francisco Giants for Pitcher ED WHITSON, 26.

DIED: BENJAMIN (BUTCH) GEARHART, 36, winner of five Professional Bowling Association events between 1967 and '73, of injuries suffered in a car accident, near Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

CREDITS

4—Lana Stewart. 43—Andy Hayt. 44—John Iacono. 45—Tony Triolo. 46—Roy Hobson. 47—Andy Hayt (top); Dick Raphael. 48—Peter Read Miller. 86—Steve Goldstein (top); Peter Read Miller. 76—Peter Read Miller. 87—Bill Pitt. 88—Mark Pallstain. 90,93—Eric Schwankardt. 10—Neil Leifer-TIME (top). 105—Manny Rubio. 108—University of Alabama Audio-Visual Department. 127—Robert Adams-Birmingham News (top); AP.

FACES IN THE CROWD



WES SUTER
BOSTON, VA.

Wes, 17, twice Virginia's state high school gymnastics champion, won the AAU Junior Olympic National meet in Winston-Salem, N.C. with first-place finishes in the floor exercise, parallel bars, high bar, vault and rings.



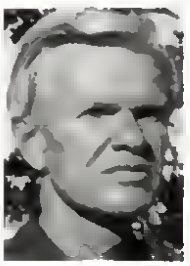
MONICA SCARSOROUGH
BROOKLYN

Monica set a U.S. girls' age-10 best in the 10,000-meter run with a clocking of 37:13.69 at the Empire State Games in Syracuse. She lapped all but second-place finisher Jacqueline Ekiss, who owns the U.S. girls' age-11 best in the 1,500 meters.



LEWIS REAGAN
TUCUMCARI, N. MEX.

Reagan, a senior center and kicker for Tucumcari High, booted a state-record 58-yard field goal in a 22–20 win over Lovington. He also kicked successfully from 43 and 50 yards in the same game for the Rattlers and was 7 for 9 on the season.



KEN OLAESNER
CINCINNATI

Olaesner, 54, president of a lighting firm and a 26-handicapper, has shot a hole in one in each of six consecutive months. The first and most recent of his aces were shot on the 170-yard 2nd hole at the Maketewah Country Club.



KATHLEEN HECKMAN
ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Kathleen, a senior at Bishop LeBlond High, beat Jennifer Forti of Ladue High 6–0, 6–3, to win her fourth consecutive Missouri state tennis title. Last year she had teamed with her sister, Mary Ann, to win their third straight doubles title.



TONY McDOWELL
MONS, BELGIUM

Tony, 13, pitched the Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe Little League team to the European region title, whiffing 36 and allowing only three hits in three six-inning tournament games. He batted 11 for 14 with five home runs.

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BOSTON'S BIRD

Sir

John Papanek outdid himself in his fantastic article about Larry Bird, a super human and super basketball player (*Gifts that God Didn't Give*, Nov. 9). It's an SI classic, and it made me feel good to know that money and fame haven't spoiled the NBA's "best all-around player." Bird really flies high.

RANDY L. JOHNSON
Elizabethton, Tenn.

Sir

I formerly lived in central Illinois, about 80 miles from Terre Haute, Ind., and I kept hearing rumbles about this guy Larry Bird at Indiana State. Being a realist, I knew that the rumors were an exaggeration, but I drove down to Terre Haute to see for myself. I stood in line for more than three hours and eventually paid more than the standard price for my ticket. When the game started, Indiana State won the tip against Ball State and Bird broke down the lane. He was guarded and didn't get the ball, so he pivoted and broke for the right sideline. He received the ball and executed a 32-foot, turnaround jump shot while flying out of bounds.

The game was only three seconds old, and I had been given my most vivid sports memory. Of course, by the end of the game I realized that what had so electrified me was pretty common stuff for Bird. I've been a Bird-watcher ever since. Thanks for the fine article about an amazing athlete.

TERRY MCDIVITT
Culpeper, Va.

Sir

John Papanek's article was insightful but it failed to recognize one of Larry Bird's outstanding qualities, his agility. I've tested more than 3,500 college and professional athletes, including Bird, with the ARCO ability test. There is a data file for that test that contains more than 70,000 scores on items of strength, speed, power, agility, endurance, etc. Bird's agility score put him at the 90th percentile. No tall athlete had ever tested that well before. Surely, this helps explain his "good positioning."

ROBERT F. MCDAVID, PH.D.
Human Performance Laboratory
Indiana State University
Terre Haute, Ind.

Sir

In the past, I've disagreed with SI on a lot of different issues, but I sure can't disagree this time. Larry Bird *is* the best all-around player in the NBA.

JEFF EMORY
Weaverville, N.C.

Sir

Larry Bird, the best all-around player in the NBA? No way! Magic Johnson is the best.

ARTHUR CASTILLO
Lansing, Mich.

Sir

Marques Johnson is clearly the best all-around player in the NBA.

TOM ORELLA
Stevens Point, Wis.

Sir

Larry Bird may be great, but Julius Erving is amazing.

RICH BARINGER
Quakertown, Pa.

SCHOOL DAYS

Sir

As a real-estate attorney, I've had plenty of opportunity in these troubled economic times to digest your magazine from cover to cover. I read with interest, as did my brother Shepherd, Bruce Newman's story *The NBA Goes Back to School*, Nov. 9). More interesting than the article, however, were Lane Stewart's classroom pictures.

The opening photograph shows two blackboards, one with Lincoln's picture above it and a radiator pipe and radiator on the right side, and the other with a picture of George Washington above it and a desk in front. The picture on page 40 again shows the blackboard with Washington's picture above it, but the radiator and radiator pipe appear here, too. At first we figured that Stewart had switched portraits and alphabet letters from one blackboard to the other. However, the photograph on page 40 does not show a light switch to the right of the radiator pipe as does the opening shot. In addition, the pencil sharpener appears to be on the right rear corner of the desk in the opener, whereas it shows up on the right front corner of the desk on page 40. Finally, the blackboard shown on page 40 appears to be dirtier than the one on page 39, which fact could be explained only if the diagram on page 39 was erased and replaced with a different one.

Our conclusion, with tongue in cheek, is that the pictures were taken in different classrooms. What we can't understand is, why?

THOMAS RANDOLPH LEWIS
Powhatan, Va.

• Chalk it up to artist's license, or as Stewart says, "When you build your own classroom [LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, Nov. 9], you can move the radiator around wherever you please." Actually, Stewart was striving for good composition. As for Coach Westhead's diagram, it was redrawn upside down by one of Stewart's assistants, so that it would better match a photograph of the actual Laker play that Stewart had already taken and that appeared on page 41.—ED

Sir

Lane Stewart's photographs reminded me of my high school days, when I wore a uniform that matched those of all my classmates. If I had ever been as much out of uniform as Kareem is, I would have spent several hours in detention.

BASIL A. KUZIO
Niskayuna, N.Y.

Sir

In the article, you say that Celtic President and General Manager Red Auerbach "never worked on a [college] campus in his life." Wrong! Auerbach was an assistant coach for Jerry Gerrard at Duke in 1949-50 and was credited with turning Dick Groat, a 12.5-points-per-game scorer for one semester of his sophomore year, into a 25-point scorer in his junior year by teaching him the jump shot during the intervening summer.

As a University of North Carolina alumnus, I've always felt Red would overcome working at Duke.

COOPER E. TAYLOR JR.
Atlanta

REBUTTAL FROM THE NFL

Sir

A letter from M.J. Duberstein of the NFL Players Association in your Nov. 9 issue contained inaccuracies regarding the profits of National Football League clubs. Duberstein used the Denver Broncos to reflect the NFLPA's contention that NFL clubs have a "league average of $5.1 million" profit each year. That contention is grossly incorrect.

According to the most recent audit of club finances by the accounting firm of Arthur Andersen & Co., NFL clubs averaged an income of $12.1 million and a profit of $836,000 for the 1979 season. The 1980 audited figures are not yet available, but allowing for normal increases, the figures will not approach the $14 million income or $2.5 million Bronco profit the union alleges.

In fact, we predict that the audited figures for the 1980 season will show the actual profit to decline by half and that the audit for the 1981 season will show a break-even year for NFL clubs. This grim forecast is based on audited figures that were introduced into the Dakland trial last summer in Los Angeles, not on Duberstein's nebulous source, "NFLPA research," which produced the fantasy profit figure of $5.1 million.

The actual profit figures are not difficult to understand in light of the NFL's system of

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revenues and expenditures. Revenues come from two primary sources: television money and ticket sales. According to the Andersen audit for 1979, about 46% of the revenues came from television and about 44% from ticket sales. The remaining 10% came from miscellaneous items such as revenue from postseason games, programs, concessions and royalties from NFL films. Expenses are divided just about equally into two areas: player costs and all other costs, which include travel, scouting, coaches' and administrative salaries, stadium rental, utilities, promotion, equipment and game-day expenses.

Club profits rise and fall in a cycle that parallels the television contract. For example, profits are highest in the first year of a television contract and gradually decline until a new contract is signed. The reason? When a new television contract is negotiated, the amount of money is fixed over the course of the contract. Player costs, on the other hand, continue to rise about 14% a year, while all other costs rise with inflation. For example, according to the Andersen audit for 1977, the last year of the previous television contract, the average NFL club *lost* $27,000. In 1978, the first year of the new contract—when profits were at their highest—the average club recorded a $2.2 million pre-tax profit.

True to the historical formula, the profit is steadily declining again. The union's figures are distorted.

JIM MILLER
Director of Information
NFL Management Council
New York City

• Because NFL clubs are considered private business enterprises, their financial records are not open to the public, or even available to the NFL Management Council, according to spokesman Miller. Team financial statements, he says, are submitted directly to the auditor, who, in turn, reports to the NFL only gross, league-wide averages. Therefore, there is no accurate way for SI to determine whose figures—the Players Association's or the NFL's—are more nearly correct. One must bear in mind, however, that the current contract between these two organizations expires in July and that, just before any new contract negotiations begin, unions traditionally argue that management's financial picture is rosy, while management takes a much bleaker view. The truth usually lies somewhere in between. As for Denver, General Manager Grady Alderman insists the Broncos suffered a "net loss from operations" in 1980 and that the biggest reasons for the loss were player costs and salaries, which he said were "in excess of 50% of our revenues."—ED

REMEMBER STAGG

Sir:

It's apparent that Amos Alonzo Stagg's long-standing record of collegiate wins will be eclipsed by Alabama's Bear Bryant. However, this fact should not negate Stagg's countless contributions to the development of the modern game or obscure his place in football history. Unfortunately, many young fans are unacquainted with Stagg's part in the evolution of the game from the days of the flying wedge to the slick, sophisticated version we see today. Stagg was one of the giants, along with Knute Rockne, Bob Zuppke, *et al.*

Stagg was the first to use wingbacks, the direct pass from center, the place kick, the mousetrap play and the Notre Dame shift, which Rockne made famous. He developed the draw play and many of the defensive alignments that, with modern adjustments, are used by all teams today.

Clark Shaughnessy and George Halas have rightly been credited with the development of the modern T formation. However, only after adding Stagg's split line, flankers and man-in-motion, was the T resurrected from its status as a casually used formation of the '20s and '30s. The earlier version often featured the quarterback and center positioned "butt to butt," with the quarter reaching through his legs for the ball and then handing it off to a back. It was a weak passing formation with no wide threat until it was embellished by Stagg's innovations.

One of the most commonly used Stagg developments is his spread punt, which was introduced to West Coast football in 1933 by his College of the Pacific team. This formation, with modifications, is universally used today.

As a former player and graduate coach under Stagg at COP, I'll be sorry to see his record surpassed, but I'm confident he'll be recognized by posterity as a great coach.

ROGER BAER
Santa Cruz, Calif.

STAMPED

Sir:

I found your article about athletes on postage stamps (SCORECARD, Nov. 2) interesting but incomplete. My father is in possession of a U.S. stamp commemorating the 1932 Olympic Games in Los Angeles. The engraving was taken directly from a photograph of my uncle, J. Alfred LeConey, who anchored the record-setting 400-meter-relay team in the 1924 Paris Olympics. I don't know how it was arranged, but the picture on the stamp shows my Uncle Al as he appeared in the starting block while a track star at Lafayette College. The "L" was removed from his jersey, however.

When I was a student at Lafayette, before my uncle's death in 1959, it was traditional to ask pledges at Sigma Alpha Epsilon, our mutual fraternity, to name the only living American on a postage stamp. Al LeConey was one of our nation's outstanding sprinters, but like so many athletes of the past, he has been forgotten except by a few. His gold medal and the stamp are a tribute to his memory.

THE REV. WILLIAM W. LECONEY
Linwood, N.J.

Sir:

As a member of the medical profession, I strongly object to your suggestion that sports figures such as Bobby Jones, Babe Zaharias, Jim Thorpe and Babe Ruth deserve the same standing in the history of mankind as does Dr. George N. Papanicolaou, one of the 300 people whose picture has appeared on a U.S. postage stamp. Dr. Papanicolaou, as you noted, invented the Pap test, which has saved hundreds of thousands of women from death due to cervical cancer. Dr. Papanicolaou belongs in the same category as Drs. Lister, Pasteur, Roentgen and Salk. To equate his standing in history with that of a winner of a game illustrates the overblown importance placed on sports.

FRED S. CARTER, M.D.
Jensen Beach, Fla.

COCKERS

Sir:

"Look what they did to the cocker," you say (*The Mutt with a Touch of Class*, Nov. 2)? I'm sitting here writing you with a cocker on my lap, one at my feet and two others nearby and wondering why. My cockers are show dogs, ensuring their conformation and temperament. They also are eager to go to field, to nose out and flush game. They are obedience-trained, proving that they have intelligence and a sensitivity to training. And they're companions and enthusiastic and gentle playmates.

I've seen some cockers who are not worthy of the name. But those are from the big-business puppymills and backyard breeders looking for a buck. The responsible breeder's primary concern is for health, good temperament and intelligence.

Your article on the Jack Russells was noteworthy. I hope to see equal coverage on the *sport* of dogs in the show ring, obedience trials, field trials and coursing in future issues.

MARCIA PALMER
Fergus Falls, Minn.

Sir:

We're writing as cocker spaniel owners who agree with the uncomplimentary things you said about how inbreeding ruined the cocker. We own a parti-colored cocker bred from champion stock. She has epilepsy, a thyroid condition, infected ears and eyes, and she's the only dog we've never been able to completely housebreak—"They bred the brains right out of them!" However, we should add that we love her because she's cuddly, friendly and loyal, qualities that experts have tried to breed into other dogs.

GAIL, JEFF, KEITH and MELISSA GLINER
Fort Collins, Colo.

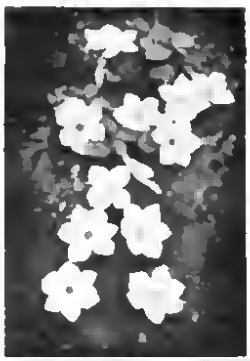
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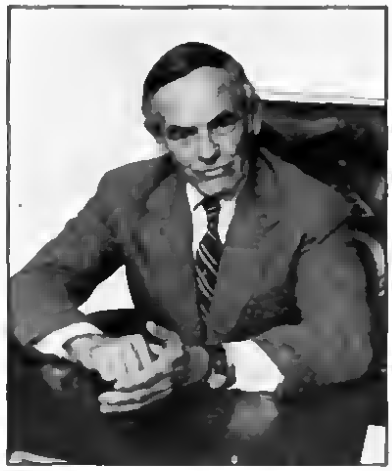
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Reminiscence

by HARRY MIDDLETON

GRANDFATHER USED A WINGBONE AND A PINT IN RELAXED PURSUIT OF TURKEY

We were after turkey that November day in Arkansas and headed not for the nearest supermarket but for the woods across the river. We left the 1952 Ford pickup at the river's edge. My grandfather gave the Ford's worn, pitted black hood an emphatic thump. He was forever thumping things—the Ford, his wood-fueled brooder, handmade ax, stone fence, my grandmother—anything, anyone, that had stuck with him through the years and had given *him* good service without grumbling.

The morning was cold, and we headed toward the river through moist white clouds of our own breath. The old man had dressed against the weather, in baggy overalls, heavy black boots, a wool coat and a hunter's cap pulled down evenly over his gray eyes. He carried an ancient 410 shotgun and two shells, a pillow case and a pint of 86.8-proof Austin Nichols Wild Turkey whiskey. He placed the bottle carefully in the left pocket of his jacket, thumping it regularly and assuring me that if we didn't come on a turkey by nightfall it wouldn't much matter—we would have something for solace. I wore Army fatigues, thermal underwear, two pairs of socks and heavy canvas sneakers, and carried a blanket, flashlight, compass, an updated will, two days' supply of beef jerky and Milky Ways, a single-barrel shotgun and 40 rounds of ammunition. The shotgun was a precaution against the possibility that instead of flushing regular wild turkeys we'd wander into a roost of crazed ones.

Morning gave way to afternoon but the day's chill hung on, setting in the bones like a double-bent fishhook. Near Hofenham's farm was a decaying wooden cross fashioned from a piece of black oak. According to local legend, the cross marked the hallowed spot where Hofenham winged an accountant from Newark who disturbed his turkey calling by jogging through the woods yodeling, "Here tur-key, tur-key, turkey." An hour's march from Hofenham's, the old man and I came to a small clearing a few hundred feet above a bend in the river. The ground bore scratch marks and was littered with half-eaten acorns, chestnuts and stalks of grass. I imagined the place a hideout for a band of renegade chickens that had escaped the drudgery of the barnyard and had gone wild. "I don't suppose we could simply do the civilized thing and invite this turkey to supper," I quipped nervously to the old man.

He clicked his tongue, thumped the precious bulge in his left coat pocket and studied the claw prints in the clearing. Finally he proclaimed the mossy forest floor and surrounding knot of hardwoods an undisturbed turkey roost. We had lunch by the river, downwind of the clearing. The old man told me turkeys turned unsociable in the autumn, when the woods were flooded with hunters, gunners, taxidermists, artists, environmentalists, poets and the like. Wild turkeys, he assured me, may be gullible birds but they aren't stupid. They know an ominous, deadly wind when they hear one, and when such a wind begins howling in November they keep close to home.

The old man exhausted the afternoon eating hard-boiled eggs, nursing the pint of Austin Nichols and telling jokes, his shoulders trembling with laughter, the shotgun shells in his shirt pocket rattling noisily.

It occurred to me that turkeys seemed to live a life like his own—one filled with uncertainty, edginess and ambivalence—facing all with steadfast resolution. What other bird came so willingly, so eagerly when called, all but showing up wearing a bull's-eye pinned to his breast and carrying a simmering pot of cornbread dressing?



As the shadows lengthened, the old man slid a shell into the squeaky shotgun. We walked back toward the clearing, stopping in some tall grass and brush in a stand of pine. From his shirt pocket he took a hoary, dun-white turkey wingbone, cupped it between his hands like a harmonica and blew into a small crease between his calloused palms. The sound was more yelp than gobble. The old man wiped his moutb on his shirtsleeve and put the wingbone away. I asked if one call was enough. He clicked his tongue: One call was enough. Turkeys are easily annoyed and don't like to be called twice, no matter what the urgency. Fill the woods with too many calls, he told me, and the turkey instinctively hides out, sure there's a human being about with one of his relative's wingbones looking to get him into a roasting pan.

A bird that looked like an inflated bagpipe suddenly sidled out of the scrub directly in front of us and stood nonchalantly in the day's last thin shafts of cold white light. He had a head as white as a winter moon, an enormous fleshy orange wart between his eyes, wattles drooping from his beak, a beard, spurs, sad eyes and a cavalier disposition. He made a skin-wrinkling noise, like the blast of a flügelhorn. It was the first time I had ever encountered a prospective meal eye-to-eye. He swaggered straight toward us for a dozen yards before it finally struck him that none of his family wore overalls or carried a shotgun. Instantly, he was a roan blur against the evening sky. I let loose with the shotgun, wounding a pine knot. The old man, his face expressionless as a board fence, punctured the moment's tension, killed the big bird in midair. He was a fine tom, weighing maybe 10 pounds, with a foot-long beard and 1½-inch spurs. The old man bent down and cut the bird's throat.

My first time out this year, alone and deep in the woods across the river, turkey wingbone cupped in my hands, I called but brought only a curious raccoon and hours of silence. It looks as if I might have to bag this year's bird in the frozen-food section. Still, every morning I walk to the river's edge hoping to hear a yelp carried on the wind. If I hear it, I'll oil up the 410, buy a bag of Milky Ways, wrap up a pint of Austin Nichols and cross the river thumping my left coat pocket vigorously. END


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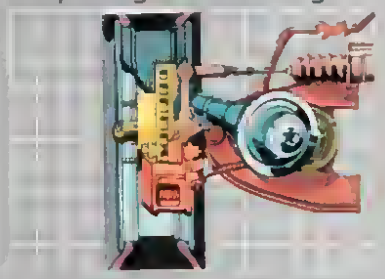
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Whether you choose the simmer of Mustang L or the sizzle of Mustang GT, you can be sure of one thing: excitement is not far behind.*

Your kind of sizzle.

Inside Mustang's slick aerodynamic shape lives a finely engineered power plant. Choose from the standard 2.3 liter 4-cylinder with optional 5-speed transmission, all the way up to the 5.0 liter High-Output engine, that's designed and built to be a performer. Coupled with Mustang's standard rack and pinion steering and modified MacPherson strut suspension—we've got your performance needs covered.





*Mustang model availability limited in some states. See your dealer for details.



Options. Whatever you choose, you're going to be right.

Inside Mustang you'll find impressive comfort and convenience. Maybe you'll go for the leather-wrapped steering wheel surrounded by an easy-to-read instrument cluster. Or maybe you'll turn up the heat with an AM/FM stereo radio with cassette tape, coupled with Ford's Premium Sound System, then choose air conditioning to cool things down. But whatever you choose you're going to be right.

We've got you covered for good mileage.

Mustang is aerodynamically designed to move freely through the streets while squeezing every drop of fun out of a gallon of gas.

33 EST HWY **22** EPA EST MPG

For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage lower.

And sometimes, we've even got you uncovered.

The optional T-Roof makes Mustang an excellent place to watch the world watch you back.



Whether you buy or lease, see Mustang at your Ford Dealer now.

FORD MUSTANG

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